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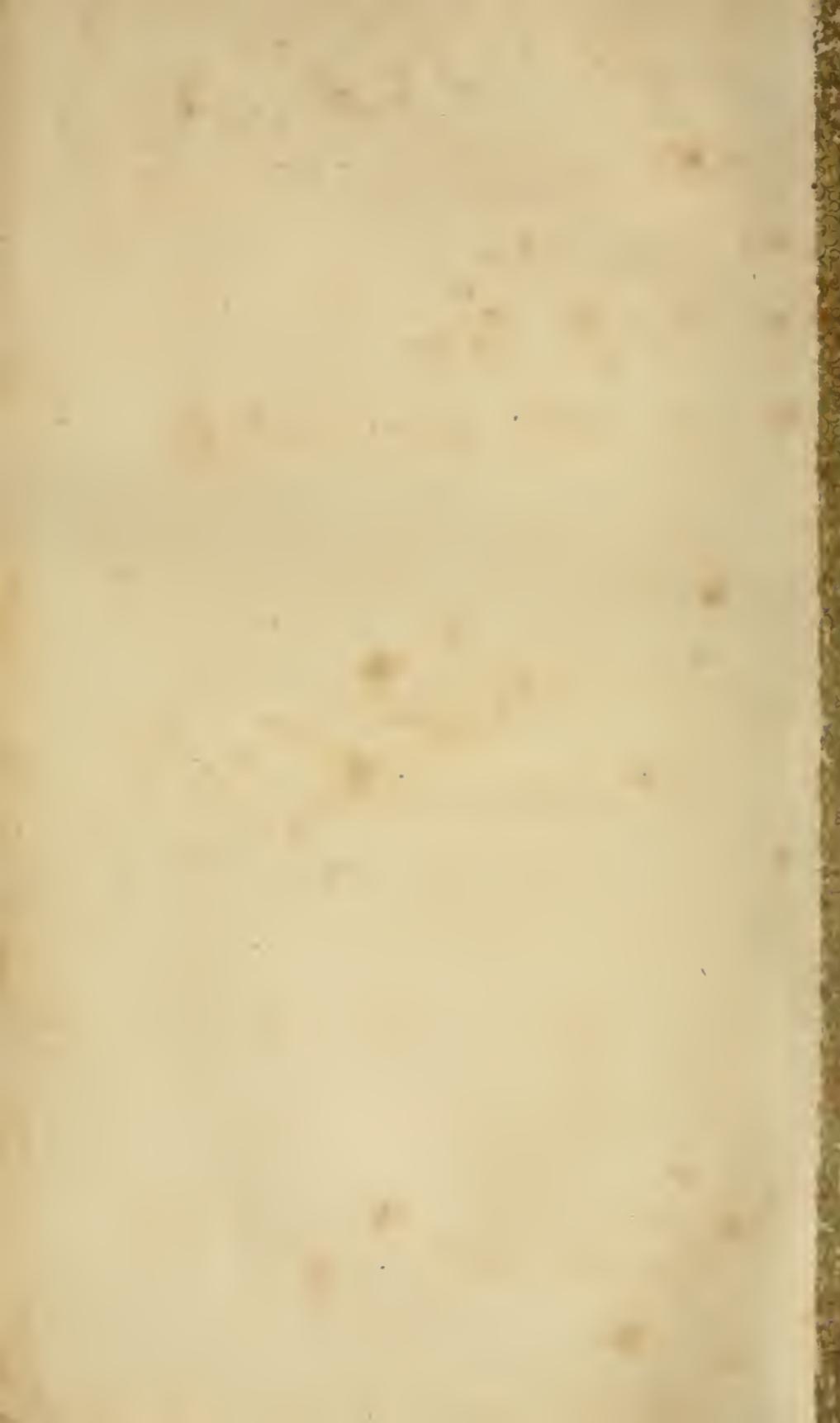
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PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS

OF

EGYPT, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

GLASGOW:

WILLIAM COLLINS, NORTH MONTROSE ST.

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PREFACE.

IN the month of January, 1853, I found myself afloat upon the Nile. Six months before, I had left New York in the uncertainty of pulmonary disease, to try the benefit of a year of travel in more genial climes. The balmy air of Egypt brought healing to my lungs, and with this came an almost boyish gush of life; so that in the soul, as in the outer world, it was the "Season of Vegetation" after the "Season of the Waters." For three months the light of each "morning without clouds" pictured in the mind the scenery of the Nile, the passing scenes of Egyptian life, and the lingering monuments of Egyptian history, in lines that can never be effaced; and in the abundant leisure of boat life, these views were transferred from the mind to paper. Each view was taken by the light which itself threw upon the mind;—*photographed* by the outward upon the inward, and again transferred from the inward to the outward. These impressions, as taken at the time, were laid by for future reference. A few have been exhibited to friends in public journals and in lectures; and now the whole are bound together in this volume, for whoever cares to look at life pictures of a distant land. If the picture is gay or grotesque, it is because the reality was gay or grotesque; if the picture is sombre, it is because the reality was sombre. If in turning over these leaves, any shall find innocent amusements for a passing hour, the humble copyist of nature will be glad of such a measure of success in transferring her mirthful phases;—if any shall be saddened by these life pictures—why he too was often sad at seeing under the sunniest sky, deeper shadows than clouds can throw; if any shall find instruction in the pictures, he will be thankful

that he did not see and study Egypt for himself alone. For this, his first attempt in the photography of nature, of history, and of human life, his only claim is that the pictures are faithful;—taken as they were, and given as they were taken.

As the author knows nothing of the Arabic language, he has been perplexed with the orthography of Arabic words, in which authorities differ. The following are examples of diverse spellings : *Tarbouch, tarboosh* ; *Cawass, cavasse* ; *Havagee, Howadji*; *Janissary, Janizary*; *Chiboque, shebook*; *Backshish, bucksheesh*; *Mameluke, Memlook*; *Amrou, Amer, Amr*; *Sheik, sheikh, shekh*. In either mode the English sound is but an approximation to the Arabic.

NEW YORK, *May, 1854.*

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EGYPT, PAST AND PRESENT.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—ALEXANDRIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE sun rose gloriously over the ancient Pharos, and shone into the very eye of our steamer as she hovered about the harbour awaiting her pilot; a sun that had already wakened Memnon to his daily music, and had kissed the pyramids upon its way to greet the bounding, laughing sea. The gates of the Orient opened wide before us upon hinges of gold and amber and rubies. Sea-sickness and the discomforts of the voyage were in a moment forgotten, and I felt that I would again travel six thousand miles to stand where I then stood.

And this is Egypt ! That just expiring light marks the site of one of the seven wonders of the world—the first great light-house that illuminated the Mediterranean, when Greece and Rome began to share the commerce of the Orient; and within that rocky headland which guards so well the approach to the long, narrow, egg-shaped harbour,—all along that level shore, now studded with windmills above, and crowded with catacombs beneath,—lies the city of Alexander the Great. I look upon the land that in the time of Moses was in its prime, and that has been old and decaying through all the growth and history of the present living world.

At this moment a small boat, propelled by eight or ten barelegged rowers in smocks and turbans, comes along-side, and two pilots mount the gangway and take their station ou

the wheelbox. They are barelegged like the rest, but they wear leathern sandals, and their turbans are of a better quality, and their smocks are girdled about the waist with a white cord; on the whole they make a very neat appearance. They seem deeply impressed with the magnitude of their office, and hold grave consultations together, the result of which is signified by sundry motions of the hand to the steersman, accompanied with a spasmodic guttural jargon;—for the familiar “Port” and “Steady” are now uttered in Arabic to a French officer, and by him translated to the man at the wheel. Altogether it is quite a picturesque affair—these two Arabs with their unshorn beards, their heads wrapped about with huge white folds crowned with green and crimson, their bodies cased in a single loose frock descending to the knees, and their naked bronze calves terminating in light-coloured sandals without string or buckle, standing in the eye of old Pharos, and guiding into the port of Alexander, a steamer bearing his name, manned and freighted by the “barbaric Gaul.”

It would require two pilots, one would think, if not twenty, to steer a vessel through all the twists and turnings of this channel, where the waves are dashing over rocks at every twenty rods; and one can accord something to the self-complacent air with which our two turbaned worthies slowly descend to the deck after the signal to let go the anchors. But what a din comes up on all sides from the small boats by which we must be conveyed ashore! At least twenty of these boats with their motley crews, are crowding about the larboard side of the steamer, jostling each other and struggling for the nearest place. In some the crews are half naked; in others decently dressed; but everywhere the bare legs, the single smock, and in lieu of the turban the *tarbouch*—a close-fitting red *Fez*¹ cap, with a black silk tassel. Now and then a turbaned head,

¹ *Fez*, so called from the place of its manufacture, Fez, a principal city of Morocco, celebrated for the manufacture of milled woolen fabrics. This is the headdress of soldiers and sailors, and of the common people. It is worn also by the *Sultan* at Constantinople. It is gradually superseding the turban.

surmounting a white frock and a pair of loose frilled trowsers of the same material, indicates some superiority in the wearer, who sits leisurely smoking his pipe in the midst of the confusion. Indeed it is one of the comicalities of the scene, that a fellow standing on the prow of his boat and gouging his neighbour into the water in order to make his own boat fast to the gangway, will stop in the very act to take a whiff of the tobacco which he is smoking through a curled paper. Nobody can come on board, nobody can go ashore, till the health officer has gone through with his formalities, nor till the mail has been despatched in a ship's boat under the French flag. Just here, two brawny French sailors pitch headlong down the gangway a troop of Arab boatmen who were climbing up on deck, and the mate dashes over their heads a bucket of cold water.

Through the energy of our courier we are the first to put off from the ship, which was anchored about a third of a mile from the shore; for here, as at almost every port of the Mediterranean, the whole business of receiving and of landing passengers and freight, is done by means of small boats. The harbour is filled with vessels of every European nation, but the American flag is not represented; there being almost no direct commerce between Egypt and the United States. Some noble men-of-war, from seventy-four guns upward, and one or two war steamers, assert the dominion of the Crescent over the kingdom of the Pharaohs. A few old dismantled hulks are lying in the great dockyard near the palace, and immense piles of timber are stored there for future use. Every thing looks substantial and respectable. Even our own steamer, that just now tumbled about like a cockle-shell, has put on a calm and dignified air in harmony with the surrounding scene;—I mean the scene in the harbour, for there is not much of calmness or dignity here at the quay where we have now arrived.

What a confusion of tongues! Arabic, French, Maltese, Italian, and broken English, all rush upon the ear at the same instant, while the language of signs expresses still more emphatically than words the one idea upon every

tongue;—“Good donkey, sir,” “Want ver fine donkey,” “Donkey for hotel, good, English ride my donkey, ver good.” About fifty of these little creatures are huddled together on the dock, unmoved by the clamour of their drivers or the punching of their sticks, while all around lazy lumbering camels are sprawling in the mud, or reaching out their gaunt ungainly necks as they deliver their loads of hay or of water-skins. We happily avoid this turmoil by steering for the far side of a stone wall that divides the dock,—but from Scylla we escape into the jaws of Charybdis, for here the custom-house *Cawasses* await us to see if gentlemen professedly bound for Upper Egypt on a travelling excursion, are in reality smuggling contraband goods in their carpet-bags or portmanteaus;—into the *jaws*, of a truth, for nothing wags so briskly in Egypt, not even a donkey’s tail, jerked every way by its driver, as does that member of an Arab’s frame. However, as in Sardinia the franc, and in Tuscany and Rome the paul, and in Naples the carline, so here the *piastre* soon settles the question, and our baggage passes without even a showing of the keys. But this is not the end of it. The custom-house is just without the precincts of the city, and as we enter the gate another official rushes out and seizes the horses by the head, and insists upon inspecting the baskets, bundles, carpet-bags, etc., that by permission of the first set of officials and in consideration of one dollar, we have taken with us. After a long altercation in Arabic between the officers and the driver, the former take a survey of the exterior of each bag, judge by *feeling* of its probable contents, and permit us to proceed. This fairly over, a short ride brings us to the *Hotel de l’ Europe*, where a prisoner of the sea who has not eaten a meal for four days must be allowed to do justice to a well spread breakfast. This hotel, kept by an Italian, is quite unpromising, even shabby in external appearance and in its general furniture; but its *table-d’ hôte* affords good living at about 2 dollars 50 cents a day. It is reputed to be the best, and is situated upon the large parallelogram called the Frank square, where are most of the European shops and offices. With the thermometer at seventy, and

an abundance of flies and mosquitoes, it is hard to realize that the true date is January 11th.

But with the ever-recurring thought that we were in EGYPT, we could not long remain shut up in an Italian hotel, overlooking a modern square surrounded with houses in the Frank style, and with shops displaying English cottons and French perfumery, and covered with French, Greek, Italian, and English signs. We must somewhere find the dreamy Orient. After a hasty but hearty breakfast, we set out on foot to visit the Mahmoodeeh canal, at a distance of a mile from our quarters, there to inspect the boats for the Nile. Our road lay through the principal streets to the gate of the Necropolis. Immediately without this gate we came for the first time upon a truly oriental scene. Upon a large open area, camels, sheep, and buffalo oxen were reposing, while their owners were chaffering, pipe in hand; a caravan of camels, laden with merchandise of various sorts, was entering the gate; the tall palm tree lifted its spreading top toward the noonday sun, while groves of acacias lining the roads, offered their cooling shade; on a neighbouring mound stood a solitary Arab, his gaunt figure and turbaned head in bold relief against the sky; the diminutive donkey, urged forward by his driver's prong, went nimbly by; a score of wolfish dogs barked and howled at the approach of strangers; but above their clamour were heard the myriad voices of birds, whose freedom had never been invaded by the sportsman, and whose song was in harmony with the delicious air and the gorgeous drapery in which all nature was enwrapped;—to complete the picture, the minaret that overlooks the bazaar, loomed in the distance, and immediately before us Pompey's Pillar reared its stupendous mass of polished granite, in solitary grandeur—a monument of buried empires, a sentinel over recent tombs.

This pillar is the one solitary monument of the old city upon its southern front, and answers to the one standing obelisk that is its solitary monument on the north.¹ Of its origin history is as silent as the mummy of Belzoni's tomb; but there is no doubt that "Pompey's Pillar is really a misnomer;" for the inscription "shows it to have been erected

by Publius, the prefect of Egypt, in honour of Diocletian,¹ who subdued a revolt at Alexandria by capturing the city, A. D. 296. But whether it was then first hewn from the quarry, or was transported from some decaying temple up the Nile, the Greek lettering does not inform us. If the latter,—which, considering the decline of art and the pilfering propensities of the Romans, is probable—then this now lonely sentinel, an Egyptian column with a Greek inscription to a Roman emperor, has witnessed in turn the decay of Egypt, of Greece, and of Rome, upon the soil where it still disputes with Time the empire of the Past.

To the reader of Gibbon, it may seem strange that a monument should have been reared at Alexandria in honour of a conqueror, who, during a siege of eight months, wasted the city by the sword and by fire, and who, when it finally capitulated and implored his clemency, caused it to feel “the full extent of his severity,” and destroyed “thousands of its citizens in a promiscuous slaughter.” The fact may serve to show the worthlessness of such monuments as testimonials to character, or as expressions of public esteem.

But whatever may be its history or its associations, one cannot look upon this column without a feeling of astonishment and awe. Outside of the modern city walls and some six hundred yards to the south of them, away from the present homes of men, but on an eminence that overlooks the entire city, and in striking contrast with the meagre, attenuated style of its present architecture, stands this stupendous column of red granite, ninety-nine feet in height by thirty in circumference, its shaft an elegant monolith measuring seventy-three feet between the pedestal and the capital. It marks the site of an ancient stadium, and as some conjecture, of the *gymnasium*, which was surrounded with majestic porticos of granite. Now it looks down upon the rude and garish cemetery of the Mohammedans, whose plastered tombs glaring in the sun, crowd around its dismantled base.

As we slowly sauntered away, the gorgeous memories of the past were broken by the mourning scenes of the

¹ Wilkinson, who first deciphered it.

present. Two funeral processions approached the pillar on their way to the burial-ground. First came a group of about twenty boys, ragged, barefoot, and bareheaded, chanting a wailing strain; then followed twice as many men, walking two or four abreast, and uttering the same monotonous wail; these were mostly clothed in turbans, long frocks, and trowsers, and wore a venerable appearance. I noticed in particular several blind men—so common in the East—led by the hand and supported by their staves; next came the bier borne upon the shoulders of four men, the body wrapped in a white cloth, and covered with a shawl,—the turban lay on top to indicate that the deceased was a male; after this, straggling at intervals, came a few women, clothed in the long white veil, covering the face with the exception of the eyes and reaching to the ankles; these uttered a different cry—a piercing shriek or a sustained waving howl that blended fearfully with the wailing of the men. The custom here is to bury on the day of death; no coffin is used, but a grave is dug and the body, wrapped only in a cloth, is put into it; the grave is then covered with an arched stone laid in cement. The graveyard presents the singular appearance of a field of low stone mounds.

The second procession consisted only of about twenty persons, in the centre of whom was a man who carried in his arms a dead child wrapped in a shawl, of which it would be divested at the grave, leaving only a light covering of cloth.

From *Pompey's Pillar* to *Cleopatra's Needles* is a distance of more than a mile through the city in a north-easterly direction. These obelisks have no more relation to Cleopatra than the pillar has to Pompey. Their hieroglyphics date as far back as the Exodus,¹ and they were brought to Alexandria from the city of Heliopolis or *On*, about a hundred miles to the south. Each pillar is a single block of red granite, about seventy feet high and nearly eight feet in diameter at the base. How such huge blocks were cut from the quarry, transported hundreds of miles, and erected upon their pedestals, is a mystery not solved by any thing

¹ Thothmes III. Wilkinson and Lepsius.

yet discovered of ancient mechanic arts. But one of the obelisks is standing. The other was taken down to be transported to England, but now lies half buried in the mud and sand. On one side of the standing obelisk the hieroglyphics are distinctly legible, but on the northern or seaward side they are much defaced by the action of the weather. It stands upon the edge of the Great Harbour, in a line with the rock of Pharos that forms the extreme northern point of the horseshoe port.

Besides the Pillar and the Needles nothing remains to testify the former splendour of Alexandria;—a capital that once vied with Rome, containing a population equal to that of New York, (three hundred thousand freemen and as many slaves,) and that so late as the seventh century, according to the testimony of Amrou, its Saracenic conqueror, contained “four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetables, and forty thousand tributary Jews.” A few ruins are pointed out, but these are fast disappearing with the ravages of time. Its name is the only memorial of its founder; and the long range of catacombs along the shore to the west of the city, the sole vestige of its ancient population. The sagacity of Alexander is apparent in the site of the city, which with its safe and commodious harbour on the Mediterranean, and its ample harbour on the lake Mareotis, on the south, then fed by canals from the Nile, monopolized the rising commerce of Europe, as well as that of Ethiopia, Arabia, and the Indies. The convenient fiction of a dream sufficed to impart to his sagacity the reputation of a divine prescience.

So rapid was the growth of the city, that at the commencement of the Christian era, it was “second only to Rome itself,” and “comprehended a circumference of fifteen miles” within its walls. It was a great seat of commerce. “Idleness was unknown. Either sex, and every age, was engaged in the pursuits of industry;”—the blowing of glass, the weaving of linen, manufacturing the papyrus, or conducting the lucrative trade of the port.¹ Alexander, fresh from

¹ Gibbon.

the conquest of Tyre, boasted that he would here build an emporium of commerce surpassing that which he had ruined, and thus would recreate in his own image the world he had destroyed. The site of Alexandria, more felicitous than that of Tyre, promised to realize his ambitious dream. Its gates "looked out on the gilded barges of the Nile, on fleets at sea under full sail, on a harbour that sheltered navies, and a light-house that was the mariner's star, and the wonder of the world."¹

But neither the felicity of its location, nor the enterprise of its Ptolemaic rulers, nor the wealth of its commerce, nor the learning that gathered to its schools the students of art, of philosophy, of medicine, of science, and of religion, could withstand the march of empire from Asia to Europe, nor the laws of trade that followed in its track.

It was the ambition of Mohammed Ali to restore Alexandria to its ancient rank as a seaport, and to make it the real capital of Egypt. For this purpose he dug a canal to connect it with the Nile, thus re-opening the communication that the sands of the desert had filled up; through the old buildings and the rubbish of centuries, he opened new streets, making them straight, wide, and rectangular, after the manner of modern European cities; he encouraged the building of a railroad from Alexandria to Cairo; he made improvements in the modern harbour, which lies to the west of the ancient port,—the island of Pharos, now annexed to the main land, jutting as a promontory between the old and the new, and still serving as a landmark to the mariner.

But the improvements of Mohammed Ali were made by the force of one despotic will, and not by the intelligent progress of the people; and though they have restored to Alexandria something of its former commercial activity, many years must elapse before their benefits will be fully realized by the sluggish natives.

The present population of Alexandria is somewhat less than one hundred thousand,—a mixture of all African and oriental races, with many Europeans, though the Jews have dwindled to about a thousand, where they once counted a hundred times that number, and where the Seventy made

¹ Campbell.

the Greek version of the Old Testament at the time when "salvation was of the Jews." Both they and their former oppressors are in the lowest degradation. In the city where the eloquent Apollos was born, and where the learned and astute Athanasius conducted his Theological controversies, where Theodosius by imperial edict destroyed the temple of Serapis, and publicly inaugurated Christianity in place of the outcast divinities of the Egyptian Greeks,—Christianity is now represented by a Greek church, a Roman Catholic church, and a chapel pertaining to the Church of England. A beautiful edifice for the latter is building upon the Frank Square, in the Romanesque style, which I should be glad to see more generally copied in the United States, in preference to the Gothic.

In roaming the narrow and dirty streets of the modern city, now occupied with a motley and poverty-stricken population, in traversing the villages of hovels within the walls, where the Arab lies down with his sheep, his goat, his dog, and his donkey, in a mud inclosure of a few feet square which must be entered by stooping, and in climbing the huge mounds, in part overgrown with date-palms, that are said to cover the ancient capital, it is difficult to realise that here was a school to which the sages of Greece resorted for instruction in philosophy, in science, and in letters, and where Jewish Rabbis and Christian apologists vied with Greek dialecticians in the various pursuits of learning; and that here was a library of seven hundred thousand manuscript volumes,—a British Museum or a Smithsonian Institute boasting the originals or the duplicates of many of the most valuable works of the then current literature,—and which, after the accidental destruction of a part of it in the insurrection against Julius Cæsar, and the wilful destruction of another portion in the sanguinary religious wars under Theodosius, yet contained enough of written papyrus to heat for six months the four thousand baths of the city, under the summary decree of *Omar*;—"If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." It is difficult amid

such surroundings, to realise that here Caesar and Antony dallied with the charms of Cleopatra. It is difficult to realize that where now bigotry, fanaticism, and superstition hold sway over an ignorant and degraded people, were schools of theology, and learned fathers, and astute controversialists of the early Christian church; that here Christianity triumphed over Paganism in popular tumults backed by imperial decrees; that here MARK preached the gospel of the kingdom where the Ethiopian eunuch had preceeded him with the tidings of the great salvation.

And yet that old Alexandria, which began to be in the fourth century before Christ, and of all whose palaces and temples and monuments only two columns are now standing, was the youngest of Egyptian cities, and was built by the conqueror of Egypt when Thebes, and Memphis, and the university city of Heliopolis, were already in their decline. Such is the antiquity that meet us at the threshold of the land of the Nile.

The most interesting modern building in Alexandria, indeed the only one worthy of notice, is the palace of Mohammed Ali. This stands upon the old Pharos, now united, as I have already said, to the main land by a causeway. The exterior of the palace has no architectural pretension, but in the style and furniture of the interior it is a model of simple elegance, surpassing the palaces of England, of France, and of Italy, in true richness and taste. It combines the best points of the oriental and the occidental styles. Instead of walls all bedizened with gold leaf, and tawdry mirrors and pictures such as one sees at Windsor, here are walls covered with the richest silk, of subdued colour and tasteful patterns, and ceilings of a hard and beautiful finish, unbedecked with gaudy and indecent frescoes; floors of polished wood, inlaid, or exhibiting the grain in beautiful combinations, tables of rich mosaic, every thing in keeping. We all pronounced it the most beautiful palace we had seen. The balcony commands a fine view of the harbour—just such a view as enchanted Alexander, and determined him here to found a city,—and the garden affords a choice collection of fruits and flowers, and is enlivened

by a multitude of songsters of every hue. As the present Pasha resides at Cairo, this palace is only used occasionally for the entertainment of a passing Pasha.

A view of Alexandria would be incomplete without a visit to the slave market, which still exists here in open day. The market is an inclosed area of about one hundred feet square, with rows of cells upon three sides, in which the slaves are kept until a purchaser is found for them. They are not kept in close confinement, but may go from cell to cell, and have the range of the yard. Several are huddled together into one apartment, and eat and sleep upon the naked ground. There were but a few slaves in the market, and these were principally women and children. The children, too young to comprehend their condition, seemed happy as children are everywhere, but the adults wore an air of extreme dejection and misery. One in particular interested me exceedingly. She was a Nubian girl of about sixteen, jet black, with coarse features, and hair twisted into coils that stretched across her head about an inch apart, and resembled a rope mat; her only clothing was a piece of blue cotton cloth not made into a garment, which hung from one shoulder about her waist to her knees; she was stout and hearty, but her countenance was as sad as any I ever looked upon, and in her nakedness and degradation, she showed the native modesty of woman, by shrinking from the presence of strangers into the den allotted to her. I asked her price, and was told she could be purchased for 100 dollars. Perchance she was the daughter of some Nubian chief whose misfortunes in war had doomed his family to slavery; no doubt she had a *home*, however rude, perhaps father, mother, brothers, sisters, from whom she had been torn away for ever. Slave hunting is still carried on in Nubia and Abyssinia, and the slave-trade is still active upon the Nile. The principal market is Cairo. No Georgians or Circassians are brought to Alexandria, but these are still to be had at Cairo. Our guide informed us, however, that English gentlemen, whom he supposed us to be, would not be allowed to see them, "because English don't want to buy." Had he known the price demanded for the Edmonson girls in the

United States, he might have thought differently of the marketable qualities of some fair Circassian in the eyes of some Americans. Ah, but to buy these girls here and carry them to America, would be piracy by the laws of the United States; and so it is a felony condemned by all nations, to steal them from their homes and transport them to Alexandria or to Cairo to be sold; but if they could only be smuggled into the slave market in that other Alexandria, and sold to some lustful planter in Georgia or Louisiana, or to some brute in Arkansas,—why, that is quite another matter! But is not the slave-trade as much a crime upon the Mississippi as upon the Nile; at Alexandria on the Potomac, as at Alexandria on the Mediterranean? It is a greater crime there, where there is greater light, and where the slavery is made tenfold worse than anywhere in the East. The respectable and devout Mussulman who attended us to the slave market, told us that before he took up the profession of a dragoman, he used to buy his own people in Nubia and bring them to Alexandria for sale. He had given up the business, not for moral but for pecuniary reasons. I did not see but his conscience stood as well in the matter as the conscience of a certain Presbyterian elder, who sent his female servant—a member of the Baptist church—to the slave market in Alexandria to be sold to the far South. I would not take it upon me to judge either, or to draw the line between the Mahomedan and the Christian!

Returning from the market, it was grateful to see a hospital tended by the Sisters of Charity, where the sick and the famishing of every age may find nourishment, medicine, and succour. I noticed some of the Sisters dressing the sores of beggars, and others ministering to the necessities of children. If *they* may do good in Alexandria, why not some Protestant missionary also? A second Dr. Parker, who should relieve the ophthalmia here universally prevalent, might also open the eyes of some spiritually blind. I do not know, however, that the relief of blindness would be considered a favour by a people of whom multitudes have put out their right eye in order to avoid conscription for the

army. Many too for the same reason have cut off the fore-finger of the right hand. The sight of sore-eyed children here is most distressing; that of sore-eyed men and women everywhere is as disgusting.

I see not why Alexandria would not be a hopeful missionary field, for one who would labour quietly among the foreign population. Incidentally a few Mohammedans might be reached. I asked the guide who showed us about the city, why our dragoman, who has renounced Mohammedanism for Christianity, had not had his head taken off;—his reply was, “The governor does not know, and nobody knows,”—meaning nobody will tell. Perhaps a silent work of grace might go forward here, as in Tuscany, even in face of the penalty of death.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE.—DONKEYS, COOKS, MARKETING.

WITH the thermometer at sixty in the middle of January, and a good mosquito-net to keep off intruders, one could have slept well even upon an indifferent bed, but for the barking of the dogs, and the loud dismal cry of the police, who in challenging each other's wakefulness contrive to keep everybody else awake. But sleep or no sleep we must be up early for the great business of the day.

A visit to the banker—usually about the first call to be made in every place—supplies the lack of a “Broker's Board” by the practical discovery that exchange and commissions are here from three to five per cent., though nominally but one! I never yet saw a banker who charged on paper more than one per cent., and yet through the thimble-rigging of piastres, I somehow never get but about nineteen pounds sterling on a draft of twenty. The facility with which a pound which is worth ninety-seven piastres in the banker's reckoning on paper, becomes worth a hundred and one or more piastres when he pays it over to you in discharge of said reckoning, would elicit the applause of Signor Blitz—provided he were not the victim. The money transaction settled, the next thing is to arrange for a voyage up the Nile. The little steamboat of the Transit Company will not leave until the 16th—and that will be the Sabbath,—so we decide to take a *dahabeeh*; and since there is little chance of a steamboat from Cairo up the Nile, we conclude to make our contract from Alexandria to Thebes. And now the all-important business of selecting a boat and laying in a store of provisions for a six weeks' voyage, must receive immediate attention.

It is surprising of how much importance one becomes in an eastern city, if he has any business to transact, or any money to spend, or if he even *looks* as if he had either. If you step into the street you are instantly surrounded by donkey boys, each recommending his own animal, and absolutely thrusting him upon you. I counted ten right about me at the door of the hotel, blocking up the passage and even forcing their way into the court, so that it was only by main strength that I could get into the street. Wherever you go, a troop of donkeys is taggling after you. Then if you stop to make a purchase, a score of persons gather round to witness the whole transaction, watching every motion, giving their opinion, and especially scrutinizing the coin offered in payment. These are persons who have no connection with the seller of the goods, mere idlers or passers-by, or persons looking for a job in the way of carrying home the articles purchased, in their baskets or on their heads, or by directing you to some other shop. It is a great evil in Italy, in Malta, and in Egypt, that in the poorer classes the common charities and courtesies of life are extinguished by the hope of gain; so that one will not answer you the simplest question, tell you the name of a street, the way to the post office, to the bank, to your hotel, without teasing you by actions or by words for a reward. How different from France, where the humblest person will do you a favour with evident satisfaction, and without looking for compensation! Commend me to the French people, above any I have yet seen, for true kindness of heart and inbred politeness.

The persistent donkey-boys followed us in hope of an hour's employment for their beasts, and as we found that our tour of inspection would carry us a mile or two along the canal, we were no longer indifferent to their importunity. My first attempt at donkey-riding was a decided failure; the poor brute's saddle-girth was not fast, and no sooner was my weight upon the stirrup than over went rider, saddle, and accoutrements into the mud. Such a fall from a horse might have been of some consequence; but from a donkey two and a half feet high, it was as ludicrous as it was provoking,

especially as the insignificant creature himself regarded it with the most profound simplicity. It was, however, a great event to the other donkey-boys, who at once clustered around me, crying, "That bad donkey; here good donkey, good saddle." I was soon astride of another, and our cavalcade moved gaily forward. Each donkey is followed by a driver, and obeys his orders instead of his rider's. When you are walking or gently trotting, an unseen thrust of the driver's stick into the donkey's haunches almost jerks you from your saddle as the poor beast jumps to quicken his pace, and again at the top of his speed, a pull at his tail brings him and you to a dead halt.

The natives have a knack of guiding the beast with their heels; but he never minds the bridle, and you have nothing to do but to look out for yourself, especially when in some narrow or crowded street he brings you into the predicament into which Balaam's ass brought his master. The pace of a donkey is generally a very pleasant amble, and he is such a patient and docile little creature that he would make a desirable addition to the sports of children in our country villages.

While awaiting the arrival of the owner of a boat, we sauntered in the garden of an English gentleman whose villa borders upon the canal, where, besides the rich aroma and the gaudy hues of flowers of every clime, the ample shade of sycamores and acacias, and the luscious vista of orange groves, we enjoyed the more familiar vegetable growths that, excepting in the season, reminded us of home. An oriental garden such as this covers hundreds of acres, and is a compendium of the whole vegetable kingdom. At this season, tomatoes, peas, beans, celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, radishes, turnips, together with vegetables peculiar to the country, are ripe and abundant for the market.

Having concluded a bargain for a boat, we had a donkey race back to the hotel, at the close of which we found ourselves debtors to the extent of *twelve and a half cents each*, for animals which with their drivers had been in attendance upon us for four hours.

JANUARY 12.—The boat engaged, the next thing was to

fit it up with the utmost expedition. Ours was furnished with every requisite for the voyage excepting provisions; beds, bedding, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, table furniture, to be supplied by the owner, we to provide our own cook, our own fuel, and our own food. This is upon the whole the best arrangement—better than to take an unfurnished boat and have the trouble and responsibility of fitting it up at short notice, and better than to have your dragoman provide for you at so much a day, because it allows you to live as you list. The first item was to engage a cook, and as I had been designated to the post of commissary-general, it devolved upon me to examine the credentials of sundry candidates. Our choice rested upon one recommended by a recent French traveller, “*egalement pour son exactitude, sa bonne volonte, et ses talens culinaires;*”—promptness, good-nature, and culinary talent, were three capital qualities in a *cuisinier*;—but I was attracted to him also by his name, made up of two that I hold in great respect—*Ibrahim*, Abraham, and *Sulliman*, pronounced *Silliman*; and if his skill in dietetic chemistry shall prove him at all worthy of his illustrious scientific cognomen, we shall have every reason to be satisfied with our culinary professor. He is modest and respectful, and unlike many of his countrymen has two sound and very beautiful eyes! Other things being equal, it is desirable that your cook should be “good-looking,” and I hereby give our professor a certificate to that effect. The item of cleanliness was not overlooked, including an inspection of the digital extremities. For wages we offered a hundred and fifty piastres—about 7 dollars 50 cents a month; *Ibrahim* wanted two hundred—10 dollars. We compromised by engaging him at the first sum, with the promise of two pounds sterling if he should give satisfaction—and especially if he should prove apt in following any instructions of the lady of our party—and the threat of dismissal at Cairo, if he should prove untidy or incompetent; to all which *Ibrahim* meekly and gratefully assented. From that instant the culinary professor was my devoted attendant; in all my purchases he followed me like a shadow; looking reverently

into my eyes, catching every sign, touching his hand to his lips and to his forehead; in short, showing all proper regard for the newly-inaugurated *Hawagee*.

The cook engaged, the dragoman—a native Egyptian who had been in the service of one of the party from London—accompanied me to lay in stores. Knowing the adhesive property of money in an Arab's fingers, we did not dare to trust him to make the purchases alone. It was a new responsibility to calculate how much would be required to sustain a party of four persons, or rather six, including the dragoman and the culinary professor, for a six week's voyage. Mutton, fowls, and occasionally milk, eggs, butter, and vegetables, might from time to time be procured at villages along the way; but groceries and delicacies nowhere except at Cairo, four days distant. Much of the trade of Alexandria is in the hands of French and Italian merchants—there are few English,—and in dealing with these there was nothing novel. But for many articles it was necessary to go to the Egyptian bazaar, a quarter consisting of narrow and dirty streets, lined on both sides with little stalls, and of one or two squares where goods are displayed in the open air by scores of natives sitting upon stones or divans, pipe in hand. It had rained hard in the morning, as is usual at Alexandria at this season, and the mud was of the consistency of Broadway mud without the relief of a side-walk.

Besides the more substantial and bulky articles, our list comprised all manner of fruits, fresh and dried, sauces, pickles, and preserves, ham, tongues, etc. etc. To a taste formed upon the Philadelphia market, and exercised upon the dairies of Orange county, butter was the most difficult article to be supplied. The best quality of butter in Egypt, as in Italy, is made without salt;—this can be got at intervals along the Nile. A second quality for cooking, is made by melting down all sorts of butter to the consistency of lard or of carriage grease. I went to the stall of a venerable Arab who sat cross-legged among jars of butter and oil, and empty jars for the accommodation of customers. His butter was the best in market, and to assure me

of its good quality, he took up a wooden ladle filled with the grease, bit off a large mouthful, smacked his lips, and dipped the ladle in again to fill my jar. Each time the ladle came out, his great greasy fingers that had just been in oil, were used to scrape it clean, and when the scales were emptied he scooped up what remained with his fingers and wiped them upon my jar, and then sucked them in his mouth. The termination of this disgusting process so moved my risibles that he observed it, laughed also, and repeated the motion. I told him that was not American; to which he replied through the dragoman, that "an Egyptian eats with his whole heart, and does not look at every thing as if he was afraid to put it in his mouth!"

In Alexandria almost every thing is sold by weight,—the *oka*, which weighs about three pounds, being the common standard. Oil, vinegar, and even wine, are sold by the *oka*; salt is sold in blocks, by weight. Flour of a good quality is dear, and so are potatoes, both being imported from Europe. The Egyptian flour is commonly dark and rank, and makes a coarse black bread. The potato is little used in southern Europe, in Egypt, or in Asia. Good tea is scarce and dear in Alexandria, and the traveller had better bring this from Malta. The native sugar of Egypt is good enough for common purposes, and is comparatively cheap. But the prices of all articles of food are steadily advancing in Egypt, in consequence of the increase of travel, and the stories of the extraordinary cheapness of living here, so far as travellers are concerned, will soon be classed with other oriental legends.

A store of charcoal and wood was necessary. This was to be obtained, not as in New York at docks or yards appropriated to storing fuel, but at little shops about eight feet square, in streets about as many feet in width. The vendor of wood had his stock cut up into small pieces which he sold by the *oka*; and if a stick chanced to be too large or too long, he deliberately squatted down upon his haunches, laid it upon a little block before him, and hewed it down to a smaller compass. He had also little bundles of pitch pine splinters for kindling-wood. The wood I bought

weighed altogether about a hundred and fifty pounds, and cost fifty cents; it was thrown into a large basket—such as are used for packing dates—and one of the supernumeraries already mentioned, took it upon his back, and carrying the rope around his *forehead*, marched off with it to the boat.

Nutmegs are cheap in this market—only two cents apiece; and large, fresh, sweet, luscious oranges, that have ripened on the tree, can be bought for fifty cents the hundred. At an orange merchant's I witnessed the persistency of a Mussulman in his devotions. The old man with a grey beard, knew doubtless that a customer stood before his door—indeed I was at his very side; but it was his hour of prayer, and he stood facing the East with wrapt attention, gazing upon vacancy, and muttering with inconceivable rapidity, then prostrated himself upon his knees, then kissed the ground, then rose and muttered again, then down upon his knees and thence to the ground, and so on in endless repetition. I never entered a Catholic church in Europe, but all eyes were turned from beads and altars and breviaries,—and often too the eyes of priests and their attendants,—to regard the stranger; but this Mussulman did not once turn his eyes from the imaginary point upon which they were fixed, until he had finished his devotions, though he ran the risk of losing a bargain. The dragoman warned me not to speak to him, for if he should chance to reply, “he would have to do it all over again.”

A dealer in comfortables, afforded a good specimen of oriental trading as it was before the innovations of the Franks. He was a man of fifty, in good condition, wore a handsome turban, a long white jacket with blue bands, gathered in ample folds about his waist, white loose trowsers, leggings, sandals, and a long flowing scarf. His shop, like the rest, was about eight feet square; he sat in one corner by the door, cross-legged upon a mat, smoking a long pipe, the bowl of which rested in a pan of ashes, and sipping a tiny cup of jet black coffee, without sugar or milk, while a little tin pot of the same beverage was steaming at his side. When we stopped at his door, or

rather in front of the shop, for the whole front was open to the street, he very deliberately handed his pipe and cup to his servant who stood behind him, then rose and handed us the article for which we inquired. His entire stock amounted to three comforters, three baskets of cotton, and half a dozen small articles of bedding. After we had made our examination and comments, he resumed his deliberate attitude as if quite indifferent to the result.

The offer of a sovereign in payment of our purchase, led to a general consultation among the bystanders. It was passed from hand to hand, stared over gravely, and its value computed in piastres, when lo, it proved that the whole assembled company could not change the piece, and I was obliged to borrow silver of the dragoman. The money of all countries is current in Egypt; Spanish doubloons, English sovereigns, French Napoleons, dollars Spanish, Austrian, American, Neopolitan, besides the money of Constantinople,—the currency of the country being exceedingly ill-regulated. It is a great perplexity to a stranger to reduce all these to their valuation in piastres (five cent pieces,) and almost equally so to small shopkeepers, the limited extent of whose resources is illustrated by the fact that I seldom found one who was able to change a sovereign.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMBARKATION—MAHMOODEEH CANAL—THE NILE.

WE had searched everywhere for an American flag, but without success; but at length just on the eve of starting, we found a tailor who engaged to make one in two hours for six dollars. As its size would not admit of the entire constellation, we inserted the “glorious old thirteen,” which would serve to remind us at once of the original States, and also, by “the digits reversed,” of the present number. This flag was voted to the Commissary-General as his perquisite.

It had occurred to us that good Yankee gingerbread would not be amiss upon the Nile; but neither ginger nor “treacle” could be found except at a chemist’s, prepared for medical uses;—the ginger at twenty-five cents an ounce, and the treacle at the same price per pound. I paid a dollar for about three pints of this luxury.

Being duly fortified with consular and Turkish passports,—which, without being in the least required by the government, are forced upon the traveller by a copartnership of the consuls and the local authorities for the plunder of travellers,—the party proceeded to the boat in a carriage with the exception of the dragoman and myself, who remained to marshal the cavaleade of provisions. And a most imposing cavaleade it was. Two long, low, narrow waggons, with wheels about eighteen inches in diameter, driven by swarthy men in long frocks and red caps, carried the major part of the stores. These were preceded by a *Janissary*, or more properly a *Cawass*, mounted on a donkey; he was dressed in a blue frock reaching to his knees, loose trowsers gathered about his calves, neat leggings and sandals, and a red cap with a black tassel; a long, crooked

sword dangled at his side; he was a fine looking man, and regarded the whole cavalcade with a most complacent air. Next followed the writer on a donkey, in the capacity of Commissary-General; then the two waggons, one of them mounted by a stout Nubian in smock and turban,—who was an officer of the customs, and without whom we could not pass the gate,—and flanked by sundry boys and men, carrying parcels, or testifying their interest in the movement; and the rear was brought up by our dragoman and the culinary professor, both mounted on donkeys and wearing red caps. The donkey boys ran after us, and as we approached the canal, we put their speed to the test, so as to bring up in proper style before the boat. On the way my attention was arrested by a continuous murmuring and wailing sound, which proceeded from several parties of Mohammiedans in the burial ground, repeating prayers for the dead, according to their custom upon Friday of each week.

Dashing by Pompey's Pillar, we were presently at the place of embarkation upon the Mahmoodeh canal, which was to bear us to the Nile forty miles distant.

Everybody knows the story of this canal. It was opened in 1820. Its construction was a part of the scheme of Mohammed Ali for reviving the commerce of Alexandria with the East. Taking as a base the old canal of Fooah, which was yet in use in the time of the Venetians, and following in part the ancient Canopic branch of the Nile, he opened a communication of forty miles between Alexandria and Atfeh on the Rosetta branch. An army of two hundred and fifty thousand persons was gathered to dig this canal, the dirt being scooped out by the hand or with a common hoe, and all removed in sacks or baskets carried on the shoulders; and so miserable was the provision of food, clothing, and shelter for this multitude of labourers, and so severe were the daily tasks exacted of them, that “no less than twenty thousand are said to have perished by accidents, hunger, and plague.” It was the counterpart of the old scenes of brickmaking among the Israelites in bondage. The will of the tyrant made the lives of his subjects as the dirt beneath his feet.

The dead level of the canal presents nothing of interest. A sail of a few hours brings us to the Nile. And now we are fairly afloat upon the most historical, the most fertilizing, the most wonderful river of the world. Just here, at this season—when the waters are receding toward their lowest level—it is about half a mile wide; its banks are low and unrelieved by mounds or trees; its waters are muddy, and its current swift; and its commerce is limited to boats of thirty or forty tons laden with cotton and wheat for Alexandria. But what a dreamy atmosphere is this; bland, bright, pure, dry, the thermometer at nearly seventy in the shade; what a soil is this, ten, twelve, twenty feet deep of rich black alluvial deposit, covering even the borders of the desert with fertility; what an illimitable extent of field without fence or tree or any landmark, clothed with the richest verdure,—the springing wheat, the fresh and fragrant clover,—or upturned by recent ploughing to the cheerful sun; what vast herds of cattle, mingled with flocks of goats and sheep, the patient donkey and the lazy camel stretched upon the sward; what multitudes of birds making the air vocal with their song, skimming the surface of the water, and alighting with pleasing confidence upon the deck of our vessel; what numbers of boats descending broadside with the current, now swell the commerce of the Nile to the flat-boat commerce of the Mississippi; how picturesque those villages scattered along the banks, shielded by strong levees from the swift and changeful current; adorned with tall and graceful palms, through which the minaret peeps like the spire of a distant church; their round mud houses resembling from a distance the towers and bastions of a fort, and the bazaar with its little grove of sycamores, like the garden walk of a king; how majestic is this flood, now widening to a sea, now sweeping through some new made channel and depositing fresh aeres upon the opposite bank, ever rolling its alluvial wealth from Nubia to the delta;—from Noah to Moses, from Moses to Herodotus and Strabo, from Herodotus and Strabo until now, the same mighty ceaseless river, whose banks have been the home of patriarchs and the burial-

place of kings, the seat of empire and its grave, the treasure-house and the mausoleum of Learning and of Art. This is the Nile, the rich, the glorious Nile. No wonder that more than two thousand years ago the king of Egypt, lying like a dragon in the midst of his rivers, said, "My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself."¹ No wonder that in an age when all blessings were symbolized by objects of worship, the gigantic form of *Nilus* pouring forth his floods was the adoration of Egypt.

I am on the Nile; let me dream awhile of its gorgeous Past, before I look upon its desolated Present. The shrill cadence of the Muezzin call from yonder minaret, has died away; the bark of the village dogs has ceased; the monotonous song of the boatmen is ended; the water ripples gently against the vessel's side, and the young moon steals through my curtain, as I lie down to sleep upon the bosom of the Nile.

Before me opens the Egypt of four thousand years. I walk with the patriarch of Mamre upon the plains of Mizraim; I tread with awe the city of Menes, the first of Egypt's kings—the city Abraham saw, now flanked with its stupendous pyramids, and guarded by its mysterious sphinx; from Noph I turn toward On, and through the vista of forty centuries behold the mighty temple of the Sun; amid these monuments I meet the youthful shepherd, brought as a captive to the house of Pharaoh; I see him in his dungeon cheered with heavenly visions; I see him in his chariot of state, the head of all the realm; I behold his venerable father meeting his long-lost son; I see the long funereal train that bears the bones of Jacob to the grave of his fathers; I see the land of Goshen teeming with flocks and herds, and peopled with the seed of Abraham; I behold the spreading power of the Pharaohs, and their oppression of the chosen of the Lord; I hear the groaning of the people from the sweltering plains; I see the infant Moses floating on the Nile in his bark of reeds; I follow him through all the wealth and pomp of Pharaoh's court, into the grand and solemn wilderness of Sinai, till as

¹ Ezekiel xxix, 3.

the leader of an emancipated nation, he begins the march from the delta of the Nile, to the Red Sea and the Jordan; I behold the envious and maddened monarch struggling with the returning waves;—the moon expires, and darkness comes over Egypt so thick that it can be felt;—my boat sails onward up the Nile: I pass by Denderah and its zodiac of Ptolemaic origin, and now I stand before the city of the hundred gates; its twenty thousand chariots of war are gathered in the plain to defy the invading hosts of Persia; Karnak looms grandly through its avenue of sphinxes and its propylon of obelisks and statues, and the colossi raised in huge majesty above the plain, from their seats assert the empire of the world; the Father of song here gathers fresh numbers for his great epic; the Father of history here gathers the treasured learning of the past; the wealth, the grandeur, the power of the world's kingdoms concentrated thus near its source, now fill the panorama of the Nile;—my boat heads onward to Syene—but Memnon answers to the Sun—and my dream is broken.

The dream is broken, for more mournful than the Muezzin cry comes the voice of the prophet over the abyss of time, “Behold I am against thee and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even to the border of Ethiopia. . . . It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations.”¹ I look out upon a little mud village, so picturesque from a distance, and find it the abode of filth, and squalor, and poverty; the children naked and lying with the dogs; the miserable representatives of a fallen race mixed with the race of their conquerors, without knowledge, without energy, without ambition, held in the iron grasp of Fatalism, and making it a religious virtue to abide in the degradation to which they are born;—diminished in numbers, impoverished, enslaved, indeed “*the basest of kingdoms.*”

¹ Ezekiel xxix, 10, 15.

CHAPTER IV.

NILE COMFORTS; A NILE BOAT AND CREW.

“O my eyes! O my love! O the sun! O the moon!
O my father! O my mother! O my sister! O the river!
O the pilgrimage to Meeca! O the procession of the Sultan!
O the prophet! O the Effendi! O Abbas Pasha! O Mohammed!
The *hawagee* (travellers) are with us! We are
going up the Nile!”

Such is the senseless song with which our Arab boatmen divert themselves in endless repetition. When labouring at the oar, the *reis* (captain) leads in each invocation, and the crew keep time with a chorus, which, translated into English, signifies “Pull, pull away;” when lolling about the deck, while the wind carries the boat forward, they sing it all together, in an unvarying round; and at evening they gather on the deck, and with the accompaniment of a rude tambourine and a reed fife, clapping their palms as in an ecstasy of joy, at every sentiment, they repeat forevermore, “O my eyes, and my love, and my father, and my mother, and my sister, and the river, and the sun, and the moon, and Meeca, and the Sultan, and Mohammed!”¹

I think I could suggest a variation that would at least have the merit of appealing to the feelings of the *hawagee*. It would run somewhat after this style: “O the fleas! O the mosquitoes! O the bugs! O the spiders! O the flies! O the cockroaches! O the wood-lice! O the ants! O the earwigs! O the rats! O the braying of the donkeys! O the barking of the dogs! Oo-oo-oh! the fleas! O Mohammed! the *hawagee* are going up the Nile!” Yet it would

¹ The range of this chorus is represented by a very few notes, used also as a religious chant. The Captain intones the invocation, and the crew respond at every pause. [See music in Appendix.]

be a profanation to sing such a song—so animal—so earthly—on this celestial night upon the Nile. The sun has just dipped behind the apex of the great pyramid, which, for four thousand years, has watched his daily decline, and gathered his last rays from the sands of the Lybian Desert; and now the full moon silvers the rippling surface of the river, as our bark skims over it before the wind. The atmosphere is perfectly transparent, and, like the sky of Italy, it has a liquid *depth* that lures the soul onward and upward to the infinite. Nay, such a sky does not shine on Italy,—so pure, so serene, so resplendent in the radiance of its stars, and the groupings of its constellations. Nor is there in all Europe such a river to give back her lustre to the moon. After all, in keeping with this glorious scene is that closing cadence of the boatman's song, invoking all that to the rude Arab is praiseworthy: “O! the sun, and the moon, and the river, and the Sultan, and Mohammed!” So “*Wulluhhee haly-saw!*”—we are going up the Nile.

Our boat is a cross between a sloop and a canal boat. It is about seventy feet long and eighteen wide at its greatest breadth, and would measure between thirty and forty tons. From stern to midships is a raised or poop cabin, which is divided into several compartments. The rear-most, a room about seven feet square, is the *sanctum* of the worthy couple who have domesticated our journey from Paris hither; next to this is a space of nearly equal dimensions, occupied by a wash-room, dressing-room, and pantry; then comes cabin No. 2, seven feet by fifteen, upon the opposite sides of which, behind curtains of coarse cotton cloth, the professor and myself assert our respective rights; in front of this, and facing the deck, is another cabin, six feet by sixteen, which serves as dining and sitting room. These cabins are furnished on both sides with double sets of sashes, glass and venetian, and the dining-room is lighted also from the front. Beyond the dining-room is a cushioned verandah two feet in width extending across the boat. Each cabin is furnished with divans (raised benches fastened to the sides of the boat) which serve as seats or lounges by day and are converted into beds at night. We have all

manner of contrivances for writing and for stowing things compactly.

The deck in front of the cabins, is occupied by the crew when working the boat, and also serves as the place for their meals and for their devotions. Below this is a shallow hold, not deep enough for a man to sit erect in it, where they stow themselves to sleep when the night is not warm enough for them to lie upon the open deck. In this also, the heavier stores of the company are kept. In the bow of the vessel is a neat little cubby for culinary purposes; containing an oven and all sorts of miniature compartments for cooking with a thimble full of charcoal. Over this our newly inaugurated professor of dietetics has absolute control; and so satisfactorily have his "culinary talents" developed themselves, such is his punctuality, his docility, his neatness, and his skill, that I have already assured him of his £2 per month and of an engagement for the desert and for Palestine, and furthermore have volunteered to make honourable mention of him in a certain newspaper in New York; whereat *Ibrahim* opens his eyes wonderingly, kisses his hand and touches his forehead, laughs till his eyes sparkle, again touches his hand to his lips and his forehead, and dishes up the breakfast "with alacrity." Favoured indeed of the Prophet will that *Hawagee* be, whose palate is daily tempted from the caboose of *Ibrahim Sulliman*, and served by his faithful boy Mohammed.

Our boat is rigged after a fashion never seen upon the Hudson. In the bow is an enormous lateen-sail,¹ fastened to a spar, which is swung as upon a pivot on the top of a mast, some forty feet in height; the spar is about a hundred feet long, and swings at an angle of forty-five degrees; this position, and the facility of rotary motion bring the sail readily before the wind, so that it fills easily. In the stern of the boat is a sail similarly adjusted, but upon a much smaller scale. Here also is the tiller, which the helmsman

¹ A *lateen-sail* is a triangular sail, extended by a long yard, which is swung about one quarter the distance from the lower end, which is brought down at the tack, while the other end is elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees. (*Webster*) *Maritime Dictionary*.

manages from the top of the poop. Twelve banks of oars, and twelve huge poles pointed with iron to be used in shallow water, complete the equipment of the bark "Lotus," of Alexandria, bound for Thebes. From her flagstaff wave the stars and stripes, and from the forward mast the pennon of the senior member of the firm of W—, U—, T—, & Co., the charterers of this present expedition. The boat is manned by a *reis* (captain,) a steersman, and twelve hands, making our entire company, including the dragoman and the professor culinary, twenty souls.

An Arab crew is an interesting study. Ours is a mixture of all the races that inheritance or successive conquests have gathered upon the soil of Egypt. The *reis* hails from Keneh opposite the ancient Tentyra, and in the vicinity of Thebes. He is a slender, graceful man, of a dark copper colour, with a keen eye, a pleasant expression, and a voice as musical as the Pope's at Vespers in the Sistine chapel. He dresses richly and in good taste, wears a turban of red silk wreathed about a white skullcap, a white gown descending nearly to the knees and terminating in two loose bags fastened about the legs, and a striped silk waistcoat of gay colours, the back being of the same material. His *kamees* is frilled and filigreed upon the breast, and copiously adorned with buttons, and has wide sleeves reaching below the elbows. When the weather is cool, he throws over all a flowing mantle of blue calico. He has not attained to the dignity of shoes, but goes with the legs bare from the knees. When the wind blows, he sits cross-legged all day long in the bow of the boat, smoking his chibouque as if he were a youthful Hawagee on the look-out for pyramids, sphinxes, and crocodiles; and when the boat is becalmed, he still sits dreamily whiffing, as if the Prophet had given him a fore-taste of his Paradise in *Latakia*¹ and sleep. But when the boat is aground, an almost daily occurrence—or when the poles, the oars, or the rope must be used to start her on her

¹ Latakia, the representative of the ancient Laodicea, is a small town on the coast of Syria, celebrated for its tobacco. The mild flavour of the plant here grown, causes it to be highly prized throughout the Levant.

way, then the word of command goes forth with the most violent guttural energy, and in strange contrast, that soft plaintive voice leads in the invocations to the sun, and the moon, and father, and mother, and sister, and the Sultan, and Mecca, and the Effendi, and Mohammed, while after each comes in the full monotonous chorus, "*Wulleh ha haly-saw.*" Nor does the *reis* disdain at times to lay aside his mantle and his pipe, and in flowing turban, striped vest, and puffing knee-bags, to put his brawny arm to pole and oar, and to follow the invocations of his mate with a "*hee-haly-saw.*" At early morning and at sunset, and many times in the day, he washes his feet, goes up on the quarter-deck, spreads out his mantle, and turning his face towards Mecca, bows, and kneels, and prostrates himself, and prays, and kisses, and gesticulates, according to the formula, with a gravity and a sincerity that excite at once sympathy and charity. To me this is more impressive than the geneffuctions, the marchings and countermarchings of the Pope at High Mass in St. Peter's; and the singsong invocations, which continually remind me of the Pope's recitatives, are also to unbelieving ears quite as significant in the one case as in the other.

Such is our *reis* on board the boat. But when the boat halts at the little villages along the river, no turbaned head moves with greater dignity and grace than his, as he exchanges oriental salutations with the chief men, sips of their coffee, and inhales through their amber mouth-pieces, the choicest weed of Syria. Most complacently too doth the *reis* then smile upon the *Hawagee* as they saunter through the bazaar, and no doubt he unfoldeth wondrous tales of the Occidental travellers committed to his care; —for it is a pardonable weakness of the Arab to magnify himself by extolling his employers. And well may he be proud of the "*Lotus*" — a *dahabeeh* of the largest class, on this her first voyage, with the waving stars and stripes, with three six-footed American *ragel-zereef*, and especially with an American *sit*, who is the wonder of all the women and children of the villages. His sense of responsibility sometimes keeps him on the watch the livelong night against

robbers at the stopping places. Bating the loss of the fore-finger of his right hand, which has been amputated to avoid impressment in the army, our *reis* MARZUG may be set down for a complete man.

The pay of such a turbaned dignitary, commander, priest, and guard, is *twenty-five cents* a day, out of which he feeds himself twice a day with a wooden bowl of black bread stewed with lentils, fills the little earthen bowl of his chibouque with the fragrant weed, and his tiny *fingan* with a decoction of strong hot black coffee. The *reis* is the character of the boat. We have with him a solemn contract, prescribing his duties, and our rights, and giving us power to settle any dispute or to punish any delinquency by citing him before the nearest local governor. I presume that the Arabic version of this important document, sleeps as quietly in his private box as the English does in mine. But the laws of Egypt are very strict towards the captains of the Nile boats. Constructive responsibility is the invariable rule. We lately met the *reis* of another boat, who was in great concern lest he should be imprisoned for two years, because by the order of the charterers he had gone forward without a servant of the party, who had wandered from the boat. The *reis* is answerable for the good conduct of the crew, and for the property of the boat and of its occupants. The other day when an altercation arose between two of our crew, the *reis*, though far from being a match for either of them physically, cowed them down in an instant by raising his stick, and speaking with authority. When all our party leave the boat every thing is safe, with the key in his hands. Indeed the captain of a travelling boat upon the Nile, though its passengers never exceed half a dozen, nor its crew a dozen persons, is the most important personage upon this ancient river. I doubt whether Cleopatra's barge, with its poop of gold, its oars of silver, and its perfumed silken sails, surpassed a modern *dahabeeh* in size and stateliness, or in the substantial comforts of American *Hawagee*, whose stores were bought in the Egyptian bazaar of Alexandria.

The guiding spirit of our boat is the steersman, HASSAN. The *reis* for dignity, *Hassan* for power. Always at his

post, leaning over the tiller with the same steady watchful eye, you would take him for old Nilus in effigy, were it not that when the boat gets fast aground, he leaps upon the deck, and with loudest voice, and stoutest arm, assists to shove her off. Hassan is a Nubian, as black as Egyptian darkness in the days of Pharaoh; of a finely proportioned frame, and wearing upon his shoulders as noble a head as the Anglo-Saxon can boast. His expression is intelligent and kind, and his manner the perfection of natural dignity and grace. He knows his business thoroughly, and sticks to it faithfully. He is not noisy and loquacious like the Arab sailors, but when an extra pull is needed, he shows a wonderful energy and an instinctive capacity to command, which his copper coloured associates as instinctively recognize. His teeth are the fairest pearls of the Orient, and most benignly does he smile upon the *Hawagee* each morning with his “*sabal khayr*,” (good morning,) to which he often adds, “may your day be blessed.” But with many a nod and grin does he greet us when the wind promises fair, and, pointing to the sails, he repeats the Italian “*buono, buono*,” (good, good,) which every Arab has picked up for English. He is withal a natural orator, in every gesture and expression. A noble fellow is Hassan, worth more surely than twelve and a half cents a day. He has depth of character and kindness of spirit. He never gets into a passion, he never shows signs of weariness. The first object you see in the morning when you go upon deck, is the white teeth of Hassan smiling his morning salutation through his curling black beard; and the last object that fades upon your vision as you enter your cabin for the night, is the blue and white turban, the blue cotton gown, and the naked black legs of the prince of the tiller. If the wind blows from the north he keeps to the tiller the live-long night, and always while the boat is in motion he is there smoking his chibouqe, or scooping out his little dish of stewed bread and beans with one hand upon the tiller. No, not always; for twice a day or oftener does Hassan summon a sailor to his post, then reverently descending the stern of the boat, he washes his feet, and, returning to the

quarter-deck, faces the east, and bows and prostrates himself toward the tomb of the prophet. In all this, he shows the seriousness of a deep conviction, and the absorption of a rapt devotion ; but if meanwhile the boat gets off her course, his prayers ended, he grasps the tiller, and shouts to the men with an energy which shows that with all his fatalism he holds that " faith without works is dead." Most devout is Hassan of all the crew. Like the shepherd of Salisbury Plain, he meekly expects to-morrow such wind as *Allah* may please to send. We tried, through our dragoman, to offer him some inducements to go to America, but his answer was that he was " too religious!"

The twelve men composing the crew, are of all ages, sizes, and sorts, but chiefly Arabs blind of one eye, or maimed of a forefinger, so as to avoid impressment for the army ;—for how can a man take sight if his right eye is gone, or how pull trigger if the forefinger of his right hand is wanting?—but they work well together, and are as jolly as the nature of the Arab will allow. Their usual working dress consists of a coarse cotton shirt descending to the knees, and tied loosely about the waist. When the weather is cold, that is, when the thermometer is about fifty degrees, they put on over this a loose mantle of blue cotton, or of the coarse brown woollen cloth of the country ; they wear nothing below the knees, and on their heads, in lieu of the turban, they wear the common tarbouch of red felt, or the still plainer *takeea*, a close fitting scullop of cotton or woollen cloth. Their dress is suited not only to the climate, but also to the navigation of the Nile, in many of whose operations clothes would be a serious incumbrance. Not a native on board regularly sports a pair of shoes except the professor *culinaire*, who moves delicately from the store-chest to the caboose, in red morocco slippers with pointed toes ; and he alone displays a vest of silk, embroidered with threads of gold. Only on great occasions, when stopping for a day at some chief town, do the men bag themselves, and roll endless folds of cotton about their heads, and put on huge coarse-grained red shoes, and then, too, the *reis* and Hassan having enveloped their heads in coils of purest white,

grafted upon the crimson *takeea*, loom majestically in red slippers of pointed toes.

Once I saw Hassan bargaining with a peddling merchant who visited our boat,—(all oriental merchants are a sort of peddlars, and hence the name *Hawagee* “merchant,” is applied to all travellers,)—for a piece of common cotton cloth, evidently of English or American manufacture. Next day the wind was ahead, and the boat laid by; but Hassan was not idle; all day long he sat by his favourite tiller, cutting and stitching; he hardly stopped for the dish of lentils and bread that was brought to him from the mess on deck; but before evening, I saw his fat black arms and legs emerging from a robe of spotless white. It was his only garment, but, set off by a red turban, it became him admirably, and in make and fit it would have done credit to any “Dorcas Society,” or “Ladies’ Sewing Circle,” not to say any “Patent Sewing Machine,” in the United States. Indeed the sculptured toga of the Roman senator is not more graceful than the flowing kirtle of the Nubian steersman. After all, Hassan can “do” upon twelve and a half cents a day, with corn-bread and lentils, and a cotton shirt made by his own hands. I forgot to say that two piastres and a half, or about twelve and a half cents a day, is the pay of the hands on board the boat, the captain having double wages. While the owners of the boat receive nearly eight dollars a day—an extravagant price, to which at the time we had to submit—the pay of the officers and men all told is hardly two dollars a day.

In their living, the crew have a perfect community of goods. As they are obliged to “find themselves” out of their slender wages, it is an object with them to study economy. One of their number acts as purser and cook; and it is an indication of the generous traits of the Arabian character, that they have selected for this office, one who is somewhat deformed, and not capable of heavy work. Their principal diet is bread made from very coarse wheat. Sometimes they buy this ready made, at the principal villages, but to save expense they commonly buy the grain, and have it ground and baked to order, or grind and bake it them-

selves. Hence it is always stipulated in the hiring of a boat that the crew shall be allowed time,—about thirty-six hours,—at certain places, to bake their bread. Once or twice, in order to take advantage of a wind, we have paid them the difference between baking and buying a three days' stock of bread,—about two dollars, or one day's wages for the crew. Their meals are all prepared in one dish, and with little variation. Their steward takes a quantity of the black bread, that has been cut into small pieces and dried in the sun, and lays it in the bottom of a wooden bowl, holding from six to eight gallons. He then dips up a jar of muddy water from the river, and pours this over it to *cleanse* it and soften it. Next he adds a few hard brown beans or lentils,—a kind of split pea,—or perhaps throws in a few onions or greens, with a little salt. The whole is then put into an iron pot, and stirred over the fire till it is reduced to the consistency of a bran poultice, when it is poured back into the wooden bowl. This is then placed in the middle of the deck, or if the boat is tied up, it is set upon the bank of the river, and the men squat in a circle about it, and each dips in his hand and eats by the fist full, carefully sucking his fingers. When the bowl is emptied, a jar of muddy water is passed round, and each man rinses his mouth and takes a drink. This is the meal at morning and at evening. At noon they lunch apart, upon dry bread and raw onions; but the onions of Egypt are long, white, tender, and sweet. A piece of sugar-cane is a great luxury. They always seem to enjoy their meal. Whenever I have chanced to be a spectator, they have smacked their lips and cried "*buono*," "*teieb*," and have invited me to partake with them, which I did—*once!* They eat no flesh except on great occasions. At three or four principal towns along the river it is customary for the voyagers to give the crew a *backshish*—a present—in the shape of a sheep, or which is better, of money to the value of a sheep, with which they buy fish, mutton, or what they list. But buy what they will, it all goes into the pot together, is reduced to one consistency, and then eaten by the fist full from the wooden bowl. Sometimes the *reis* and Hassan

have their meals in smaller bowls apart, sometimes they sit together with the rest. After each meal comes the pipe, or more strictly, the pipe which had been laid aside for the meal, is resumed as soon as this is finished. Smoking is to the Arab what coffee, tea, and other stimulants are to the Anglo-Saxon: it is a great part of his nourishment. His tobacco is mild, plenty, cheap, and is his greatest comfort.

In point of character these Arab sailors are altogether superior to American sailors or boatmen who are not pledged *teetotalers*. I would rather trust myself with them, ten times over, than with such crews as I have seen upon the Mississippi. They are not *wickedly* profane, though they sometimes in sport invoke the prophet's curse upon a passing boat. They are not passionate, for though a storm of *words* would sometimes indicate great wrath, they seldom come to blows. They have no strong drink of any kind on board the boat, and only once or twice have I seen any of them drink *arakee* (date-brandy) or beer, at some of the larger towns. The coffee-shop takes the place of the dram-shop, and the chief indulgence of sailors on shore seems to be, lounging about a coffee shop, sipping coffee and smoking the pipe. The sailors on the Nile are not, as is too often true of American sailors and boatmen, a degraded and vicious set of men. In dress and appearance they are superior to the *fellahs* or common field labourers. Though looked down upon as an inferior class, they are respectable, well-behaved, frugal of their money, and comparatively free from the grosser forms of wickedness. The crew of the *Lotus* seem part and parcel of the family.

CHAPTER V.

NAVIGATION, VILLAGES, BAZAAR, HOUSES, AND CHILDREN.

IT is difficult to convey to one familiar only with American rivers a definite idea of the navigation of the Nile. There is no river in the United States that corresponds with it. Like the Mississippi, the Nile has a rapid current—about three miles an hour—and its channel is continually changing. But the Nile has no bluffs,—though sometimes the banks rise some twenty feet above the highest watermark,—and it has no wooded islands or bottoms, and no snags or sawyers.

In the *Delta* the soil varies from ten to fifteen feet in depth, and during the inundation this whole section is overflowed—the villages being protected by embankments, and communication being kept up by means of boats. The Delta is a triangular piece of land comprised within the Rosetta and the Damietta branches of the Nile, the only two that remain of the original six or seven mouths of the river. The base of this triangle on the sea-coast is eighty-one miles; but it is very narrow at its apex, where the Nile divides into its two branches. The Delta contains about two thousand square miles. The northern district of Egypt, extending from the pyramids to the sea, and embracing the Delta with the arable ground upon either side of it, contains four thousand five hundred square miles—a surface equal to the State of Connecticut, or one tenth the size of New York. “The Nile marks on either side the extent of fertility by the measure of its inundations.”

We entered the *Rosetta* branch at Atfeh. At this season this branch varies from one half to three quarters of a mile in width, and in some parts it is exceedingly shallow and obstructed by sand-banks, new formed islands, or large alluvial deposits upon either hand. Unlike the Mississippi,

it receives no tributary for more than a thousand miles from its mouth. The Nile is navigable only for boats of fifty or sixty tons, and drawing from three to five feet of water; and all the river boats are built with reference to the canal. The only craft upon the river, are a few steamboats of small dimensions, belonging to the government or to the Transportation Company, and employed chiefly in its service, pleasure-boats or travelling-boats such as I have described, and freight-boats built upon the same scale for carrying corn, cotton, and earthen-ware.

In going up the river every thing depends upon a *north* wind. Without this but little headway can be made against the current. Sometimes this wind blows almost a hurricane, and blowing against the current lashes the river into a tumult that revives the disagreeable sensation of sea-sickness. Then the boat bounds along at the rate of five or six miles an hour, while the current deludes you into the notion that it is running eight or ten; but if such a wind holds, two or three days will carry you to Cairo, and ten or fifteen more to Thebes. But do not deceive yourself with any such expectation. The "Lotus" started from Alexandria with such a wind, and made one fourth the distance to Cairo the first afternoon, but it was nine days before she reached the "Magnificent" capital. Again she left Cairo with such a wind, and as the pyramids faded, Karnac loomed up only ten days ahead, yet it was *twenty-seven* days before we saw any other than a looming Karnac. The average voyage to Cairo is four days, and from there to Thebes twenty. We were thirty-eight days from Alexandria to Thebes, about six hundred and thirty miles, including a stay of two days at Cairo, and a day and a half at Denderah. In all that time we had but three or four days of the north wind, which at this season is said to *prevail*. When there is no wind, the boat can be impelled against the current only by *pulling*—not with oars, for these are useless in going up stream—but with a long rope which passes through a loop about thirty feet up the mast, and is fastened to the upper deck near the tiller. This rope is taken ashore, and the crew attach to it small cords, which they bind about their breasts or foreheads,

and then march wearily in procession, chanting doleful songs, and making four or five miles a day. Sometimes a light wind assists this towing, but it is tedious work. When the wind is ahead, as with us it often was—the south wind prevailing—it is hardly possible to proceed at all, for the tortuous channel of the Nile does not admit of “beating,” and the boat must lie by. A huge wooden pin, driven into the ground by a mallet, answers the purpose of a temporary pier, and as there are no wharves along the Nile, every boat carries its own peg. Coming down the stream the boat either sails by the south wind, using the small sail only for safety, floats along with the current, stern foremost, broadside, anyhow, or is propelled by the oars as long as the strength of the crew holds out; but when the north wind blows stiffly she must be tied up to her peg for hours or days.

At first one is ready to impute the dilatory progress of the boat to the indolence or the incompetence of the *reis* and crew. And undoubtedly these have it in their power in various ways to retard the boat for their own interest. With them time is nothing; and the leisurely occupation of a long voyage relieves the monotony of utter idleness at home, while it yields a daily support and the scanty means of dress and of amusement. The traveller should retain in his own hands the authoritative direction of the boat. I have never seen more nimble sailors than the Arabs are when acting under authority.

But after all, the Nile must continue to be navigated at about the same dull rate. The same process of tracking and poling is delineated in the sculptures of ancient Egypt.

Parties sometimes charter a small steamer for the upper Nile. This is well enough for travellers who are greatly pressed for time. But in order to bring the expenses within reasonable limits, such a party must be made larger than is consistent with comfort in such narrow accommodations, or larger at least than will admit of proper privacy and independence. Then there is the constant annoyance of heat, vapours, gas, and noise; and besides, the loss of much that is worthy of observation along the river,—for the steamboat

stops only at prominent points, and does not give opportunities for daily walks, and for the near inspection of fields and villages.

It would avail but little to sharpen the model of the *dahabeeh*, for the windings of the river and the numerous sand-bars preclude tacking and beating as expedients for progress. Besides, a sharp built boat carrying much sail, would be apt to capsize in the sudden flaws and whirlwinds that sweep over the river. As the waters of the inundation subside, the forming of new islands, the opening of new sluices, and the shrinking of the main channel, make it difficult for those most familiar with the river to avoid running aground. This is a very frequent occurrence; but one for which the sailors are fully prepared. Throwing aside their single garment, they leap over board like dogs, and in *puris naturalibus* apply their shoulders to the bow, and with a *hee-haly-saw* shove and shove until the boat is afloat again. American sailors would not consent to such work as this, or to such a style of dress as it requires. But theoretical boating will not answer here. And if the navigation of the Nile should be "improved," and light clipper yachts should take the place of the *dahabeeh*, who would care to visit the river of Egypt? Herein at least we must do as Egyptians do.

I have spoken of a Nile village as a picture; let me now introduce the reader to one as it is. The first that I explored was a very favorable specimen, the village of Negeeleh in the Delta. The houses are built of bricks made of the mud of the Nile mixed with straw, just as it was in the time of Moses, and dried in the sun. Each house is but one story, or about ten feet in height, and consists usually of a court or yard a few feet square, and of two apartments, one of which has a mud chimney for cooking, and the other, raised benches of mud brick, upon which mats are spread for sitting by day and for sleeping by night. There are also mats upon the roof for the same purpose. In the yard the "stock," cows, camels, sheep, goats, donkeys, are huddled by night, and the place is redolent of their ordure. Each house has one or more dog, which lies about the door

or on the roof, and yelps hideously at the approach of a stranger. In this village the houses are arranged in rectangular blocks, and the streets are about eight feet wide. No wheeled vehicle ever passes through them. Indeed, except at Alexandria and Cairo, there is not a wheeled vehicle in all Egypt, and it is only within a few years that carriages have been introduced into these cities. All burdens are carried on the backs of donkeys or of camels. Outside of the village lie heaps of rubbish and filth—the common deposit of the inhabitants; and here, too, are larger folds for the cattle that cannot be accommodated in the house-yards. Along the river is a bazaar, in front of which is a rude garden planted with acanthus trees. The bazaar is a row of stalls, each about six feet square, sometimes not more than three feet front, in which the stock of the village merchants is deposited under lock by night, and in front of which it is exposed for sale by day. The bazaar everywhere wears the same general character. In Cairo, of course, it presents a rich display of goods, and covers an extensive area.

In all the larger towns it occupies several of the little winding alleys called streets; but each particular shop is of the same diminutive size, and the entire stock of a bazaar in a town of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants, would hardly fill a respectable store on Broadway. The standard articles exposed for sale are tobacco, lentils, bread in flat loaves as big as one's hand, pipes and pipe bowls, little coffee-cups, onions, dates, slippers, shawls, and turbans. Occasionally you will find articles of beauty or of delicacy, but usually every alternate stall is for tobacco or bread, and interspersed with these are coffee-shops occupying the space of two or three stalls.

The bazaar at Negeelch has about forty stalls; in front of each, the proprietor squats upon his haunches, smoking his pipe or sipping his coffee, and waiting for a customer. Two or three dollars a day must be the extent of business done at one of these stalls on an average, even on a market-day;—twenty-five cents profit would doubtless be considered a good day's business, even in many of the larger

towns. In front of the bazaar a few women veiled with the universal *yashmak* sat with little piles of bread or a few beans, eggs, or oranges for sale, rarely accosting any one, and hardly exposing their faces when addressed.

In one quarter of the village is a little open square planted with palm-trees, and on one side of this a diminutive mosque with a slender minaret—a round tapering tower of brick stuccoed, surrounded with tiers of galleries, and terminating in a ball pointed with a three-pronged rod. There is no bell in the mosque-tower, but from these galleries the hour of prayer is called in a shrill waving voice that resounds far over the plain.¹ In all Egypt I never heard a bell of any size or kind, except two little tinkling cow-bells attached to Roman Catholic convents far up the Nile. What a contrast to the perpetual din and clash in Malta, and everywhere in Italy.

The village I have described was an average specimen. Sometimes the houses are the merest hovels with but one room, and a hole about two and a half feet high, that answers for a door. Yet even here the poor man's goat or sheep, or the donkey that earns a living for the family while he eats nothing himself, sleeps in the common inclosure. On the upper Nile the houses often have a mere roofing of twisted palm leaves, for in a climate where rain never falls, they need protection only from the sun. Sometimes the palm is gracefully disposed among the houses. In the largest towns are many houses of a better quality, built of burnt brick, two or three stories high, with windows and balconies, and interior courts open to the air. But the streets are seldom more than from six to eight feet wide, and are seldom as regular as at Negelehh; the houses are crowded together very compactly, and the bazaar, though it may cover a range of a mile, is lined only with the same little shops. In such towns there are gates at the entrances of all the principal streets or quarters, which are closed at night. Towns built on the confines of the desert, are usually surrounded with a crude brick wall mounted with a

¹ *Al-la-hu ak-bar, Alla-hu ak-bar, Al-la-hu ak-bar, Al-la hu ak-bar.*

palisade of cornstalks, to protect them from the predatory Arabs. Occasionally you will see a rude ornament in the shape of a piece of painted pottery, or some Arabic inscription, plastered over the door way; but the most pleasing feature of the villages, is the pigeon-houses everywhere seen along the upper Nile. Sometimes these are huge round or square towers built apart from the village, and having their walls perforated with earthen pots, through which the birds enter by thousands; but commonly they are appendages of the dwellings of the people. The squabs are caught inside the cote, and eaten or sold. Pigeons and chickens are very abundant on the Nile, and the boats make quite a market for them.

The mud brick of which the houses are generally built, is a material of sufficient strength and durability, and if painted or whitewashed, houses of this material would be quite neat and comfortable. The narrowness of the streets and the thickness of the walls favour coolness, and the bazaar streets are usually covered with boards or palm leaves as a protection against the sun. There is a great want of cleanliness in the villages and in the houses; but in large towns the bazaar is daily swept, and is sprinkled from skins filled with water, and carried under the arm.

The sorriest sight in an Arab village is the children. Boys ten or twelve years old are often seen stark naked, with the exception of a little skulleap, while younger urchins, sport a string of beads upon the simple apparel nature gave them when they came into the world. But this nudity of nature soon ceases to offend you as does the studied nudity of Italian art, for you see it everywhere; the labourer on the canal, in the brick field, among the sugar-cane, and at the shadoof, takes lessons in tailoring from our first father; yet, with the natives, this is a matter of course, and so the traveller comes to disregard it. Indeed this scantiness of apparel seems to be a result of sheer poverty; for often when *you* are sweltering with the heat, the Egyptian will wrap his woollen garment close about him, if this is all he has. It is not the mere nakedness of the children that annoys you; but their squalor, and the shiftless condition in

which they seem to grow up; and especially the swarms of flies that cover their eyes, noses, mouths, ears, and turn their faces into running sores. This is probably one cause of ophthalmia, the plague of Egypt.

The heads of the boys are shaved, and covered with little caps. The little girls are always clad in some way, and the boys don't seem to know the difference. Indeed children *will* be happy somehow, and it is a blessed thing that they can be. But oh for Sabbath schools and boys' meetings in this land of degradation! It is the thought of what these naked sore-eyed urchins are to be in their condition here, and their destiny hereafter, that makes your eyes water and your heart bleed as you look upon them;—for just now, that destitute and crying child, whose mother soothes it under the folds of her own soiled and tattered mantle, may be more favoured than the best dressed and tended child that no longer knows a mother's love.

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CHAPTER VI.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE—WATER JARS—PRODUCTIONS— TILLAGE—THE SHADDOOF AND THE SAKIA.

The occupations of people on the Nile are very simple. Those who keep shop in the bazaar, have little else to do but sit on their haunches, smoke pipes, and sip coffee. Walking through the bazaar soon after sunrise, you see the baker busy at his oven—a little round-topped mud oven at his door, which he heats with brush or dried dung, and into which he lays, on iron plates, the thin cakes which he slaps out with fingers dipped in melted butter; you see the barber shaving, not chins, but heads; you see the veiled women squatting on the ground beside their little stock of eggs, bread, lentils, onions, and white unsalted butter; and you see the coffee-shops with their tiny cups all ready for use;—but the “merchant princes” have not yet come “down town,” and their stalls are unopened. You meet no newsboy or letter carrier, but perhaps a janissary, who, if he does not look daggers at you, thrusts them out from his belt in formidable conjunction with a horse pistol.

Later in the day, you will find all the little stalls open; but if you would appreciate the scene, imagine Wall street at one o'clock, instead of being thronged with jabbering brokers and hurrying bank clerks, lined on both sides with gowned and turbaned men sitting on their haunches, before little stalls like that of the soap man who used to stand on the steps of the Exchange, smoking pipes, drinking coffee, and—not reading newspapers, but playing chess or draughts with as much *nonchalance* as if each man owned the town, while all around the little coffee-shops, or on the divans under the shade of palm-leaf mats stretched over the street, the retired merchant sits languidly discussing neither stocks, estates, nor politics, but pipes, coffee, and draughts, (not

drafts.) Your constant wonder is how so many lazy people contrive to live; and yet so far as the mere living is concerned, they probably understand the art, and take the comfort of it far better than you.

At about five o'clock nearly all the little stalls are closed, and the people gone—I don't know where. They are not riding in their carriages, for there are none; they are not walking in the gardens nor in the promenades, for there are none; they have not gone to balls, theatres, or concerts, for there are none; they have not taken the ferry, the railway, or the omnibus to their country-seats, for there are none of all these; and yet you can hardly imagine that all these turbaned dignitaries, with red slippers and silk shawls, are cooped in the little mud houses one or two stories high that encompass the bazaar and make up the town. Here and there you meet a portable blacksmith's shop—a tiny furnace and a pair of bellows or a fan rigged up on the side of the street; or you see a silk weaver with his hand-loom preparing the exquisite braid of crimson silk, with which even the sailor delights to ornament his cotton shawl.

The greater part of the day everybody seems to live out of doors; and around every village you will see groups of men, some well dressed, some ill dressed, sunning themselves in the morning, and at noon the same groups shading themselves under the palms—after which I suppose they go home to rest. I don't know who they are, nor how they get their living; and I suppose that is none of my business; only the sight of them sometimes makes me laugh, and sometimes makes me cross, because they don't offer to help the poor women with their water jars. They have nothing to read, and they seldom talk; but sit on their haunches, and smoke, smoke, smoke. I don't know but they are transacting important business; I don't know but they are making friendly calls, but it looks very much like doing nothing; and neither dogs nor fleas appear to trouble them. Now and then, as you walk through a narrow village street, you hear the creaking of a great wheel, and prying in at the door crack, you see half a dozen women with little

baskets of grain upon a mud floor, all bemired with filth, while a blinded buffalo turns the rude mill to grind their little store.

Outside of the villages, a principal occupation of the people is the tending of flocks, and it is a picturesque and beautiful sight at sunrise to see streaming forth from a village over the neighbouring plain, camels, cows, oxen, sheep, and goats,—sometimes a few of each grouped together,—and then to watch them as they are distributed upon the little patches of grass or grain belonging to their several owners, where they are made fast to pegs in the ground,—for there are no fences—and left in the care of children, or of old men and women. These employ themselves in spinning cotton or woollen yarn for the family, while tending the flocks and herds. Their apparatus for this purpose is of the most simple and primitive form.

At sunset,

“The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,”

and all the cattle are housed in or near the village. If one would see pastoral life in its primitive simplicity, just as it was in the days of Abraham, let him come and look over the plains of Egypt upon such a scene.

Yonder is a family tending a mixed flock of sheep and goats. The oldest, a lad of twelve, has not a shred of clothing except a little skulcap; his three little brothers are in the same predicament, except that the youngest is minus the cap also, and has a great string of beads around his neck. Their little sister is done up in blue cotton. They have a reed fife, and are as happy as the lambs with which they are frisking.

When a plain is very extensive, it is covered with booths, such as Jacob built, to shelter the cattle and those that tend them.

Of the productions of the soil I have already spoken. Cotton is raised chiefly in the Delta, but though the staple is excellent, the quantity is comparatively small, and Egypt can never compete in this respect with the southern States. So we need not dissolve the Union upon that account. Wheat

is a great staple, and of a fair quality, though often strong. While looking upon the luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and beans, that even in February are ripe for the sickle, while others are maturing for a later harvest, it is easy to realize that Egypt was once the granary of the world. I do not remember any prairie fields in the West that would compare with these in the strength and fulness of the grain. Large boat loads of wheat and beans are passing daily to Cairo. Indigo is extensively cultivated, and the plant is soaked and beaten out in huge earthen pots. This is quite a business in some villages. Tobacco is very abundant and of a mild quality.

The sugar manufacture is a monopoly of the government, and is carried on upon a large scale along the upper Nile. Vast fields of poppies, beautiful in flower, often overspread the plains in well-planted rows.

Of *agriculture*, as we use the term, the Egyptians know but little. Their plough consists of a crooked stick shod with iron at one end, and forked at the other, and a tongue which plays in this fork, and to which the sharpened end is fastened with a sliding peg to regulate the depth of the furrow. It is the same instrument that the sculptures show us was in use four thousand years ago. I have seen a camel and a cow yoked together to such a plough as this.

I have never seen any process of weeding or hoeing, though both at times seem necessary, especially in the tobacco fields. The sickle is a rude knife, slightly curved, and as the reaper cuts, the binder follows, and ties up the grain in little bundles;—nor does Ruth, hiding her face in her *yashmak*, fail to glean her apron full, after the young men.

The *lotus*, so often represented in the capitals of columns in the ancient temples, and the *papyrus* that afforded to the ancient Egyptians a material for writing, are no longer numbered among the productions of the soil. The prediction of Isaiah, that “the reeds and flags . . . and the paper reeds by the brooks” should “wither, be driven away, and be no more,” has been literally fulfilled.¹ The general

¹ Isaiah, xix, 6, 7.

productiveness of Egypt must also have decreased since the sixth century, when it "exported each year two hundred and sixty thousand quarters of wheat for the use of Constantinople," and "a string of camels, laden with corn and provisions, covered almost without an interval the long road from Memphis to Medina."

The one great occupation of the country is that of getting the water of the river up into the houses, and over the land. The first is the business of the women. Nearly all the water used for drinking and for cooking is brought from the Nile, as there are few wells in the country. Every morning you will see the women of the village in long rows coming down to the river, each with one or two water jars to be filled for the day's supply. The water jar is of the ancient Egyptian form, just as sculptured upon the tombs of the time of Joseph—an earthen vessel bulging in the middle, and narrow at top, holding from two to ten gallons. It is carried on the head, and sometimes a smaller one also in the hand. The women of the villages universally wear a blue cotton garment unmade, but wrapped about the person, and a cotton headpiece of the same colour, which is fastened about the forehead, and hangs down over the shoulders, and which may be drawn closely about the face. When they come down to the river, they wade out into the stream, rinse out their jars, and fill them with the muddy water. They then wash themselves and the soiled parts of their apparel, and lifting the jar to their heads, return in groups to their homes. It is astonishing to see them rise from the ground with a weight of from thirty to fifty pounds on top of the head, and without even steadyng it with the hand, climb up a steep and crumbling bank thirty feet high, and walk briskly a quarter of a mile. This gives them their erect stature and upright gait, and counteracts the effect of the bad air of the hovels.

At first I used to pity them, and to think their condition worthy the notice of some "Woman's Rights" Convntion; but when I peeped into their houses and saw that there were no floors to paint or scrub, no beds to make, no table to set, no knives and forks to clean, no dishes to wash, nothing but

two dirty rooms to be kept always dirty, and some unwashed naked children to be daily exposed to the sun and the flies, I felt that carrying a jug of water once a day was not a very heavy badge of slavery for the female sex. Besides, do they not see all the neighbours at the river, and talk over all the scandal, or what *are* they chattering about?

Our cook boy, who is picking up a little English, seeing me peering into a native hovel, said, "*This, sleep the Arab.*" And that is pretty much the whole story. An Arab's house is the place for sleeping. He lives out of doors. Hence the cares of a house wife are few. Yet the domestic attachments of these poor people are very strong. Only the "Upper Ten" of the cities practise polygamy. And woman is happy in Egypt, even if she does nothing but carry a water jar on her head, and a sore-eyed baby on her shoulders, or in a basket on her crown.

I was greatly amused one day, at seeing a little girl not over four years old, strutting along-side of her mother with a tiny water jar on her head, as if she were a new made queen. I don't think "Women's Rights" could do any thing in this generation toward taking off the burden from the heads of their sisters in Egypt. The water jar is rather the prerogative of womanhood.

Except during the season of the inundation of the Nile, the land is watered wholly by artificial means. I never could fully comprehend the practicability of this, till I saw it done. For six hundred miles south of Cairo, Upper Egypt is but a strip of alluvium some five or six miles wide, deposited upon both sides of the Nile along the edge of two deserts, or the bases of two parallel ranges of naked limestone hills. In the high Nile the river overflows nearly the whole of this, and adds to its richness the wash of the Nubian mountains. For the rest of the year the land is watered from the Nile by machines of various sorts. The simplest and most common of these is the *shadoof*, which consists of a pole swung between two upright timbers, and having a stone or a ball of mud at one end, and a bucket of skin at the other. A little trench is cut from the river, which feeds a pool below the level of the stream, and from

this, the water is dipped up by the bucket, and poured into another trench. If this is at the level of the bank, little branches are cut from it, or rather canals are made by little ridges of earth, and the water is thus distributed over the field; but when the bank is high, a second *shadoof*, and sometimes a third and a fourth, is erected, and the water is dipped up from trench to trench. This is hard work, and as each landholder must provide his own *shadoof*, it is the principal work in raising the crops. Another machine is the *sakia*: for this, a large deep well is dug, which is fed from the Nile; into this a wheel, surrounded with earthen jars, is dipped by the revolution of a cog-wheel moved by oxen, and each jar in turn empties itself into a trench, like the buckets of the elevator in a flour mill. The *sakia* is so much more expensive than the *shadoof* that only the larger proprietors, or a combination of smaller proprietors, can afford to work it. All day long the *sakia*, which is never oiled, creaks lazily in its round, and the half clad labourer at the *shadoof* moans his monotonous song. In Egypt all labour groans.

It has been computed that there are in Egypt forty thousand *sakias*, which would give about four to every square mile of cultivation. But this seems to be an over-estimate. Many erected in Mohammed Ali's reign, have now fallen into decay. In Nubia each water-wheel is taxed about fifteen dollars per annum, but there is no tax upon the land. In Egypt the land is taxed about three dollars per acre, which is from ten to fifteen per cent. on its cost, but there is no tax on the water-wheel. The large sugar plantations of the Pasha, along the banks of the Nile, as well as the royal and the public gardens at Cairo, are watered by means of steam forcing-pumps. The larger plains are watered by great canals that intersect the river at various points, and that are opened to receive the waters of the inundation, and then are closed to retain the waters after the flood subsides.

The present inhabitants of Egypt, like the ancients, divide the year into three seasons of four months each, based upon the phenomena of nature. The ancient divi-

sions were, the “Season of Vegetation,” the “Season of Manifestation,” and the “Season of the Waters:” the modern divisions are, Winter, Summer, and the Nile, or the Inundation. The latter begins about the period of the summer solstice, and the river attains its greatest height at the autumnal equinox. Then he who casts his bread upon the waters will find it after many days. The peasant has no occasion to watch the clouds; for it is true now, as in the days of Zechariah, that in the land of Egypt there is no rain.

I cannot better conclude this chapter than in the words of Amrou to the Caliph Omar. “O commander of the faithful, Egypt is a compound of black earth and green plants, between a pulverized mountain and a red sand. The distance from Syene to the sea is a month’s journey for a horseman. Along the valley descends a river, on which the blessing of the Most High reposes, both in the evening and morning, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. When the annual dispensation of Providence unlocks the springs and fountains that nourish the earth, the Nile rolls his swelling and sounding waters through the realm of Egypt: the fields are overspread by the salutary flood; and the villages communicate with each other in their painted barks. The retreat of the inundation deposits a fertilizing mud for the reception of the various seeds; the crowd of husbandmen who blacken the land may be compared to a swarm of industrious ants; and their native indolence is quickened by the lash of the task-master, and the promise of the flowers and fruits of a plentiful increase. Their hope is seldom deceived; but the riches which they extract from the wheat, the barley, and the rice, the legumes, the fruit-trees, and the cattle, are unequally shared between those who labour and those who possess. According to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the face of the country is adorned with a *silver* wave, a *verdant emerald*, and the deep yellow of a *golden* harvest.”

CHAPTER VII.

TENURE OF LAND—DISPOSITION AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE tenure of land in Egypt is much the same as Joseph made it when he was prime minister. The fee of the greater part of the soil is in the Pasha, though in various ways much land has gradually passed into other hands. Good land is worth from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars per acre, and is taxed three dollars a year. Land is divided into very small lots, for grazing and other purposes. The land is sometimes farmed on shares—the tiller receiving one fourth of the produce; but the mere peasant, or fellah, does not receive over three or four cents a day; while in digging canals, and in other public works for the general good, he is compelled by the sheik to work for nothing and find himself. But then in Egypt there is no road-tax, no poll-tax, no *school-tax*, only a tax on land, on palm-trees, on every thing that is raised to be consumed.

Egypt is a fine grazing country,—especially in the Delta, on the eastern side of which was the land of Goshen. This accords with the allusions in the Bible to the “much cattle” of the children of Israel. There is a breed of oxen called buffaloes, but they answer to our American buffalo only in having a bunch on the shoulders. They are usually black; their heads are long and flat; their horns flat, and curling backwards and inwards, and their whole appearance is one of “non-resistant” meekness. Some have no horns at all. The milk of the cows is good; but the beef is wretched. Indeed, beef is almost despised in Egypt as an article of food. It is amusing to see a drove of these cattle swim across the Nile, from a village to a pasture ground on the opposite shore. They plunge into the swift current as if they loved to baffle it, which they do with surprising

ease. Sometimes the driver will ride over on the back of an animal, stooping on its shoulders and poising his clothes on his head. In the middle of the stream you see only the floating heads of oxen, with here and there a bundle of clothes peering above the water. Most picturesque is the sight of a herd of cattle standing motionless on the water's edge in a sultry noon.

English cattle have been introduced into Egypt, and I have seen some noble specimens. But in general the cattle are stinted; for while the pasture is excellent, there is too little of it in the possession of private owners to allow of the free pasturage of stock. It would be hard to get up an agricultural fair in Egypt, though the spontaneous products of the country would rival those of any clime.

Sheep and goats herd together, illustrating another frequent allusion of the Scriptures. Both the mutton and the wool of Egypt are of an inferior quality. But the great breed of Egypt is the donkey of all work—just the same dumpish, slender-shanked, long-eared donkey that was sculptured in tombs four thousand years ago.

The scarcity of wood in Egypt strikes an American eye as a disadvantage. But the people use fuel only once or twice a day for a little cooking, and the canebrake, corn-stalks, palm branches, cactus roots, and the dung of cattle dried in the sun, give them a full supply. In the few days of cool weather, they shrink and shiver under their woollen sacks.

Of the *people* of Egypt generally, I can speak in the most favourable terms. They are simple-hearted and well disposed towards strangers. Sometimes they seem quick tempered and quarrelsome among themselves, but their passion generally expends itself in words and gestures. Once I saw the very impersonation of hate in a lank Arab, with a sunken eye, blazing with fury, a clenched fist jerking violently in the air, teeth chattering, with hoarse raging gutturals that came too fast for utterance, and I looked for a violent onset upon the cause of the provocation—but words, words, words, and when these were spent, savage looks from flashing eyes, like the thunder-cloud retreating without rain.

Commonly the people are attracted by the presence of strangers, and pleased with any attention, especially with a few words spoken in their own language. Sailors, who are usually a rough-grained set of men, are here the merest children. The diversions suited to children are just the thing for them. To salute the captain in Arabic and in the Oriental style, to take a whiff of his pipe, to salute each sailor by name, and then extend the "Salamat" to a live young crocodile on board, to join in the chorus of their songs, any extempore child's play of a moment, gives them a full hour's glee. I suspect that our names will pass permanently into the choruses of sundry Nile songs.

Mr. Stephens bore a similar testimony almost twenty years ago. He says, "For nearly two months I had been floating on the celebrated river, with a dozen Arabs, prompt to do my slightest bidding, and in spite of bugs, and all manner of creeping things, enjoying pleasures and comforts that are not to be found in Europe; and it was with something more than an ordinary feeling of regret that I parted from my worthy boatmen. I know that it is the custom with many travellers to rail at the Arabs, and perhaps to beat them, and have them bastinadoed; but I could not, and cannot join in such oppression of this poor and much abused people. On the contrary, I do not hesitate to say that I always found them kind, honest, and faithful, thankful for the smallest favour, never surly or discontented, and always ready and anxious to serve me with a zeal that I have not met in any other people; and when they came up in a body to the locanda to say farewell, I felt that I was parting with tried and trusty friends."

I never met with an *American* traveller on the Nile, who mingled with the people, who did not bear the same testimony. They are remarkably susceptible people, open to impressions from strangers, and if released from the fear of the death penalty for a change of religion, they would be promising subjects for missionary labour. From Mussulmen generally, the stories of travellers and the spirit of the Koran had led us to expect uncivil treatment, except where this might be restrained through the hope of employment

or of trade. But we never received incivility from any quarter; and I am persuaded that either the unfavourable impressions of some English travellers, respecting the native population of Egypt, are to be traced to the national *hauteur* which Englishmen are apt to exhibit abroad, or the prejudices of the common people have been greatly modified by intercourse with foreigners. The term *Hawagee*, which is universally applied to Franks or Europeans, I am sure is not commonly used as a term of contempt, to denote the superiority of the Moslem to the Christian, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson represents it in his "Hand-Book for Travellers in Egypt." True, the beggar, in asking alms of a true Mussulman, accosts him "*Sidi*" (sir) while he calls the Christian foreigner *Hawagee*, a term meaning "Christian merchant," as distinguished from *Khawagee*, a Moslem merchant. This, Sir Gardner thinks, "answers to the French *marchand*," a word sometimes used "to stigmatize the English as a nation of shopkeepers,"—a term of affected superiority and contempt. I have yet to learn, however, that the profession of a merchant is disreputable in the East. The Turkish bazaar at Cairo, with its rich display of silks and jewels, or the long caravan of the Armenian, laden with the riches of Persia, of China, and the Indies, would hardly suggest that idea. Possibly the word *Hawagee* has a double meaning; or it may, at first, have been applied contemptuously, as perhaps the name "Christian" was first given to the disciples at Antioch as a term of contempt. But this I know, that the captain of our Nile boat, when he calls me indiscriminately *Hawagee* or *Sidi*, in his most respectful approaches, does not apply to me a term of contempt, and that our dragoman, who has resided in England long enough to learn the usages of English society, does not mean to insult me, when as a native Egyptian speaking to Egyptians, he calls me *Hawagee*. I must repeat that I have never met with a rebuff from Mussulmen, not even while entering a place of prayer or the tomb of a saint—nor with any expression of contempt. Their houses, indeed are mostly kept inviolate, and their sacred places, like those of the Roman Catholics in Europe, can be entered only by

complying with certain customs; but, whatever may be their domestic or religious usages, the Mussulmen in the villages and towns along the Nile are not uncivil toward Christian travellers. The traveller is a *Hawagee*, because, from the nature of oriental commerce, the *merchant* is so frequently a *traveller*.

We have uniformly found the people well disposed, though frequently clamorous for "backshish,"—which, like 'apenny in Ireland, is the universal beggar-cry of Egypt,—sometimes a little timid, and sometimes rather indifferent to our most courteous salutations. Only in a few instances have we seen any indications of vice in the villages, or experienced any annoyance that interfered with the general inspection which we had in view. In a few cases there has been a marked disposition to show us kind attentions, especially on the part of the Copts. This is owing partly to the fact that the hated enrolment for the army is now going forward, and these simple-hearted people imagine that the all potent English can somehow do something at head-quarters to exempt a husband, a son, or a brother from conscription. Sometimes, too, our wits are put to the test by applications for medical aid, which one of our party commonly disposes of by a potion of red pepper, disguised in sugar. This never fails to work a cure.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DESERT AND THE RAILROAD.

THE first view of the great Lybian desert, which some fifty miles north of Cairo encroaches upon the very bank of the Nile, impressed us powerfully by its contrast with the richness of soil we had hitherto seen. We went on shore, and began to traverse the sea of sand, hoping to gain a ridge that would command a distant prospect. But the ridge receded as we advanced, and after an hour's walk, we seemed no nearer than when we started, for there was nothing by which the eye could measure distances. However, from a slight elevation which we gained, we saw before us an immense arid waste, stretching as far as the eye could reach, but broken into ridges by sand drifts, where the whirlwind or the sirocco had spent their fury. It was a solemn and impressive sight. Yet even in this waste were signs of life. Here and there a few stunted shrubs marked where the sand was a recent deposit upon a good soil, and the sight of a little girl tending a solitary calf far from any human habitation, showed us how tenacious is the poor Egyptian peasant of every inch of fruitfulness. The feather of an eagle, and the feather of a dove, that lay upon the sand, were suggestive of a life-struggle that had here been waged between the victim and the destroyer.

But most affecting was the sight of a whole village deserted and buried by the sand, even the sycamores and the palms that had been planted and cherished to shield it from the desert, being covered with its drifts. The desert has here advanced upon the Nile, and has buried the old alluvium under twenty feet of sand. In some places the grain of this sand is as fine as powder; in others it resembles rather a fine gravel, and is compact and hard. An unceas-

ing conflict is waged between the desert and the river. A huge trench or canal has been dug and filled with water to preserve what remains of fertility at intervals along the western shore. Upon the opposite bank all is fertility.

Is there not here a symbol of that world of human hearts where flows the river of divine mercy—the river of God that is full of water, ever flowing, ever free, bearing in its bosom the riches of infinite, eternal love;—and yet while on one side all is fat and flourishing, upon the other, within reach of the same water, all is dry and desolate; the empty sands ever drifting and drifting, and choking and burying what the river would fertilize and bless. Here and there is a spot redeemed by the river from the desert, and made bright and cheerful amid the surrounding desolation;—but there is many a tract also, once watered by the river, now swallowed up in the desert,—all kindly influences gone, all signs of life extinct,—waste, desolate, appalling!

From the desert, the triumph of desolation, we turned to examine upon the opposite shore the embankment of the railroad, the highway of modern civilization from England to the East. What a violation is it of the laws of association and of poetry, to introduce a railroad into Egypt! But this the Pasha is doing, and literally with the force of an army, for a large detachment of soldiers, suspected of disaffection, have been ordered to the ignominious field of the *fellahs*.

The railroad from Alexandria to Cairo passes through the Delta, crossing the Damietta branch at its head. The work is in progress at several points along the Delta, the grading being done by hand, and the timber and stone carried on the backs of camels or of men. But the most wonderful part of this great work is at the head of the Delta—the bridge by which it is to cross the Nile, which here divides into two great branches. This work was begun many years ago for quite another purpose—as a *barrage* or dam, to facilitate the irrigation of the surrounding country during the low stage of the river, and to hold back the water for the same purpose when the river is high. The barrage is already completed over the Damietta branch, and

that over the Rosetta branch is nearly so; the former consists of sixteen arches, each thirty feet broad by about sixty in height, and a central arch nearly a hundred feet in width; the latter has twenty-four arches of thirty feet, and a similar central arch. The main arches are to be kept always open, but the lateral ones are to be closed when the water is needed to feed the canals for the surrounding region. The railroad is to cross by the Damietta bridge, and to be carried up the east bank of the river to Cairo. This work is built very substantially of hewn stone, and is ornamented with slender brick turrets in the minaret style, whose tops and angles are of stone. This style of architecture would be very pretty for factories and other public buildings in the United States. Indeed, some church-steeple committees would find a minaret a prettier model than a tadpole.

The abutments of this bridge are works of amazing solidity; yet it may be doubted whether in an alluvial soil, with no foundation of rock, they can endure the pressure of a swift and mighty river, forever shifting its current and undermining its banks. The general appearance of the barrage reminds one of the High Bridge at Harlem, though this is a more substantial and a more elegant work than that. The current of the Nile here runs with great swiftness, fully equal to that of the Piscataqua at Portsmouth, and it is difficult for boats to pass through the arch of the barrage in a strong wind. Going up, they are assisted by a stationary boat furnished with ropes and pulleys.

The neighbourhood of this work presented a scene of great activity. A detachment of troops was stationed in barracks on the plain, to preserve order. All the inhabitants of the adjacent village seemed to be gathered in an out-door bazaar, and at the distance of a mile, their chattering could be heard like the confusion of Babel. There was an iron foundry on the bank, and two huge steam pile-drivers were anchored in the river. Gangs of men, of about twenty each, with an overseer to every gang, were carrying earth in baskets on their shoulders half a mile, to raise the railway grade to the level of the bridge. There was not a *wheel-barrow* or a *cart* to be seen. All the earth

used in the construction of this vast pile was carried in half bushel baskets on the shoulders of men, who tramp along to the measure of a monotonous song. In another place half naked men were mixing clay with straw, and shaping it into bricks to be baked in the sun. So no doubt the Israelites laboured under their taskmasters when they built Rameses just hereabouts, more than three thousand years ago. At evening a large company of labourers waded from an island to their homes on the opposite shore, carrying their scanty clothing on their heads. Cairo shone in the setting sun with its lofty minarets and its rock-built citadel.

CHAPTER IX.

“CAIRO THE MAGNIFICENT.”

NINE days of sailing and pulling brought us from Alexandria to Grand Cairo—the “Cairo of the Caliphs, the superb town, the Holy City, the delight of the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendour and opulence made the prophet smile.” Friends who followed us a week after in the steamer, had reached the capital in twenty-four hours, but they had seen nothing of the Nile. We were satisfied. Mounting donkeys at Boulak, the port of the city, we rode through a broad avenue of sycamores and acacias, for a mile and a half, and passing a guarded gateway, halted before an English hotel, facing the grand public square and gardens of the capital. A grand square indeed it is, that same Uzbekeeh—an area of forty or fifty acres, adorned with palms, acacias, and gorgeous flowers, and intersected by fine broad paths,—all open to the public without restriction. There is no fence about it, but a neat stone trench, about four feet wide and six in depth, surrounds it upon all sides, and conveys the water of the Nile, not only to refresh the gardens, but to cool the air of the city. Here the gorgeousness of the East first bursts upon you. The “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments” now begin. That which was shadowed forth as you sauntered under the acacias and palms without the gates of Alexandria towards Pompey’s Pillar, opens with all its storied magnificence in the Uzbekeeh of Grand Cairo.

But you will break the charm if you turn at once into the Frank quarter—if you go over to the corner where Walker sells ginger-nuts, mint candy, and patent English bread, “warranted to keep;” and from there, instead of the bazaar, enter the new street, thirty feet wide, all lined with

garish French, English, and Italian shops, displaying choice perfumery, and "ready-made linen" from Paris and London, in a land that to your fancy was always robed in fine linen of embroidered work, and perfumed with the choicest aromatics of the East. Luckily, the sun compels the occupants to roof over this patent new street with mats and palm branches, *a la bazaar*; and though carriages do dash through it, they have not yet excluded the donkeys and the camels that stubbornly or scornfully stand their ground at the hazard of their shins. And, moreover, since the modern invention of trucks and carts has not yet been fairly palmed upon Cairo, even the patent new street of European shops must be sprinkled by the water carrier spouting the muddy Nile from a goat-skin under his arm.

But what a grief and vexation it will be to future travellers to find the Grand Cairo transformed into a miniature London, Paris, or New York;—to find Aladdin's lamp displaced by corporation gas, and the dromedary run down by the snorting locomotive, "express" from Calcutta with Her Majesty's mails;—to find the beauteous tinted Orient made murky by tall factory chimneys, and "the superb town, the delight of the imagination," graded, and levelled, and squared, and paved by the march of improvement. Is all poetry and all romance to be driven from the world by steam? Is the Bible itself—here the most truthful and picturesque of books—to lose its living freshness, and become a mere history of the East that was? Would that this people might have the Gospel without having the "Nineteenth Century;" that they might live by the spirit and precepts of Christ, and still wear the kaftan and the turban, and sit cross-legged on a divan, and sip coffee out of tiny cups, and trade leisurely and poetically in little cubbies in the bazaar, like children playing shop, without ever seeing the *Times* or the *Daily News*, or learning the price of stocks and the "very latest telegraphic intelligence from the special agent of the Associated Press." Lack-a-day, what shall the western traveller do, who travels six thousand miles to find the Grand Cairo "improved?" So don't drive round by Walker's corner, but turn your donkey into this

little arch, that you must stoop to enter, and that looks like somebody's front gate, and follow up the alley, turning all the sharp corners, and twisting round and round, and crowding up against the wall, to make room for a donkey or a camel loaded with water-skins, or for a fine lady buried in a huge inflated sack of silk, with a pair of gold or silver eyelets peering through a long white veil of richest lace, and shining slippers, covered with embroidery, peeping out from full laced pantalets, that droop over a saddle of soft, rich Turkey carpets; the whole pile—Turkey carpets, Indian silk balloon, Persian lace, Cashmere scarf, Ophir goggles, and Morocco slippers—preceded and followed by a train of meek attendants, in fancy turbans and glossy beards, prefiguring the inauguration of “Women's Rights,” in Bloomer costume, enthroned over universal *donkey*-dom. Now you begin to see the East. But jog along, straining your neck to catch a glimpse of the blue streak of sky, up, up, through the crevice where the overhanging balconies of lattice work and palisaded roofs do not quite meet, and wondering whether within *these* walls are the marble courts and open fountains, and the double arches resting upon single columns, and the silk divans, and the windows and lanterns of stained glass, and the little black slaves in red and yellow slippers, gliding about with coffee in golden cups upon silver platters, and with rose-scented latakia in nargilehs glistening with rubies—of all which you have read in story-books, but which you never expected to see, and cannot well contrive to see even now. So still jog on, your donkey picking his way among the pipe-bowls of reclining Turks at the gates and by the coffee-houses, till at length you reach that grand repository of Oriental wealth and magnificence—the Turkish bazaar. But no donkey must amble here; and so, dismounting, you walk among piles of silk and cashmere, compressed into little closets, four feet by six, amber mouth-pieces, jewelled pipe-stems and bowls, golden coffee-cups, displayed in little cases of glass, perfumes of Arabia, gums and spices of the Indies, all ranged before these diminutive stalls, where by day the owner sits cross-legged over his concentrated wealth, and by night

locks it up with a wooden lock upon a wooden door, and knows that it is safe.

Turning into an open, square court, you see all around it a row of stalls filled with rolls of carpet of the softest wool and the richest patterns; but you may not even *ask* the prices now—for there, upon a carpet spread in the middle of the court, are the twenty proprietors of all this stock, kneeling in rows, with their faces toward the east, bowing their foreheads to the earth, counting their fingers and their *beads*, and reciting after a priest, who kneels before them, the formula of evening prayer. Not for all the Indies would one of these devout followers of the Prophet now give a word or thought to secular things. In that rapt gaze toward Mecca, they see not your wondering gaze at them. So you pass on through the Greek bazaar, the Armenian, and the Copt, where men of different nations, different costumes, different religions, engage in a traffic which is common and free to all.

From the bazaar you go to the slave-market. But you may not look upon the fair daughters of Circassia reserved for Turkish harems, since the Pasha has done away with the scandal of exposing these doomed women to the gaze of every stranger. Yet you may look on the black daughters of Nubia, and have them gather round you in their rags and beg you to buy them, because any change would be to them better than to remain in that den. Perhaps you might here find the daughter of some grief-stricken Hassan; perhaps of some palm-tree prince, who has met the misfortunes of war;—at all events, you would see through this grease, and rags, and matted hair, a girl, a woman with a woman's heart, and a soul yearning for the freedom of its native home; you would see a concentration of misery that would make the heart of any but a *Haley* bleed. Yet it is no worse here than anywhere. Egypt still encourages the domestic slave-trade for the sake of the revenue, and hundreds of slaves are brought from Nubia down the Nile. In this respect the Egypt of to-day is the Egypt of three thousand years ago. “A wonderful fulfilment of prophecy!” exclaims some lower-law divine; “it was predicted that the

children of Ham should be servants to their brethren. How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" Yes, but there is no such prediction in the Bible. The curse was invoked upon *one* only of the sons of Ham—Canaan by *name*—and it was fulfilled ages ago, in the subjection of Canaan by the Israelites. The sons of Cush, that founded the great Assyrian Empire, have never served their brethren; and some of the descendants of Ham, who founded Egypt, do not fulfil that curse, by enslaving *other* descendants of Ham, who wandered a few degrees further south. But what has slavery to do with Cairo? Nothing, of course, except sentimentally. So jog along, donkey, up to the *citadel*.

Here is the old palace of Mohammed Ali. This is an indifferent building, with but one handsome room,—that used as an audience chamber,—but interesting from its association with the modern Reformer of Egypt, the tyrant of her people, and the wholesale butcher of her Mameluke princes. Mohammed Ali lavished his adornments upon the palace at Alexandria—the city which he made his real capital;—yet not wholly there, for this unfinished mosque that crowns the eminence with its tasteful minarets, its quadrangular corridor of forty-three alabaster columns, with richly ornamented capitals, and the sheen of alabaster walls around the whole interior court of prayer,—shows a taste in the Mussulman Viceroy that would not discredit St. Peter's and the Vatican. Indeed, the dome of the mosque, though less grand than St. Peter's, is more aerial, and, at first view, more effective, because the eye embraces it on the moment of entering the building, and never loses it. Here, too, within the mosque, is the tomb of Mohammed Ali, also unfinished, but conceived in the most elaborate style of oriental architecture.

But from the windows of this mosque, and the balcony of the citadel, how superb the view of Cairo and the Nile! You are on an elevation of several hundred feet above the city, which is grouped at your feet, with its three hundred minarets, like a fairy scene. Beyond you see the ever-winding Nile, and you follow its valley for a reach of forty miles, from north to south. Opposite are the pyramids,

and so transparent is the atmosphere that it seems as if you could step across the ten miles that intervene, and plant yourself upon their massive sides. Behind you are the picturesque, mosque-like tombs of the "Caliphs;" and further in the rear the mountains of the Mohuttan flank the city with their bald, sheer, glaring mass of limestone, and shield it from the sands of the desert.

Returning to the great square, we meet a juggler at his tricks, and a shrewd Abyssian *improvisatore*, entertaining a group of men and boys with tragedy and comedy in miniature, relieved with snatches of native songs.

Having dined at Shepherd's, we donkey back to Boulak to sleep on the boat. This Boulak is itself a town of considerable size, though of recent growth. The river has receded from Cairo—which stands upon its ancient bluff—and a canal for irrigation now marks its former bed; while Boulak, ranging along its present bank, serves as a port. Here are immense areas, in which grain and beans are piled up like mountains of sand, no doubt as they were in the days of Joseph. They need no covering where it never rains. Here, too, are piles of large, fresh, luscious oranges, at twenty cents the hundred, and boats unlading at the bank, are swelling these enormous piles. There is life and activity everywhere. But here, too, is squalor and filth; and on the way hither we passed a cluster of miserable hovels, around which ragged men and naked children, swarming with flies, were sunning themselves; and on that splendid avenue of acacias and sycamores were little girls, scraping together with their hands the refuse of passing animals, to be dried for fuel to cook their scanty meals. Alas! all is not poetry in the East; here is sorrow and suffering in contrast with a magnificence unparalleled in the New World.

The Nile is made to fructify the great plain around Cairo, and to water the public square and gardens within the city, as well as the palace gardens and plantations of the Viceroy without the walls, by the force of steam, which pumps up its water and pours it into an arterial system of canals. When the Sabbath came, it was refreshing once more to

attend public worship in the English tongue. A little chapel in Cairo, under the auspices of the British Embassy, opens its doors to all strangers, and its excellent minister, Rev. Mr. Lieder, though speaking in broken English, conducts the services to edification, and preaches with much acceptance. I was astonished to see so few English present,—only ten or twelve out of a hundred or more then probably in Cairo. Most of those at the hotel seemed eager to make preparation for the voyage up the Nile.

We bid good-bye to Cairo for the present, hoping to have a week or more there on our return. With replenished stores, and a brisk north wind, we set out joyously for a four weeks' voyage up the Nile, to the city of "the Hundred Gates."

CHAPTER X.

SCENERY OF THE NILE—DAY AND NIGHT.

THE first view of Nile scenery is novel and picturesque; and though the novelty soon fades, the picturesqueness remains ever the same. In the Delta, the banks of the river are level, and, for about fifty miles south of Atfeh, they are clothed with verdure equally upon either side. Beyond this, the Lybian desert on the west, sweeps down to the water's edge; but on the east, the rich alluvial soil extends as far as the eye can reach. Fields of wheat, clover, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, indigo, poppy, overspread this level area, divided only by the little artificial canals for irrigation or by the natural growth of the crops. A fence is rarely seen in Egypt, and a walled field never. At intervals of two or three miles, groves of palm-trees indicate the presence of a village, long before its low range of huts can be distinguished; for the palm-tree is cultivated only in the neighbourhood of villages, where its fruit can be protected, and its shade enjoyed. Here and there the wide-spreading sycamore stands in modest pleasing contrast by the side of the lofty fan-crested palm, or alone overshadows the water-wheel on the bank of the river. Sometimes the diminutive *sont*, or acanthus, with its prickly bough and dangling bean, is clustered about the village bazaar, or a grove of acacias droop "their yellow hair" along the avenue to some larger town. Besides these, the Nile knows no variety of tree or shrub. It has no "wood" along its shore; only the palm-tree is everywhere, solitary or in clusters, and is ever full of beauty and of poetry.

In the Delta, the white minaret—always graceful, however rude—peers out from the palms of every village. But on the upper Nile, the villages are too small each to

sustain a mosque, and the minaret adorns only the larger towns. These, seen in the distance,—their low rounded walls resembling the mounds and towers of a fortress— their minarets rising in aerial circles, with slender galleries that terminate in points of arabesque— their tall palms gently waving over all— the river sweeping along their base, and the boundless verdure compassing them around,— are the pictured East, outdoing the painter's pencil, which was never dipped in such an atmosphere, or such a sky. But never was there so sad a contrast between picture and reality, as between an Arab village at a distance and an Arab village under your eye. If you would know the East only as a dreamy picture, and would keep it ever in the mind, as first seen in the *Arabian Nights*—a golden romance of love and beauty—then look upon it only from the deck of the *dehabeeh*, as you float or fly before the ever shifting, never changing palms.

Thirty miles north of Cairo, the pyramids, that seem to bound the desert on the Lybian side, first bring the empty grandeur of the works of man on this old architectural soil into contrast with the boundless wealth, the ceaseless beneficence, and the awful desolation of nature, in the plain, the river, and the desert. I was surprised at the boldness and sharpness of their outline, and the hugeness of their bearing from such a distance, so unlike the diminutive “hay-stack” air sometimes imputed to them. Then, day after day, they filled all their mighty history as the eye sought them, earliest at morning, and latest at night. For four thousand years these mysterious mountains of granite have been an essential feature in the scenery of the Nile.

As you leave Cairo for the upper Nile, the mountains of the Arabian Desert sweep down to the river-side, and thenceforth flank its eastern bank the whole distance to Thebes, and, indeed, to Assouan—sometimes receding four or five miles from the river, sometimes jutting a huge mass of limestone right into its bosom. By and by, as you go southward, the Lybian chain also closes in upon the west; and in this narrow valley, on an average five or six miles wide, flows the Nile. And here is all of upper Egypt—

the alluvial deposits of the river spread out into broad plains or piled up in narrow strips, and covered as below, with wheat and clover, beans, onions, lentils, cucumbers, corn, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, indigo, and poppy, with flocks of sheep and goats, with herds of buffaloes and droves of camels, with low mud villages overspread with palms, or more ambitious towns adorned with graceful minarets and acacia groves.

These mountains are composed principally of a friable limestone, of a yellowish white colour, and are, in part, covered with the drifting sands of the desert. They vary from two hundred feet to six or eight hundred feet in height, and at Thebes are upwards of twelve hundred. They have no peaks, except around the plain of Thebes, but their summits are uniformly a flat table-rock, ranging at different elevations. At certain bends of the river where they form the shore, their configuration is peculiarly bold and massive; again, they lift themselves grandly in the distance. There is not a particle of verdure of any kind to be seen upon the whole range, for the five or six hundred miles that it follows the river upon either side; not a shrub, or a blade of grass, or a vestige of any living thing. For six thousand years they have bleached under the sun that withers the deserts which they, as solemn sentinels, keep back from the river. Many of these mountains are tombs. Within them are buried the dead of cities, whose very sites are lost under the encroaching sands of the desert. In one sense, the Egyptians made preparation for death the great work of life. Believing in immortality, they took every precaution to provide for the body a safe resting-place, and to preserve it from decay. They hewed deep chambers in the solid rock, and placed in these the massive sarcophagi that inclosed the embalmed body, and then walled up the whole against curious or profane intruders. And now the mountains stand, with their rifled and disfigured tombs, to proclaim that God's works only can endure. The river flows peacefully at their base, or within their wider circuit, but the cities that once crowded its banks are found only in dusty monnds of broken brick and sun-baked mud, in fragments of massive

pillars wrought into modern village walls, or strewn solitary over the plain, or in temples, whose buried columns serve to mark the solemn marks of time. Only the mountains stand unehanged ;—monuments of a dim and hoary antiquity, that gather about their fronts the silence that reigns over the Egypt of the Pharaohs. Yet at times these white, glaring mountains unfold the Nile so gently, so gracefully, and seem to throw around it a guardianship so sacred, that they borrow from it a beauty not their own, and you lose their nakedness in the flowing river and the waving palm.

Such is the scenery of the Nile. A solemn beauty pervades it, of which the loving eye and the thoughtful mind can never weary. It is the panorama of life; not of individual life only, but of all human life; a panorama of the race and of time—a symbol, too, of an ever flowing eternity robed with beauty and with majesty. No canvas can reproduce it; it must be seen in order to be felt; and when seen, all other forms of earth and air and sky fade from the view, while this unfolds endlessly the palm, the river, and the mountain,—the mountain, the river, and the palm.

Day and night recur upon the Nile, with a reliable beauty unknown to our western skies. How strange it seems to count with certainty upon the weather, or, rather, not to take the weather into the account in any of your plans for the morrow! It may be a few degrees colder or warmer; there may be a shade of mist upon the river for an hour in the morning; possibly, a cloud for a few moments, or even a few hours, may hide the sun; there may be wind, or there may be calm; some such little alterations as you can meet at once by a slight change of dress;—but that the sun will shine, you know for certain! Sometimes, at evening, the sky looks red and lowering; and in any other climate you would prophesy rain. But you might as well call spirits from the vasty deep as prophesy rain in Egypt. The sun will assuredly come forth, as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoice, as a strong man, to run a race. Here, day by day, he moves without dimness or obstruction “His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit

to the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The greatest contrast in the Nile day, is between the dense, sultry, and oppressive silence of a noontide when the sun glares upon the mountain, and the desert, and the river, and the plain, and nothing of life moves, and no palm branch stirs; and the joyous life of a noon when the north wind blowing against current, lashes the river into waves, stirs every leaf of every palm, and gives men and cattle freedom to live and move in the very face of the sun. Yet, to know the Nile, and to dream its dreams, one must sit silent under the breathless palm, and look upon the molten river, and the scorching mountain, in the wide-glaring noon. In Egypt only can one know the day:—

"Day after day a gushing fount of praise."

How brilliant the sunrise of each "morning without clouds." Light is everywhere. It suffuses nature with its glow. There are no contrasts of colour, for there are no clouds or mists through which the "law of refraction" can make colours. There are but two colours in the morning sky of Egypt:—the bright *golden* sun—not the dull yellow metal, but the lustrous gold, fresh from the die; and the liquid blue, in whose unfathomable depths it floats dreamily along. Floats dreamily—for, though there is no cloud or mist, there is a drapery of light, that reveals the sun as through a gauze of faintest saffron. This is the phenomenon of sunshine in the east; you do not seem to see the sun, but *sun-light* everywhere:—

"Bright effluence of bright essence inerate."

How gorgeous the sunset of each evening, when the vapours drawn from the river gather about the Lybian mountains, as beautiful transparencies of dissolving tints, while the morning robe of saffron droops down from the sky upon the river and the Arabian chain! The Nile sunset perpetually varies. For more than sixty days in succession I have looked upon it, without detecting a resemblance in any of its features from day to day, save in that exquisite zodiacal light that lingers in plaintive beauty when the sun is gone.

There is no “corporation moonlight” on the Nile; no moonlight in the almanac that is not in the sky, and when the city fathers leave the streets to mist and dingy dark, because if there is no moon there “ought to be.” In Egypt the moon of the almanac is always in the sky.

“Day to day doth pour out speech;
Night to night doth shew forth knowledge.”

Or, as the old Psalter has it, “One night certifieth another.” You are always sure of a cloudless night; and a night in which the atmosphere retains its transparency and its liquid depth, and but moderates its tone without losing its lustre. Then the Pleiades dispense their sweet influences, and Orion looses the bands of his glittering robe; then Mazzaroth comes forth in his season, and Arcturus rides glorious amid his sons. But above all, here the moon “walks in brightness,” and gives a light so pure, so intense, and yet so soft and mild, that night becomes a second day, in lustre without heat. “Established forever as a faithful witness in heaven” throughout the East the moon is the measure of time; while *here* only, under such a moon, would men “burn incense to the queen of heaven.” The traveller who would see Karnac so as to feel all the past, should not fail to visit it at the full moon.

Our day upon the Nile has hardly more of variation than the external air and sky. We rise at no hour;—for no one watch on board the *Lotus* answers to another;—so we take no note of time, but having risen to the sun, we greet the *reis*, the steersman, and the crew with a *Sabal Khayr*, and receive in turn their salutations. The professor *culinnaire* says modestly “Good morning,” and kisses his hand; Hassan touches his pipe to his forehead. If the boat is lying to or dragging, we saunter along the shore till hailed for breakfast, which awaits us when the cook-boy returns from the nearest village with his jar of milk. After breakfast, when there is opportunity, we stroll along the fields and among the villages, and study Egyptian life; or, walking ahead of the lazy boat, sit under a palm and lose ourselves in musing till she comes. Most travellers divert themselves with shooting the tame pigeons along the shore, and an American whom I met com-

miserated me for not having a gun. If the wind favours, we snatch a modicum of exercise from the contracted deck; gaze awhile upon the panorama of the river, the mountain, and the palm, and then betake ourselves to books and pens, under a net spread to keep off the myriads of flies, that here cluster in the eyes and carry a virus in their sting. Egypt still swarms with this plague of Pharaoh. Men grow strangely hungry on the Nile, and dinner comes with a welcome. Then dream-life follows, and lighter reading, and grave discussion or smaller talk, until at evening, sunset glows under the palms or across the deck;—but always sunset in its gorgeous beauty. Then night shuts in, and we gaze awhile upon the moon and stars; kill poison-spiders; then hunt bugs and fleas, and finally lie down to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

MINIEH—A SUGAR FACTORY—VISIT TO A BEY.

IN going up the Nile the traveller should always take advantage of the north wind for making progress towards his highest destination, otherwise the loss of one day may occasion him the loss of ten. If the wind blows from the right quarter he should not stop to see either tombs or temples, but hasten on to Thebes and the Cataracts. If he loses the wind he can make no headway up the stream, but by the tedious process of "tracking." Coming down the river, he has always the current in his favour, and he can then visit at his leisure objects that were omitted on the upward voyage. Yet on his return he must guard against the temptation to hurry back to Cairo for letters from home. While in Egypt, he should see Egypt thoroughly. The failure of the north wind gave us frequent opportunities of going ashore, while creeping up the river.

One of the most picturesque towns upon the Nile is *Minich*, about a hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo, on the west bank of the river. It is situated on a high bank, on the edge of a vast fertile plain, and is adorned with minarets, which, notwithstanding the roughness of their materials and the imperfection of their architectural details, look aerial and beautiful in the distance. Tall palm-trees are scattered over the plain and interspersed among the houses, and a double row of acacias, drooping "with golden hair," adorn the bank for half a mile above the town. Opposite, the Arabian mountains rear their cream-coloured leafless masses along the shore, while in the rear perspective looms the Lybian chain along the western desert. As you approach the town, a bend of the river brings it into the crown of an arch that rests upon the mountains,

while the water multiplies its palms and minarets like a quivering mirror of molten silver. I remember no view that approaches it so nearly as that of Bellevue, in Iowa, on the Upper Mississippi. There is the same lay of the land and of the town, and the same graceful sweep of the river, but while the bluffs there are verdant, the mountains here are bare; and on the other hand, at Bellevue are wanting the minarets and the palms. After all, there is but one Nile. But the interior of Bellevue, though it is a town of recent growth in the far West, presents an aspect of neatness, of comfort, of thrift, which is wholly wanting in any village on the Nile.

Minieh, however, exhibits more of these features than most Egyptian towns. Many of its houses facing the river are of burnt brick, two stories high, with roofs, glass windows, and balconies; and in the suburbs are a few residences that would not disgrace the banks of the Connecticut. But these belong to European residents and to government officials. The rest of the town exhibits the usual appearance of a narrow, tortuous bazaar, and little crooked lanes of one story mud-brick huts. *Minieh* has one feature that gives it interest at the expence of picturesqueness. Two tall, well-built chimneys, one of which, in the form of a hexagon, is as beautiful as a brick chimney can be made—point out the site of a great steam sugar manufactory which the Pasha has established at this place. The adjacent fields are planted with sugar-cane, which is watered by means of a steam forcing-pump at the river. The cane grows luxuriantly, and the sugar made from it is of an excellent quality. The machinery used in the refinery is of Parisian manufacture, and of the very highest order. The general management of the establishment is in French hands, though many a bagged and turbaned overseer glides about in pointed slippers, and many a half-clad Arab works among the cane, at the furnace, or in the treacle, for one piastre or five cents a day, payable one half in money and one half in the expressed juice of the cane, with the privilege of eating sugar-cane when hungry. After the cane is pressed, it is dried in the sun and used for fuel, and this with the addition

of dry cornstalks, suffices to feed the engine. Fine grained sugar and pellucid rock candy are manufactured at this establishment.

As we stood by the door, one of the superintendents accosted us and invited us to enter. He was a Nubian of the blackest die, but was elegantly attired, and had an air more gentlemanly than servile. Around him stood two or three Copts, well costumed also, and wearing in their belts the “writer’s inkhorn”—the usual badge of their profession as scribes. We availed ourselves of the invitation, and went through the whole factory. Our entrance made quite a sensation, especially as we were accompanied by a lady in American dress. As for myself, with a crimson tarbouch, an unshorn chin, and Joseph’s “coat of many colours,” I could not affect to represent any particular nationality. Some waggish boys followed at the heels of the lady, twisting the faded blue tassel of an old tarbouch into a caricature of her natural and graceful curls; and both men and boys assailed her vehemently for *backshish* (a gratuity). Even the dignified Nubian did not disdain to have an understanding with our dragoman for a gratuity, which we, of course, designed to give him. How inveterate is this national habit of begging, induced by the beggared condition of the people! You find the same thing in Italy, from the same cause; indeed, I think Italy is even worse in this respect than Egypt. In France men are polite, and especially public servants are attentive and polite, without looking for remuneration. Americans are said to be the slaves of the dollar; but they get the dollar by industry, enterprise, and labour. My countrymen will pardon this digression for the national honour!

After we had seen the factory, our Nubian attendant inquired if we would like to call upon the *Bey* who has charge of this portion of the Pasha’s estates and revenue, and who was then on a visit to the place in his own barge. The *Bey* is a chief servant, or minister in waiting, of the Pasha, and has the superintendence of a given department, with the privilege of being near the person of the Viceroy, as he in turn may approach the person of the Sultan at

Constantinople. We found this dignitary in a barge of the nicest order, cushioned and curtained with all possible regard to comfort and to privacy. He was seated on a divan in a corner of the outer apartment, with his feet coiled gracefully under drooping folds of linen. His head was adorned with a white cap wreathed about with a shawl of green and red floss silk, which descended carelessly over his shoulders. As the morning was cold, he wore over his robe of silk and linen a full half cloak of a rich brown cloth. Beneath him was spread a very rich and elegant rug, and a small carpet adorned a patch of the cabin floor. Upon this rested a silver urn, elegantly chased, and filled with scented water, into one side of which was inserted a pipe-stem and bowl festooned with silk and golden threads, while a flexible tube, disposed in graceful coils, conducted the fragrance of tobacco thus mollified to a mouth-piece of jewelled amber. Six or eight servants robed in graceful costume glided noiselessly to and fro, awaiting the least intimation from their master. As we entered the saloon, the Bey, without rising, touched his hand to his breast, his lips, and his forehead, and gracefully motioned us to be seated upon chairs disposed along the opposite side. He was apparently over fifty years of age, of a full habit, with a finely developed head, and a most benignant countenance. We all agreed that we had never seen a finer combination of dignity and grace, or a more courteous and affable salutation than welcomed us from the carpeted divan. The interview was one of much interest, because with the Bey it was evidently not a mere matter of civility. He was very desirous to learn about America and its institutions. We complimented him upon the flourishing condition of the factory, the excellency of the machinery, and the quality of the sugar. One of our party, being the manufacturer of the celebrated "New York Mills" shirting, was able to give him full information respecting the cotton manufactures of America. The Bey was amazed at the quantity of cotton raised in the United States, and wished to know how this was ascertained. The system of newspapers, mails, markets, etc. was then explained, which increased his astonishment. He was

gratified to hear that in the United States any person could become as great a proprietor as the Pasha of Egypt. I suspect our dragoman, who loves to magnify, gave him to understand that Mr. W. was proprietor of a town and of pretty much all the cotton raised in the country.

Some daguerreotypes pleased him greatly; and after examining one of a child, he said, devoutly, to the mother, "May God bless your dear boy." He was much attracted by the lady of our party, and inquired whether Christians had more than one wife; and when this was explained, he wished to know if one marrying a second time could select a wife from the women of the country, or must take one of his own slaves. He was surprised to learn that we had no slaves. Coffee and pipes were served, and we bade his excellency adieu.

CHAPTER XII.

RIVER SAINTS AND COPTIC HERMITS.

THIS morning our boat was blessed in the name of the *Prophet*. Going out on deck I saw there a young man apparently nineteen years of age, entirely innocent of clothing, dripping with water and shivering with cold. The first thought was, that he had been picked up from the river, and though saved from drowning was likely to die with chills; but the great attention shown him by the *reis* and the sailors showed that he was a character of no ordinary importance. It presently transpired that he was a saint, who devotes his life to the study of the Koran, and lives on charity. He had a very thoughtful, meditative look—though bordering a little upon stupor — which the sailors attributed to excess of study, and which seemed to excite in them mingled reverence and compassion. Each sailor contributed his mite in the small coin of the country, equal to half a cent, and the *reis* bestowed on him a garment of some value, with one or two loaves of bread. The coin he stuffed into his mouth, till his cheeks were distended; the garment he bound about the crown of his head, and putting the bread on top of this, he plunged into the river. He hardly spoke on board the boat, except to mutter some formula of benediction, after which the *reis* and several of the crew accompanied him to the stern, where he dropped himself into the water, and swam towards another boat, about half a mile behind us. He was a wonderful swimmer, and could stem the swift current of the Nile with apparent ease. This is accounted an evidence of his saintship. The sailors, who take to the water like ducks, say that such swimming in the cold water would kill them, but he swims by miracle.

The Mohammedans, with all their hatred of image-worship, are very superstitious. All along the Nile, you see the rude tombs of their sheiks and saints filled with votive offerings, just like the altars of the saints in Italy. They tell their beads, and believe in signs and omens. Withal they are intense fatalists in theory, though this does not seem to impair their freedom or their personal activity in any practical affairs. When this poor beggar-saint dies, he will be honoured with a tomb that will become a place of pilgrimage for the neighbourhood, and for passing sailors. A saint at Minieh is reputed to have power to prevent crocodiles from advancing further down the Nile, by means of incantations that throw them upon their backs.

But our religious privileges were not confined to a visit and a benediction from a Mohammedan saint. Later in the day we were boarded by a swimming deputation from a community of Coptic monks, the lingering and degenerate representatives of a system that once had in Egypt and its adjacent deserts as many convents and monasteries as there are days in the year, among which were institutions whose learning and piety enjoyed a world wide reputation. We encountered these priests "all shaven and shorn," as we were sailing under the brow of *Gebel e Tayr*, "the mountain of the bird"—a bald rugged rock, about half a mile in length, that rises perpendicular out of the river to the height of two hundred feet. On the top of this mountain is a little mud-brick building known as the convent of "our Lady Mary the Virgin," which is occupied by about thirty Copts belonging to some order of mendicant friars. Whenever a boat appears in sight, the whole body turn out and line the brow of the mountain to hail it for charity, while two or three of the number clamber down the steep face of the mountain, and throwing off their black gowns and cowls, swim out to the boat to receive alms. How sad a representation of Christianity is made to a Mohammedan crew, by two or three great stout men, with shaven heads, sitting stark naked on the side of the boat, shivering with cold, and whining, "*ana Christian ya Hawagee*," "I am a Christian, O traveller." If you give them a few coppers

they stuff these into their mouths, and if you give them bread they poise this upon their shorn crowns, and swim back to the mountain. They seem to have a great passion for empty bottles, which I suppose they sell at a neighbouring town.

I learned from one of them that they have in the convent a copy of the Scriptures, but that few of them can read, and that they have prayers five times a day. One feels moved to give something to such pitiable objects, and yet that is a questionable charity which goes to countenance and sustain that system of "pious" mendicancy which has cursed the Christian world in Europe and throughout the East; and especially to countenance a set of Christian loafers in the presence of Mohammedans, who despise these, though they honour their own swimming saints. The traveller who patronizes such vagrants is regarded by the Mohammedans as identified with their religion; and thus all Christians sink in their view to the level of these pitiable friars. Remembering the Apostle's injunction that "if any would not work, neither should he eat"—an injunction aimed against the whole tribe of religious loafers—I felt that the application of a rope's end to the tawny backs of these mendicant "Christians" by a Mohammedan sailor, was about the reception they merited. The sailors are always forward to shew their contempt for this amphibious species of Christians.

The convent has attached to it a fine piece of ground on the opposite side of the river—the gift of the Pasha—and from this and the charity of travellers, its inmates supply their physical wants; while from their eyrie nest, about which the eagle hovers, overlooking the desert upon one side, and on the other the river and the plain, they have prayers read five times a day for the growth and comfort of their souls. To an imaginative, and possibly to some phases of a contemplative mind, this may appear to be an inviting form of religious life. But there is nothing in the New Testament to warrant such a life. When the Saviour gave himself to retirement and prayer in the mountains, he was leading an out-door life, and he took the night for this purpose, in order that he might be strengthened for the labours

of the day among the multitude. He did not renounce his labours for the sake of solitude, but sought solitude as a brief refreshment from, and preparation for, the work that his Father had given him to do. Christianity is made for active service in an active world; and while the life of the Christian, in its inmost springs and sources, is hid with Christ in God, and is fed by unceasing communion with its source, it is not a life hidden from the view of men in mountain caves and monastic cells. Even prayer becomes an empty form, when the observance of this as a speciality would separate one from all the duties of social life, and from all practical sympathy with humanity.

CHAPTER XIII.

SABBATH ON THE NILE—A MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

THE land of Egypt has no Sabbath. In all the principal towns the Christian Sabbath is the great market day, when the people of the village bring their stock and produce to exchange for clothing, and other articles at the bazaar. Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath—the special prayer day, when the mosques are open also for preaching. The day is kept after the fashion of a Sunday in continental Europe. The more scrupulous and devout close their little shops during the hours of prayer, and resort to the mosque—perhaps leaving some one upon the look-out for customers—and either return from the mosque to business, or give up the remainder of the day to lounging. At Ekhmin, one of the principal towns of Upper Egypt, where I chanced upon a Friday, though many shops in the bazaar were open, yet the large mosque was crowded with men who seemed devout in prayer and singing; but no women were present, though these are sometimes admitted into secluded galleries. Generally a stranger finds no difficulty in entering a mosque if attended by some official of the place; but he must put off his shoes at the door, and not tread the sacred ground, with what has touched the common dust. On Friday, work goes on in the fields as upon other days. Yet in Cairo, it is difficult to transact business on a Friday in the Mohammedan quarter, or on Saturday in the Jews' quarter, while on our Sabbath, the Copts, Armenians, and other nominal Christians, who number in all seventy-five thousand, or more than one third of the population of the city, pay a decent regard to the day. At Alexandria and Cairo there is public service on the Lords' day in the English tongue, according to the

forms of the Church of England. At Cairo this is conducted by Rev. Mr. Leider, a German long resident in that city, who has made himself useful, not only to foreigners, but to the native Christians.

In some of the villages of the Upper Nile the Copts are sufficiently numerous to have a church, and to maintain worship according to their form; but we never chanced to spend a Sabbath at such a village, and therefore I cannot speak of their observance of the day.

But though the land of Egypt has no Sabbath, the traveller may enjoy his Sabbath in the midst of its darkness and desolation. Such is the power of association, that even in a strange land, and among scenes most foreign to the day, the Sabbath returns to the Christian traveller just as it is wont to come at home—a day of sacred rest. Our captain was given to understand from the first, that we wished no labour to be done for us upon that day, and no unnecessary work to be done on board the boat, and the crew seemed to comprehend that it was our “prayer day.” We always made it a day for social worship, which our dragoman attended. Our exercises were varied; sometimes a familiar conference; sometimes a more formal discourse; sometimes a detailed exposition and collating of passages of Scripture referring to the land in which we were, or illustrated by passing scenes; and then the most fervent remembrance of the dear absent ones of whose state we could know nothing, of our dear native land, and especially of the churches of Christ in that land, then assembled for the worship of God. At such times, too, hymns long familiar would come with a fresh power and unction; such as that New Year’s hymn, commencing,—

“Great God, we sing that mighty hand,”

and especially the second stanza:—

“By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.”

So, too, that hymn of *Madame Guion*, which, to be appreciated, needs an experience somewhat like that which dictated it:—

“This world, O God, like that above,
Is bright to those who know thy love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee;
In heaven, in earth, or in the sea.

“To me remains nor place, nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

“While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
’Tis equal joy to go, or stay.

“Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.”

Sometimes, indeed, God seemed nearer to us in Egypt than ever before, so full is this land of associations with the Bible. We seemed to live over the life of Abraham, of Joseph, and of Moses, and to *see* continually the hand of God in nature, in society, and in history. Occasionally we found opportunity for religious conversation, through our interpreter, with the people of a village, or for quiet meditation under the palms. But the Sabbath was commonly more quiet in the boat, away from villages with their barking dogs, and wretched children crying “*Buckshish*.”

One Sabbath afternoon, as our boat was lying in front of the little village of Humran, some ten miles north of Girgeh, on the west bank of the Nile, we walked up toward a small cluster of mud-brick habitations under a grove of palm-trees, about a quarter of a mile from the river, with a view to some general estimate of the condition and the dispositions of the people.

Just as we entered the palm grove whose shade had allured

us from the river, a group of men gathered around us with much apparent interest and friendliness. One of them in particular attracted our attention by his dignified and courteous bearing; and from the style and quality of his dress, the amber mouth-piece of his pipe, and the deference shewn to him by the rest, we inferred that he was what he afterwards proved to be, the sheik or chief man of the village. He was over fifty years of age, and his fine black beard had begun to silver, but his eye still shone with a mild brightness, which, lighting up the thoughtful expression of a high and expansive forehead, gave to his countenance an air of unusual intelligence. I would have selected him anywhere for a reflecting, devout, benevolent, and upright man. His well-coiled turban, flowing robe, graceful shawl, and shining, pointed slippers, set off his erect and well-proportioned figure and his truly handsome face, far better than could have been done with a Broadway dress coat, pants, and boots, with Genin's latest Paris hat, and Mrs. Beman's collars. I hope he did not take my worn-out suit, enveloped in a dressing-gown of divers colours, and my *outré* grass-cloth cap, though of Genin's make, with the accompaniment of a somewhat oriental beard, as a finished specimen of the American style. The dressing-gown, however, which the sailors of our boat had already pronounced *teieb, teieb*, "good, very good," was the wonderment of all the children of the village, who slyly pulled it from behind, while the spectacles and blue goggles of my companion, were an equal wonderment to older heads. I thought the pipe, which is an abomination in the mouth of an American or a European, quite a becoming appendage to a turban, a toga, and a flowing beard;—if it belongs anywhere, it would seem to be in that connection. The sheik saluted us with great cordiality, and seemed quite desirous to enter into conversation; but as we had come ashore without either the interpreter or an Arabic vocabulary, a *sad messakoom* (good evening) pretty much exhausted our conversational resources.

I made out, however, to enquire the name of his village, and pointing to the well-tilled field, told him it was *teieb*, (good). I then told him the name of my town and country,

of which he seemed to have no definite idea, and added that we were Christians—a name that had sometimes operated like a charm when Copts were present. He understood me to ask if he was a Christian, and replied that he was a Mussulman, but there was not the least change in his manner in consequence of this mutual defining of our religious positions. I now began to experiment with the language of signs. Our steersman, who was with us, understood the English word water; so pointing toward the west, I said, “America—water;” then made the motion of steam-boat paddles, which they recognized at once from having seen the steam-boats of the Pasha on the river,—then brought together the palms of my hands, according to their mode of counting *ten*, which, twice repeated, and one hand added, made twenty-five “*iyam*” (days). They understood perfectly that America was twenty five days’ sail by steamboat. But recollecting the slow rate of their river steamers, I made the time forty-five days, to give them a better idea of the distance. We then entered upon a general introduction. Pointing to the steersman, I said, “*Hassan*,” then pointing to myself, “*Yoosef*,” at which the spectators seemed quite pleased, for in Egypt the name Joseph is honourable to this day. They pointed to the Professor, who answered “*Toma*,” and then the sheik gave us his own name, which I will not attempt to convert into English.

As the interview promised to be one of much interest, we despatched a messenger to the boat for the dragoman. This was accomplished by pointing to the boat and saying, “*Bedair*” (his name), then making the sign of conversation with the sheik, and adding, *Arabee-Inglees—Inglees-Arabee*” (Arabic-English—English-Arabic). One of the sailors who had strolled up took the hint, and did the errand. While he was gone, the sheik resumed his seat at the foot of a tree, which he had left for the purpose of saluting us, and the other villagers formed a circle around him, as he leisurely whiffed away through his amber mouth-piece. But every eye was fixed upon the two *Hawagees*.

A new idea now struck me. With the point of my stick, I began to draw upon the ground certain cabalistic lines, at

which they gazed as if the veritable *Yoosef*, the interpreter of dreams, had re-appeared, invested with magic powers. At length, after warding off the children from the marks, I traced a rude outline map of Africa, Europe, and America; then pointing to the Nile, I shewed them *Mizr* (Egypt), from the Mizraim of Scripture, and Arabia beyond, and then Cairo, also called *Mizr*, *El Iskanderieh* (Alexandria), *Stamboul* (Constantinople), *Europa*, and following the Mediterranean and repeating the word water, I came to *Inglees* (England), and then slowly tracing the Atlantic, saying "water—water," and, imitating a steamboat, I carried them to New York. This first easy lesson in geography filled them with astonishment and delight. "*Teieb, teieb, teieb, keteer*" (Good, good, very good), went the rounds of the circle.

By this time the dragoman had arrived, and with him a soldier of the Pasha's army, who chanced to be quartered in the village, and half a dozen of our boat's crew, who seemed to think we needed their protection. The map was now more fully explained; but when they were told that America was *six thousand miles* distant, they shook their heads with an air of credulity, and it was only by giving distances in detail, to Constantinople, of which they had some idea, to France, to England, and then to America, that they could be made to believe it. I told the sheik that vessels sailed from Stamboul to New York, and that I had seen in New York the flag of his country, which seemed to please him much; also that in our country we had read in books about Egypt, and had now come to see it; that we were going to Thebes and then to Stamboul; that we thought well of the Sultan (as every American Christian should, for his firman of toleration to the Armenian Protestants, and for his noble treatment of Kossuth); that we were much pleased with Egypt, but we did not wish to get possession of it, for we had a fine large country of our own. I then traced the seaboard of the United States along the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, and told him the number of miles; but I did not venture to bring in California and the Pacific coast, lest he should again become incredulous. I then drew the Missis-

issippi river, and told him it was like the Nile, and that we had cotton, and sugar-cane, and wheat in great plenty. He showed the practical turn of his mind, by asking at once the cost of machines for watering the country.

He was surprised to hear that there are no *shadoofs* or *sakias* on the Mississippi, but that sufficient rain falls to irrigate the land; and he seemed to regard this as a great advantage. And so it is; for in Egypt, the land-owner must erect his own water-wheels, and as the land is held or rented in very small lots, the expense of watering it by the toilsome process of the *shadoof* is a main item in the cultivation. Frequently three or four neighbours combine and work the *shadoofs* in company for their common benefit. But on the other hand, a land of rains require better building materials than are found in Egypt, and especially shingles, for which this country furnishes no wood, unless the bark and leaves of the palm could be made a substitute. The statement that land could be bought for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and held in perpetuity by the purchaser, sounded strangely in a land where the greater part of the soil is held in fee by the Pasha, and can be bought only at from twenty to thirty dollars the acre, subject to a government tax of three dollars.

I next explained the manner of electing our President, and all our principal men. I knew that this was delicate ground to tread upon with the sheik of a village, in the hearing of his dependents, and of a soldier of *Abbas Pasha*; but I watched the expression of his countenance till a gleam of satisfaction passed over it, and then said inquiringly, *teieb?* “*Teieb*,” “*teieb*” responded the sheik, soldier and all. The sheik now asked how much we paid our President, and on hearing the sum, he eagerly inquired whether the President could not come and seize more money or the produce of the land. This question assured me of the sheik’s dissatisfaction with the burdens and oppressions under which Egypt groans. Here every thing is at the absolute and capricious will of one man, and just now, one of the worst of men. Besides the tax upon the land, a yearly tax is levied upon the palm-tree, with which the poor peasant ornaments

his dwelling, and from which he gathers a few handfuls of dates. Sometimes, too, part of the produce of the soil is seized under various pretexts. Nor is this the worst of the Egyptian peasant's lot. He is liable to be seized and dragged away by violence to labour on the public works, in a distant part of the country, or to serve in the army of the Pasha. The strong domestic feelings of the Egyptian render him more averse to such an impressment, than are persons of the corresponding class in France or Italy.

When it was explained to the sheik that in the United States the *people* vote the taxes, and the *people* fight when war is necessary, and that the President cannot seize any man's property or person, for any purpose whatever, both he and the soldier expressed their great admiration of such a government, and to my surprise, the sheik inquired with some earnestness, *whether we would permit a Mussulman to live in our country?* I had noticed quite a disposition in one or two of our crew to attach themselves to our service for life, and to go back with us to America; but I was astonished at a proposal to emigrate from a staid Mussulman, the head man of a village. This, however, was just the opportunity I had been seeking for giving to the conversation a religious turn. Having first explained to him that the country was not all like the Mississippi valley, or the valley of the Nile, but that at this season, in some parts, it was deeply covered with snow, and that anywhere he must expect to labour hard for his living; I told him that there were no Mussulmen in America and no mosques, but that in America we never cut off a man's head, or put him in prison, or molest him in any way, on account of his religion, and that no one would trouble him there because he was a Musselman.

During the conversation a Copt had drawn near, whom we recognized at once by his black turban, but toward whom we did not think it expedient to shew any special attention, lest we might be taken for Christians of the same school. But his presence suggested the importance of making an explicit statement of our Christianity. Accordingly the sheik was told that we were Christians, but did not worship images, pictures, or saints; that we loved *Allah*, (God), and

worshipped Him alone; that the Bible gave us the story of Abraham and of Joseph—names with which Mussulmen are familiar; that we loved Christ the Son of God, because he had come into the world to teach us, and to save us from our sins; that there were some who called themselves Christians, who prayed to saints and the Virgin Mary, just as if the Sultan had a great many ministers, and one should go and pray to them all round as well as to him; but we went directly to the Sultan and to his Son for all that we desired;—we prayed only to God and to Christ. During this explanation, the most intense interest was depicted upon every countenance, but all seemed to wait the reply of the sheik. He at once pronounced it a most excellent and beautiful religion, and the mode of worship true and right. Nothing was said on either side about Mohammed or the Koran.

Next I told him that in America, in every village like his own, there is a school, where all the children of the village are taught to read and write without expense to their parents. Pointing to children of different ages who stood around, he inquired if they would all go to school in America; and when answered affirmatively, he again exclaimed, "*Teieb, teieb, keteer,*" (Good, very good). Here the Copt brought forward his son, a lad about eight years old, and told us that he went to school—for the Copts have almost a monopoly of reading and writing in Egypt. Then taking off the boy's cap, he shewed me a sorry head, covered with scabs, for which he wanted me to prescribe. But not being versed in cutaneous diseases, and having no materials for a wash but laudanum, camphor, and harts-horn, I did not venture to meddle with it. A little sugar of lead might have been serviceable.

The sun had now set, and it was time for our little congregation to disperse; but I was unwilling to go away without some definite expressions of their feelings toward a *missionary*, in case one should be sent among them. I therefore said, "Suppose that I should come here and live in your villages,—not to quarrel with you about your religion; not to get your money or your land, but to talk with you about God; to teach your children, and to do you

all the good in my power; what would you do with me? would you let me stay, or would you send me away?" With one voice they all answered, "We would take you on our heads; we would take you into our houses; we would give you land; we would give you bread; we would give you dates; we would give you sheep; we would give you water; we would send you our children; we would bring to you our people." I told them that we hoped they would love God and serve Him, and meet us in heaven. The sheik answered, that there were many men in the village who loved God, and prayed and fasted and gave alms, and did what was right, so as to go to Paradise. We then bade him adieu. He said he was very sorry that we were going away so soon. One old man followed us to the boat. Not even a child in the whole village asked us for *backshish*. All seemed to regard us with favour. And when we consider that with one exception the whole group was composed of Mussulmen, that among them were the *Sheikhbelled*, (head man of the town,) a soldier of the Pasha's army, old men and children, and sailors from different parts of the country, who could report everything that was said, this open avowal of a willingness to have a Christian come and teach them and their children, must be taken as a proof, that so far as the *people* are concerned, in some of the smaller towns of Egypt, remote from the capital, the way is already open for a missionary. I do not suppose that this is true of the larger towns, where there are mosques, and where the *Ulemas* (the priests or doctors of Islam) reside, or in towns under the immediate influence of the capital, and I have no doubt that the renunciation of Mohammedanism by any considerable number of persons, would attract the notice of the governemnt—would provoke persecution—and would even lead to the infliction of the death penalty according to the law. Still the way is open for a Mission in Egypt, and a judicious person or persons, having a knowledge of the language, with a genial disposition, and a large sympathy with humanity, and withal possessing some medical skill, might gain access to the feelings of the people generally, and prepare the way for future labourers, even among the Mussulmen.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARRIAGE AND MOURNING.

ONE evening, just as we had retired to our berths, the cry was heard, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye forth to meet him;” a cry uttered not in words, but in the noise of tambourines, and reed fifes, and such sounds as the unmusical Arabs utter for song. It was the sound of a marriage procession in the village at which we were anchored. For several days there had been feasting at the house of the father of the bride, and now the bridegroom with his friends had come to take her to his own home. She was mounted behind him on the same horse, and the procession, lighted with torches, and enlivened with rude music, moved noisily through all the streets of the village, honoured the boats of the *Hawagee* with a visit, and finally halted at the door of the bridegroom. After sundry Jewish customs that are common also to the Ishmaelitish branch of Abraham’s posterity, the crowd dispersed to their homes. Next morning, presents would be sent by all the village; but the bride would remain secluded for thirty days.

A few days after this incident, as we were walking by a little village on the western bank, our attention was arrested by loud outeries, which seemed to proceed from both sides of the river, and on the opposite bank we saw some women making violent gesticulations, accompanied with piercing screams. At the same time a confused wailing arose from the village, and, directing our steps thither, we saw a number of women seated on the ground, swinging themselves to and fro, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering a low murmuring cry, that seemed to be a repetition of the same words, in a plaintive, monotonous chant. Others

were walking up and down, throwing their arms in the air, tearing their long cotton hoods, shaking their dresses violently, and shrieking as if distracted with grief. All the women of the village were gathered around one of the little hovels, which seemed to be the centre of this strange commotion. Presently the women whom we had seen on the opposite bank arrived in a boat, and came in mournful procession to join in the wailing of the village. Some were chanting the same dolorous chant; others, throwing aside their garments, would shriek at intervals; and each one as she reached the group at the village, would utter a shrill, piercing scream, such as we had first heard from the other side of the river.

On inquiring the occasion of this grief, we learned that a little child, playing near the river the day before, had fallen in and was drowned; and though according to the present custom of the country he had already been committed to the dust, the neighbours, far and near, had gathered to mourn with his mother. The absence of male persons from this assembly of women, forcibly reminded us of the frequent allusions in the Scriptures to the mourning of *women*; and the whole scene answered to the details of such scenes in the Old Testament.¹ The effect was peculiar. There were perhaps in all thirty women, all dressed in the uniform style of the poorer class of women in Egypt, with a long, loose garment of dark blue cotton cloth, and a hood of the same material covering the head and descending to the waist. These melancholy looking figures passing to and fro, shrieking, howling, wailing, throwing open their hoods and disfiguring themselves with dirt, jerking their garments as if they would tear them to pieces, seemed the very impersonation of despair. I know not how long this scene continued—perhaps till nature was exhausted—but for more than a mile beyond the village, we continued to hear that wild piercing cry that had first startled us.

I was in no mood to criticise such a mode of manifesting sorrow. There, upon the borders of the Lybian Desert,

¹ See Jer. ix, 17; xxxi, 15.

and with the bare and solemn mountains upon either hand, the grief that rent the still air seemed but the gushing forth of nature. I could never brook the senseless, soulless custom of some American cities, which fashion and not feeling dictates, that *woman* should not follow to the sepulchre the precious dust of father, husband, child—should not *see* where that dust is laid, nor feel the solemn, tender influence of the open grave. My whole heart went with those mourning women; for is it not the same for the little child to die upon the Nile as upon the Hudson? Yet

“Only with *silence* as their benediction
God’s angels come,
When, in the shadow of great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.”

CHAPTER XV.

ORIENTALIZING—A VILLAGE COFFEE-HOUSE.

As I sat writing this morning in my cabin while the boat was driving before a stiff north wind—most welcome after days of calm—I felt a sudden shock that indicated that she had brought up against the bank, and hurrying out, had barely time to spring ashore for a walk with the *reis* and the dragoman, who were going by a short cut to a distant town to buy provisions, and there to await the arrival of the boat by the winding of the river. Shaheen, a tall and well-proportioned Arab who had taken a fancy to accompany us in our walks, went also as a sort of escort, armed with his club against barking dogs and imaginary robbers. The suddenness of my exit had left no time for inquiry, and it was not till I had mounted the steep bank, and had strained my eyes to see the farthest palm-trees, that I realized what a walk I had undertaken. Our way lay across one of those vast deposits of alluvium under the lee of the mountains, for which the Upper Nile is so remarkable. The bald projection of *Gebel Shekh Hereede*—a long table mountain of a yellowish stone, some five hundred feet high, that juts out from the Arabian chain—lay immediately behind us on the north-east, and a broad plain of mixed clay and sand, that the washings of the river had deposited, stretched for miles around its base; while the river bent its course westward toward the Lybian chain, where it is now undermining villages that have stood for years upon a similar formation.

For two hours we walked over this plain under a burning sun, the thermometer being nearly 80° in the cool exposure of the boat. In some parts the soil equalled the richest bottoms of Illinois, and was covered with wheat already ripening, as heavy as any prairie of the West can yield.

In others the third annual crop of clover was diffusing its fragrance, and inviting the numerous herds of cattle to regale upon its sweetness. Long rows of onions—the slender and delicate white onions of this country—were interspersed over the arable ground, their green tops waving like tall grass; and adjacent to these in the sandy soil, as sandy as New Jersey, were melon vines in great abundance—every inch of ground that could be redeemed from the desert or the river, being in some way improved. All this looked homelike.

But no Illinois bottoms or Jersey sands can present such scenery as meets the eye upon that burning plain along the banks of the Nile. Prairie-like, it was entirely destitute of fences and of stones. For fences there is no substitute in Egypt, of hedge, or wall, or ditch, or bank of earth, for there is no visible partition of the land; and yet the land is sometimes parcelled out in patches of one, two, or three acres, or even less, to suit the limited resources of the people. A stone stuck in the ground at intervals, defines a boundary as surely and as sacredly as a wall of iron. The “ancient landmark” stands untouched from generation to generation. Each cultivator knows his own limits, and each grazier keeps his cattle within the appointed bounds. Hence, as in Switzerland, the necessity of continually tending the flocks and herds.

Over this immense plain were scattered villages, which, on account of their exposure to desert tribes, were surrounded with walls, or a stockade of tall heavy cornstalks, thickly set and covered with a coat of mud, answering no doubt to the walled towns of ancient times.

Here, for the first time in Egypt, I saw wells sunk in the earth at the distance of two miles from the river. These were furnished with rude buckets of skin, and with troughs for the cattle. Rebekah came out from the town with her water jar upon her head, and having filled her vessel, gave drink to the camels also. As in the sultry noon I sat wearily by the well-side, the woman of Samaria gave me to drink. The Oriental pictures of the Bible became living scenes. Walking on apart from villages, I found such

“booths” as Jacob built for his cattle, scattered over the plain; booths of cane-brake and palm leaves, to give shelter to the flocks, and to those that tended them—every thing unchanged in the habits of the East. Yet not so with man’s dominion; for stumbling over a broken column used as a step, before one of the gates of Ekhmim, I was reminded that the old Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman, had all passed away; and regarding the rude plastered oval tombs of sundry Moslem sheiks and saints, I bethought me of Nestorius, who here closed in death his sixteen years of exile under the decree of the Council of Ephesus. But I could get no trace of his grave.

I entered Ekhmim, that boasts the site of one of the most ancient cities of Egypt, founded by an immediate son of Ham, and still a town of considerable importance. It was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, which, like Sunday in Continental Europe, is observed only during canonical hours. While the mosque was crowded with men, apparently devout in prayer and chanting, the bazaar was half open, and the women sat as usual with eggs and lentils and bread for sale.

Taking a seat on a divan, in front of a coffee-house, under the shade of palm-leaf mats, I sipped with my companions a *fingan* of the universal beverage, and while they whiffed their pipes, and the water carrier laid the dust about our feet, I leisurely enjoyed the East. In the wake of the water sprinkler came the *Erksoose*, the water crier, who either sells you a portion poured from his cool earthen jar—stopped with a tuft of grass or of palm leaves—into a brazen dish, or if he be a saint, bestows it upon you for charity and the love of God.

The dispenser of water who approached our seat was one employed by some charitable Mussulman to distribute this favour to passengers, and as he jingled his cups together, and uttered his shrill cry of invitation, *Sebel Allah Yaatshan*, I felt that as of old, poetry, hospitality, and love, retained their home in the Eastern world.

Quiet, easy, deliciously cool, soft, and dreamy, was that hour of bazaar life, after the heat of the plain. Shaheen

had determined to encase his feet in slippers. Full half an hour was consumed in a bargain, and in the payment of thirty cents. Then the seller tendered the buyer his pipe, and another half hour was slowly puffed away. Presently others of the crew appeared, announcing the arrival of the boat. But what a transformation! Turbans, tarbouches, kaftans, slippers,—I felt proud of such a retinue of peers in court dress, until I accidentally discovered that this display was for quite other eyes upon the Upper Nile.

At Ekhmim one sees in striking contrast the ancient and the modern. By some considered the oldest city of all Egypt,—dating from the first generation after the flood,—it was long one of the principal cities of the Thebaid for trade and for worship. “According to Strabo, its inhabitants were famous as linen manufacturers and workers in stone.” Here was a splendid temple of Pan. Here monarchs of successive dynasties have recorded their names, from Thothmes to Trajan. Here was a powerful seat of Christianity, and a refuge of the witnesses for the faith. Now hardly a vestige remains of its ancient granduer. The town has shrunk to the dimensions of a moderate village, that one could compass in a quarter of an hour. Its walls are of common mud brick; its houses are low and untidy; its streets are narrow and crooked alleys; and its bazaar displays only an indifferent assortment of the commonest goods. The mosque and the large khan opposite, are the only structures that make any pretence to solidity or beauty; and whatever these have is due to the working in of fragments of buildings that have long since perished. Here and there you see jutting from the mud wall of a hovel the fragment of a pillar or a block of red granite, with some Greek, Roman, or hieroglyphic inscription; or a vender of antiques offers you indiscriminately the coins of ancient Rome and of modern British India.

The common people look wretchedly. Shabby women and sore-eyed children, blind men and beggars, meet you at every turn. Outside the walls a long embankment protects the town, and the adjacent fields, from the yearly overflow of the river, while artificial canals conduct the

waters where they are needed for irrigation. Here a large field of poppies of various colours, in full bloom, gave a rich and diversified aspect to the scene,—and the palms, as ever, waved aloft in aerial beauty. Thus, continually, in Egypt, do you pass from the grandeur of the past to the degradation of the present, and again from the dreary facts of human life to the dreamy poetry of nature.

As I have frequently alluded to the coffee-house as a characteristic feature in every village on the Nile, the following sketch of one and its incidents, may complete the picture in the eye of the reader.

This being the birthday of one of our party, it was proposed that we should commemorate it by a cup of coffee at the first village. This chanced to be the village of Golosanah on the Upper Nile, which to the usual stack of mud-brick hovels intersected with narrow lanes, adds the accompaniments of lofty pigeon towers, a grove of acacia and *sont* trees, and a picturesque sheik's tomb without the village precincts. On the bank of the river was a hut some ten feet square, within which upon either side was a raised seat or bench of hard-baked mud, covered with rude mats. In one corner was an oven of the same material, with a little fire of coals. Around were disposed a number of tiny china cups, such as little girls use in their play, together with brass stands, or holders, turned in the shape of an egg. The cup is called *fingan* and the holder *zarf*. Over the fire simmered a vessel of hot water, and beside it stood a little pint mug with an iron handle. This completed the equipment of the establishment. When coffee was ordered, the proprietor put into the mug aforesaid two or three large spoonfuls of the fragrant Mocha, poured hot water over it, boiled it a few moments on the fire, and then poured it into the cups without milk or sugar, but piping hot.

One of our party requested sugar, and a lump of a rather doubtful complexion was dropped into his *fingan* to dissolve at leisure. It made quite a palatable beverage. This is the usual style of the coffee-shops in the villages. In larger towns they may have better mats and a few low cane stools

for sitting *a la Turk*; but always the divan, and the little fire, and the hot water, and the tiny cups, and the coffee fresh boiled for each customer. Here the villagers meet to drink coffee and smoke pipes, which is a decided advance upon drinking brandy and chewing tobacco. There are no dram-shops, and the coffee-shop is a legitimate business, for often in the bazaar the shop-tender will send for his coffee from the coffee-shop, and his thin loaf from the baker, and sit, and drink, and eat, and smoke, while waiting for a sale.

The cost of such a cup of coffee, even with sugar, is hardly appreciable in American currency. A five *para* coin for a cup, sugar and all; and eight five *para* pieces make a *piastre*, which is about five cents. Among the crowd of curious villagers standing at the door of the coffee-house, two females attracted our notice. One dark as Nubia, had a fine countenance, and bright speaking eyes; the other, copper-coloured, had a haughty air, and evidently sought admiration for the gold lace upon her head and the *ring in her nose*. They were richly attired, and wore frontlets of gold and anklets of silver. Our interpreter assured us that they were decent women of the neighbourhood, and said he had ordered them coffee at our expense; but after we had learned better to distinguish character by dress we concluded not to boast of our company.

CHAPTER XVI.

CROCODILES.

THERE are no crocodiles to be seen north of Minieh, in latitude 28° . As I have before remarked, the Arabs believe that at that point a saint or prophet arrests their progress up the river, by turning them over on their backs, through some incantation, or possibly by spiritual magnetism. Mr. Wilkinson speaks of having seen them on the bank opposite Minieh. We had ordered a sharp look-out to be kept for them as we ascended the river, but had almost begun to despair of seeing them, when, as we were lying near Belliaueh, in latitude 26° , we descried seven of these huge creatures basking in the sun, upon the little sand bars that jut out from the opposite shore. They were from twelve to twenty feet in length, with enormous jaws, and huge serrated tails. They all seemed to be asleep, and in one spot two were lying quite cozily together. The next day we again saw five in a similar position, basking on the sand, in the sweltering noon, entirely out of the water. We could not get very near them on account of the shoals; but one of the sailors fired a gun, the report of which startled them, and in an instant they precipitated themselves into the river with a most ungainly waddle. We never saw any after this, and, indeed, our *reis* informed us in his broken English, that *crocodilo* was *finish*, a welcome announcement, since it enabled us to enjoy, without fear, our bath in the oily-smooth waters of the Nile. The crocodiles are probably attracted to this section of the river by the abundance of sand and the warmth of the water. A miniature specimen, about eighteen inches long, was presented to us, which flourished awhile in the wash-tub, but being of a surly disposition, refused to eat, and died. He would snap at a

stick, however, and would hold it with a grip of his infant jaws, that foreshadowed what these would do with the legs or body of a man.

The crocodile species seems to be dying out. Below Thebes it is limited pretty much to a section of the river abounding in shallow sand-bars. It is found, also, higher up the Nile. At Thebes I saw its body among other mummies, as carefully preserved as were the bodies of kings. This horrid creature was once worshipped as a divinity—but not uniformly, for what some worshipped others destroyed, and hence sanguinary wars arose over the carcases of these huge monsters with scaly folds.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives the following succinct account of the usages of the Egyptians toward this animal.

“Neither the hippopotamus nor the crocodile were used as food by the ancient Egyptians; but the people of Apollinopolis ate the crocodile, upon a certain occasion, in order to show their abhorrence of Typho, the evil genius of whom it was an emblem. They had also a solemn hunt of this animal upon a particular day, set apart for the purpose, at which time they killed as many of them as they could, and afterwards threw their dead bodies before the temple of their God, assigning this reason for their practice, that it was in the shape of a crocodile Typho eluded the pursuit of Orus.

“In some parts of Egypt it was sacred, while in other places they made war upon it; and those who lived about Thebes and the lake Moeris, in the (Arsonoite nome,) held it in great veneration.

“It was there treated with the most marked respect, and kept at considerable expense; it was fed and tended with the most scrupulous care; geese, fish, and various meats were dressed purposely for it; they ornamented its head with ear-rings, its feet with bracelets, and its neck with necklaces of gold and artificial stones; it was rendered perfectly tame by kind treatment; and after death its body was embalmed in the most sumptuous manner. This was particularly the case in the Theban, Ombite, and Arsonoite nomes; and at a place now called Maabdch, opposite the

modern town of Manfoolat, are extensive grottos, cut far into the limestone mountain, where numerous crocodile mummies have been found perfectly preserved, and evidently embalmed with great care.

“The people of Apollinopolis, Tentyris, Heracleopolis, and other places, on the contrary, held the crocodile in abhorrence, and lost no opportunity of destroying it, and the Tentyrites were so expert from long habit, in catching and even in overcoming this powerful animal in the water, that they were known to follow it into the Nile, and bring it by force to the shore. Pliny, and others, mention the wonderful feats performed by them, not only in their own country, but in the presence of the Roman people; and Strabo says, that on the occasion of some crocodiles being exhibited at Rome, the Tentyrites who were present, fully confirmed the truth of the report of their power over those animals, for having put them into a spacious tank of water, with a shelving tank artificially constructed at one side, the men boldly entered the water, and entangling them in a net, dragged them to the bank, and back again into the water, which was witnessed by numerous spectators.”

All reverence for the crocodile as a sacred animal has now died out in Egypt. It is true of this, as of all the old divinities, “*Finish Crocodilo.*”

CHAPTER XVII.

DENDERAH—KENEH—A HUMAN HEART.

WE had been thirty days and more upon the Nile without seeing any antiquities; except one pillar and one obelisk at Alexandria, the pyramids at a distance, and a few fragments at Minieh, Ekhmim, and other places where mighty cities once stood. It was time to see a temple; and while the crew sojourned at Keneh to bake their bread, we crossed the river to its western bank, and took donkeys for the ruins of Tentyris, about two miles inland, on the slope of the Lybian mountains. Riding over an immense uncultivated plain, we reached a huge mound composed in part of the ruins of the ancient city, and in part of the *debris* of an Arab village, that in later times had squatted over these. Ascending this mound for a short distance, we found an isolated gateway (*pylon*) of yellow stone, richly sculptured, and bearing upon its inner face the image of Isis nursing her infant Horus. This is as distinct as if sculptured yesterday. The pylon, however, is of Roman origin, and bears the names of the Emperors Domitian and Trajan.

Those who have seen the *Arc de Triomphe* at Paris, can form some idea of the pylon of an Egyptian temple. From this pylon an avenue (*dromos*), two hundred feet long, leads to a magnificent portico in almost perfect preservation, supported by twenty-four columns, of about thirty feet diameter, disposed in four parallel rows. This, too, is Roman, having been built under Tiberius, but in the Egyptian style; its date is determined from a Greek inscription found at one angle. Beyond this portico is a hall leading to a large chamber, with two smaller rooms adjacent, and beyond this is another inner chamber—the *adytum*, surrounded also with smaller rooms. The whole *naos*, or temple proper, was built under the Ptolemies, perhaps two hundred years before

Christ. These dates, now well ascertained, are of great importance, because of the pretensions of infidels from the zodiac here found. Around the hall here spoken of, are lateral chambers covered with sculpture. The whole building measures about two hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and fifty. It commands a fine view of the valley of the Nile, and was used as a landmark by the sailors before the river had so far receded. The roof is almost entire, and consists of massive blocks of stone—some four feet in thickness by twenty or thirty in length—resting upon the pillars of the portico. All around the interior of the temple is a double wall, with secret passages, about three feet wide, entirely dark, yet profusely sculptured on both sides with divinities, offerings, and emblems. These were connected, doubtless, with the mysteries of worship; they are now tenanted by myriads of bats, that dart hither and thither, beating the air with their wings, and the walls with their heads, as they are scared up by the torches. Perhaps Ezekiel's figure of the dark “chambers of imagery” was suggested by such secret halls.

On the back wall of the temple is a sculptured portrait of Cleopatra, which does not answer to the fame of her beauty; also one of her son, the offspring of her union with Julius Cæsar. The mark of the Roman conqueror is everywhere seen;—yet we had already looked upon the mouldering sepulchre of Rome.

The famous zodiac is still bright upon the ceiling of this Roman portico—Roman, without doubt, and therefore only eighteen hundred years old, instead of being older than the flood, as infidels alleged. With many boasts and taunts, the French savans of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt pointed to this zodiac as the final refutation of scripture chronology. Their estimate of the age of these monuments ranged from three thousand to seventeen thousand years before Christ. But Champollion deciphered upon the zodiac at Denderah the name of Augustus Cæsar as its author, which, indeed, says Sharpe, might have been inferred from the fact that this emperor first introduced into the zodiac the sign of the Scales, which is found in the zodiac at Denderah.

Lepsius, who has sufficient leanings toward an extreme antiquity in the monuments of Egypt, admits that the temple of Denderah is "almost confined to the Roman period."¹

Having satisfied our curiosity with the exploration of the most modern temple in Egypt,—which, in the preservation of the roof, and of the order of the several parts, is also the most perfect,—we returned to Keneh, on the opposite side of the river, which, like nearly all the modern towns of Egypt, occupies the site of an ancient city (*Cœnopolis*), now utterly perished. This is the residence of a provincial governor, whose large white mansion stands just without the walls, and is also a place of considerable trade with the Arabian coast. Keneh stands back some two miles from the present channel of the river, and the approach to it through immense open fields in a high state of cultivation, and by a pleasant avenue of sycamores and acacias, is a delightful contrast to the desolation of Denderah. Just without the walls, near the palace of the governor, a large number of the elderly men of the town were gathered, awaiting the decision of the lot for the enrolment of their sons in the army. They sat in groups on the ground, smoking their pipes, while crowds of women, by their earnest gesticulations and occasional outcries, betokened the more lively interest of mothers and sisters in the same event.

In its general features, Keneh is but a repetition of other towns already described. It is, however, notorious for its immorality, and in one quarter of the town we saw at mid-day, and in the open streets, the brazen impudence of vice as pictured by Solomon in the Book of Proverbs. Many of the dancing women who were banished from Cairo by a freak of Mohammed Ali, make Keneh the head-quarters of their infamous trade during the season of travel and of commerce. It is impossible for the traveller on the Nile not to see occasional exhibitions of a grossly depraved taste in connection with the once religious dance of the *Almehs*, that justify the satires of Juvenal, and confirm our worst impressions of the licentious orgies of the old idolatry. The shrine of Venus at Denderah has been transferred to a very

¹ Letters, p. 322.

sty at Keneh. At this place we saw reason to change the good opinion we had formed of the morality of our crew.

We were detained at Keneh about thirty-six hours, notwithstanding the prevalence of a north wind that would have carried us to Thebes in half a day. The reason of this delay was, that the crew were out of bread; and as no supply of bread is to be found ready-made, even at the larger towns, they must needs buy the grain, and then bruise it into flour and bake it, or make a contract with some one to do this by wholesale. And when one considers the slowness of the Arabs in making a bargain, and in all sorts of manual labour, it is not surprising that, to get a supply of coarse bread for a few days, should prove a great affair. The bread when baked is cut into small pieces, and spread on the deck to dry in the sun. This detention for bread-baking occurs two or three times on a voyage up the river.

Keneh is famous for the manufacture of porous water jars. These are bound together in rafts, and are floated down the river to Cairo and Alexandria, where they are in great request. I have already alluded to the muddiness of the Nile. When first drawn from the river, the water is as thick as that of the Mississippi, and after standing awhile it leaves in the vessel a large deposit of earthy matter. The common people drink it, cook with it, wash with it, just as it is. Yet a kind Providence has laid in store in the clay of some parts of the Nile valley, just what is needed for purifying and cooling the turbid water of the river. This clay is porous, and when mixed with sifted ashes of *halfeh* grass, the water filters through it, even after it has been baked into jars an inch thick. These jars are manufactured principally at Keneh, where the clay abounds, and are a chief item in the business of the place. Stand such a jar in the shade, cover it with some non-conductor, fill it with water from the river, all muddy and warm, put under it a stone basin to catch the filtered drops, and you will have as pure water as the mountain spring can furnish, and as cool as can be found anywhere this side of Rockland Lake. It is a sweeter water than the Croton, and when thus purified may justify the eulogium of Mohammed, who likened it to

the nectar of Paradise. The existence of such a clay in the valley of a river which is the sole dependence of the country, is another illustration of the great law of compensation that runs through all the works of the Creator.

Our worthy *reis*, who hails from Keneh, has laid in a good stock of filtering jars for speculation on his own account at Alexandria. Apropos of the *reis*, we had supposed that he had planned the delay for bread-baking at this point, for the sake of a day with his wife, and especially as we had seen him purchasing a new shawl, and other articles for presents. But now, as we are starting, a cluster of native women surrounding him in earnest consultation, leads to an inquiry, which results in the information, that the *reis*—who is one of the most devout of the prophet's followers—has turned his wife out of doors because of her disrespect toward his *mother*, and this is his aunt with a hopeful daughter, whom she wishes him to marry! The *reis*, however, is not to be caught; so he pulls away from them down the bank, heedless of the most eloquent gesticulations from the managing aunt, and of the hidden charms of his cousin, buried as she is in a blue cotton sack.

Poor Hassan has been sadly deceived. Whoever engaged him at Alexandria told him, as an inducement, that the boat was going to Assouan—the first cataract—where he has a wife and three children, whom he has not seen for six months. Of course he has not heard from them, for neither he nor any of his family can write, and if they could, there is no mail; but he sent word by a boat that went before us, that he was coming, and he has been buying new clothes for himself and them. He has just discovered that we are only going to Thebes. We knew nothing of his expectations, or of what was said to him at starting, but he thinks we are the cause of his disappointment, and just now, when I hailed him playfully, he replied, that he did not wish to speak to me because I would not let him go to see his wife. He is much cast down. We have all tried to comfort him—have offered to release him at Thebes, and to pay his expenses home; but he says that he does not wish to part from us, and he sits on the forward deck incontinently smoking his

pipe as his only solace, and pointing us touchingly toward Assouan. Poor fellow! He has a warm heart, and it is wounded to the core.

I called him to me and showed him the pictures of the cataract and of Philæ, in Bartlett's beautiful and accurate sketches of the Nile. He recognised them, and a beam of joy lighted up his features; but he turned away and said he felt as if he must cry. I asked him if to look at the pictures every day would not do as well as to go home. He said the sight of them made him lose his heart, and he had better never look at them again. I never witnessed more genuine manly sorrow. The domestic attachments of the poorer classes in Egypt and Nubia, are very strong. Only the rich and the great have their harem. The body of the people maintain the marriage institution in singleness of affection and in purity. Yet Hassan's native Nubia is still a hunting ground for slaves. I have seen his countrymen and countrywomen in the slave markets of Alexandria and Cairo; and no doubt Hassan himself, with his refined sensibility—for he says he knows we wish to see our families, and since he understands it, he does not blame us, but will serve us still—no doubt Hassan, with his *refined* sensibility and his great swelling human heart, would be rated as a prime chattel by some republicans.

Apropos of pictures, let me advise every Nile traveller to take with him Bartlett's Nile Boat. Its pictures are very truthful, and help greatly to fix the scenes which they identify. Our Arab crew, unaccustomed to see such plates, recognised each view with shouts of joy, and supposing me to be the artist, were eager to sit for their portraits! I showed them Hassan at the tiller of the *dahabeeh*, in Bartlett's vignette; at which they were as much pleased as little children.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TREES AND BIRDS.

FAR southward on the Nile, in latitude 26° , there grows a tree called by the Arabs *Dom*—the Theban palm. It is scattered along the banks, northward, for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, but south of Keneh it predominates over the tall date-palm of Lower Egypt. The common palm-tree grows to a great height — frequently from sixty to eighty feet, without putting forth a single branch from its solitary upright trunk. It is trained to this growth by trimming off the leaves every year from the young stalk, so that its strength shoots upward; and by this process, also, the bark is formed into a succession of steps or notches, by which the barefooted Arab mounts easily to the top. From the very top of the tree, the long pointed leaves curl gracefully upon every side, like the close set frame of a parachute, and just where the broad wedge-shaped base of the leaf adheres to the tree, the fruit hangs in clusters, all around the trunk. When its early training is neglected, the palm-tree grows less gracefully; sometimes it divides at the root into several trunks, which grow without branches to various heights, and then spread out their leafy crests. The palm-tree looks most majestic and most picturesque when it stands alone upon some broad plain or gentle bluff, and when its leaves are stirred lightly by the wind. The eye then takes it in at one view, measures it by some mental standard, or disdaining all mathematical proportions, dreamily contemplates the waving lines of beauty, and the straight, slender, yet stately stalk, that stands in bold relief against the stainless azure. This palm-tree is unknown in the United States, except in rare garden culture, but in Egypt it grows everywhere, and is to the

people food, shade, shelter, fuel, raiment, timber, divan, cordage, basket, roof, screen. Its fruit reaches its perfection on the confines of Nubia.

But the *dom* is confined to the Thebaid, that portion of the Nile Valley lying between 27° and 24°. It is the palm of our own Florida; a tree of moderate stature, and *bifurcated* at regular intervals, its outmost branches terminating in large fan shaped leaves, so thickly set that they give it the appearance of a huge bushy mop, yet always gracefully disposed. Its fruit is pear-shaped, or has more nearly the shape, size, and appearance, of a yellowish-white potato of full growth. It is dry and fibrous, and the guide-book says, "exactly resembles our gingerbread in flavour," though I can perceive no flavour but that of dry chips. The tree is beautiful, especially when intermingled with the taller date-palm.

Toward evening, walking on the bank, I came upon a grove of intermingled *dom* and date-palms, covering several acres, with intervals of small plantations of cotton, onions, and castor beans, bordered with the prickly *sont*, or acanthus. The setting sun glanced horizontally through the openings of the trees, and paved the avenues with gold,—more beautiful, because more natural, than the well-trimmed lawn at Chatsworth, or the artistic woodland at Fountain's Abbey.

There was silence, amid the beauty, that the soul might drink it in unruffled to its utmost depth;—silence,—the deep, solemn, plaintive silence, that the East only knows. No murmuring brook, no sighing breeze, no rustling leaf, no evening chime, no lowing herd, no tinkling bell, no hum of labour, no buzz of insects, no twitter of birds, no sound of weleome, no merry laugh, no call of cattle, not even now the distant bark of village dogs,—that sound of life, which, in the East, is ever first at morning, and last at night. "One dead, uniform silence,"—no, not "dead," for while it hovered over the grave of generations whose mysterious temples, given to the bats, yet proclaim a greatness that the present boasts not of,—it hovered not on raven wing, but fringed with golden light; still, solemn, sad, it yet was gorgeous, not funereal, and breathed of sunny life where

the year knows no winter, and the sky no cloud; *silence*, when, after the glare of a windless day, the palm-leaf droops motionless, and nature breathes not till her fiery conqueror has entered his pavilion: silence deep, but not dead; no, nor yet "uniform," for, at intervals, came the harsh, monotonous creak of the *sakia*, as the lazy oxen turned the wheel that watered the plain, or a frightened bird whirred from its nest under the fan-leaves of the *dom*. Yet these sounds disturbed not the silence, for sound itself grows plaintive in the East, and sinks wearily and monotonously into silence. In such silence, the soul, shut out from all the world of sight and sense and sound, sank into a deep, rich calm, and under the shadow of the *dom* gathered the golden threads of lingering sunlight, and wove them into her own gorgeous dreams, that melted from gold to orange, from orange to saffron, from saffron to purple, and floated away toward the land of the West.

Suddenly I came out upon the bank of the river, where the palm trees had been cleared away for garden cultivation. Full thirty feet below lay the stream, which once deposited this mass of soil, and which at times rolls over it. Quietly it lay, save where a quivering on the surface marked the swift current. Here half a mile in width, and for a reach of twenty miles, it spreads before me like a lake, fringed on its under surface with mirrored *doms* and waving palms, while the now motionless *dahabeeh* pictured its own inverted masts and spars and drooping pennon, all "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." By a sweep of the river the mountains of Arabia were brought upon three sides of this phantom lake; while the Lybian chain loomed darkly behind me. I looked toward these, as the sun sank behind their huge square mass, here some six hundred feet high, and all whitened with the sand of the desert, and saw the black shadows creep up from below, while their top was yet tipped with crimson and with gold, and when this, too, was clothed with purple deepening into brown and grey; then turning toward the Arabian chain, some two miles distant, I beheld that still robed in mellow light reflected from the zenith, and presently as this faded, both mountain and river,

and the mirrored mountains in the river, were suffused with that dreamy, gauze-like, saffron tint, which is the charm and glory of the Orient. It is not mist, it is not haze, but like that "dim suffusion" following an excess of brightness that dazzled the eyes of Milton, and sealed them into night. Yet here the moon already rode resplendent, bringing on the silvery noon of night, lustrous without heat, silent without gloom. The *sakias* creaked their last round, and the plaintive cry of the half-naked *fellahs* that ply the *shadoof*, died into cadence along the shore, as I climbed down the bank to the heat-smitten "Lotus."

A most beautiful feature in the Nile voyage is the sight of birds, as tame as if domesticated, perching on your boat, on the housetops, on the palms, on the backs of oxen, and of camels, chirping, warbling, skipping everywhere as free and joyous as if they never knew an enemy. Nor have they an enemy in the native population, for the Egyptians do not molest birds—only travellers affright them with the sportman's gun. This may be because the Egyptians are an unarmed people; but to whomsoever the credit belongs, let Egyptians have the praise of the land where birds are safe and free. Most sweetly do they carol at sunrise and at sunset in the acacia groves and among the palms. Some, of unknown names, are of beautiful plumage and delicate form; but the bird for which the traveller looks from the moment he enters Egypt is the pure and sacred Ibis. We had several times seen at a distance a bird that we conjectured must be this, and at length we gained a nearer view of one, that, by comparison with the sculptured form, quite satisfied us of its identity. It was a most delicate creature, about a foot in length from the beak to the tip of the tail, with long, slender legs, and a neck that curved gracefully and terminated in a long, crooked beak. It was of stainless white, and when it flew seemed rather to swim with gentlest motion on a buoyant sea. The selection of such a bird as sacred, and the association of it with their religious sculptures, shows a nice sense of beauty in the old Egyptians. There swims not in the air a bird of such delicacy of form and purity of colour.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEGADEH—SALUTATIONS—A COPTIC CHURCH.

WE halted awhile at Negadch, one of the chief towns of the Copts, in the hope of becoming better acquainted with these representatives of the ancient Egyptian Church. This was the native place of one of our crew, whom we took with us as a guide. He had been absent many months from home, and it was curious to observe the greetings he received from his townsmen as we passed along the streets. The salutations of the Egyptians are insufferably tedious. When two persons meet, they touch the palms of their hands together, then each touches his right hand alternately to his forehead, his lips, and his heart, uttering some complimentary wish, and then repeats the process until the whole vocabulary of compliments is exhausted. Their phrases are such as these, which are doled out in wearisome succession. “Peace be with you;” “I give you peace;” “May God bless you;” “God bless you evermore;” “May God give you peace;” “Blessing has come to dwell with me;” “May God not desert you.”

The mere interchange of salutations occupies several minutes, and after these are ended there seems to be nothing more to say. A few whiffs of the pipe are exchanged, and the parties separate without ceremony. The frequent stops made by our attendant to greet his friends, and the time consumed in these salutations, illustrated the caution given by Elisha to Gehazi when he sent him in haste to restore to life the Shunamite’s son. “If thou meet any man salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again;”—do not stop on the road to exchange salutations; but go with all speed to the house of mourning.

In our progress through the village we made frequent inquiries for Copts, and the Coptic convent and church. The convent we ascertained to be at some distance back

among the mountains; but the church was within the town, and near at hand. As soon as our object was known, a number of very respectable men, wearing the dark Coptic turban, gathered about us and conducted us in a body to their house of worship. This is a large, square, brick building, with a low doorway, and a row of brick pillars in the centre. Between the middle pillars is a screen, and behind this a rude wooden pulpit, and a reading desk, with a small vestry in the rear where the priest robes himself, which is also covered with a screen. There are no seats in the house, but mats are spread upon the floor, on which the worshippers sit in oriental fashion. Chairs were brought for us, however, and the whole company sat or stood around us in a circle on the floor. Directly before us was one who seemed to be the principal man of the party, and who took the lead in the conversation; but several of them had most intelligent countenances, and heads as finely developed as any portrayed in the phrenological charts. We told them who we were and where we came from; but they did not seem to have any definite ideas of America, until a rude map was drawn upon the ground. We informed them of the number and the character of our churches, of their missionary operations, and especially of their sympathy for such as maintained pure religion in lands of darkness, and had suffered for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

I inquired for a Bible, and they produced a written copy of the Psalms, and a Bible printed at Malta with the Coptic and the Arabic in parallel columns. In exchange I showed them a Bible with oriental illustrations and maps, with which they were highly pleased. They also produced a copy of their liturgy in Coptic and Arabic. Seeing some rude pictures on the walls, executed in a style like the coarsest coloured lithographs, I inquired whom these were designed to represent. They answered, the angels Gabriel and Michael, and the Virgin Mary; but they assured us they did not pray to them, nor in any sense worship them, but prayed to God through Christ alone. In answer to an inquiry whether they prayed for the dead, they shewed the form of prayer used in the burial-service, but said that they did not pray *for* the dead nor to the saints. There was no

altar with candles, nor any other marks of superstition, such as are seen in Roman Catholic churches—only these few pictures. They pray in their families, and have schools for their children. They are careful in the observance of the Sabbath; and though they have another larger house of worship—which they afterwards showed us—they have not room enough for their congregation, there being some twenty-five-hundred Copts in the town. The women sit in the churches in a screened gallery, apart by themselves.

The Copts do not allow of bigamy, and they assured us that they are not loose in the matter of divorce, of which they have been accused by emissaries of the Roman Catholic Church and by their Puseyite coadjutors in the Church of England. They had already received donations of Bibles and Testaments from the British and Foreign Bible Society, but said they would be thankful to receive from us any Bibles and tracts that we might send them after our return, with a view to which, we exchanged addresses, which a scribe, wearing his ink-horn at his side, wrote very neatly upon such scraps of paper as were at hand. They did not complain of any oppression from the government in matters of religion, but thought they were compelled to furnish more than their quota for the army; and with the vague notion of European influence which all Egyptians seem to have, they requested us to interfere for them through the consul at Cairo.

We spoke to them of the love of Christ dwelling in the heart, of our love for them, and our desire to know them and to do them good. They said they would be happy to have missionaries from America visit them and dwell among them. Coffee was then served after the manner of the East, hot, strong, without sugar or milk, in tiny cups of china poised in egg-shaped brass holders; and leaving a donation to the church, we rose to depart. But we were not suffered to go alone. Our whole audience of fifty persons, with accessions on the way, accompanied us to the river, and while for nearly an hour we awaited the arrival of the boat, they lingered around, learning to pronounce our names, and in every possible way expressing their gratification at our visit. The whole interview had been one of the utmost cor-

diality on their part, and they were evidently reluctant to have it closed. We were upon the whole quite favourably impressed with their appearance. I do not doubt that there are sincere Christians among them. As a body, however, they have fallen into a formal Christianity, and they need more discriminating and practical views of the Gospel. They are simple-hearted, and ready to listen to the truth. Indeed, I should infer that vital religion has been somewhat revived among them by the distribution of the Bible, and also by the assaults of a proselyting Romish priest, who has been quite zealous, and somewhat successful in gaining converts from the Copts.

The influences used by this priest are thus described by a recent proselyte to the Church of Rome, Mr. James Laird Paterson, in his "Journal of a Tour in Egypt;" a copy of which I chance to have at hand. Speaking of the proselyting labours of Padre Samuele at Negadeh, he says, "Last year Padre Samuele made a journey to Cairo, where he had to remain six months, to combat an attempt made by the Copts to get a woman divorced from her husband, who was a convert of his. He gained his cause by putting the people under the consular protection of France. Of course it was a most important one. He told us that the church has now three millions of souls in Abyssinia, among whom four bishops (one of whom is the learned and pious Father De Jacobis, as Vicar-Apostolic) and twelve Lazarist missionaries are labouring. They have ordained many native priests—a practice which seems to me not the least admirable of the Roman Catholic missionary system. He had had a Protestant missionary, with money, and tracts printed at the college at Malta, there (at Negadeh); and as his flock brought him the heretical books, *he made a neat bonfire of them, while the missionary looked on from his boat (probably with his wife and family) in no small amazement.*"

There are some remarkable points in this statement. It is from the pen of an educated Englishman, master of Arts from the University of Oxford, who, when he left England, was still in the communion of the Church of England, though of the "High Church," or Puseyite school; but who has since become "reconciled," as the phrase is, to "*the*

Church," i. e. the Roman Catholic communion. The sympathetic and exultant tone in which he describes the doings of this priest, even to the burning of the tracts and Bibles—for many of these so-called "heretical books" were copies of the New Testament, like those shown us at the Coptic church—is painfully significant of the state of things at Oxford, and in the High Church party in England.

What will Archbishop Hughes—who so resolutely denied a similar outrage, some years ago, on the borders of New York—say to *this* case of Bible-burning? He will begin with denying the fact. But the fact comes from the priest himself, through a young disciple of the Church of Rome, who speaks of it not to condemn, but to approve and admire. He will say, then, that this priest was isolated, and acted without authority. But the *Catholic Standard*, an English Catholic journal of the first order, says of this very case: "It is a queer thing that the agents of the Bible Society should play off their pranks in such an obscure and distant place as Negadeh. The honest priest was a trump, and no mistake; he would stand no nonsense with them. *Small blame to him, we say, and more power to his elbow the next importation he receives.*" The elegance of this language is note-worthy; and also the fact that a Roman Catholic religious journal draws its illustrations from card-playing, as if this were perfectly familiar to its readers, and appropriate to priests. But the spirit of this paragraph is what deserves attention, for it is the too common spirit of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; and with respect to the burning of Bibles, not to say of Bible readers also, the difference between many a Roman Catholic priest in England and the United States, and the Padre Samuele at Negadeh, is simply that the one is in England or the United States, and the other at "such an obscure and distant place as Negadeh."

Is it not time that the Christian missionary, with the Bible in his hand, was permanently located in this field? If the Romish priest may work here thus openly, why may not the Protestant missionary? May we not say with Paul at Ephesus, "*A great door and effectual is opened to us, and there are many adversaries?*"

CHAPTER XX.

MOTHER EGYPT—THEBES—TEMPLES AND MONUMENTS—
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AFTER twenty-eight days of sailing and tracking,—a voyage unusually protracted by contrary winds and by the low stage of the river,—we made our mooring on the eastern bank of Thebes. On a Sabbath morning,—calm, bright, and beautiful,—we awoke under the shadow of Karnac. But though we had at last reached the object of many longings, and the turning-point in a journey of more than six thousand miles from home, the instinct of curiosity was absorbed in the emotion of gratitude, and the Sabbath was welcomed as a day of rest and of praise. For weeks we had talked and read only of Thebes; but now that Thebes was gained, New York usurped its place in thought, upon its own soil. Such is the power of religious association, and of the sacred memories of home. The Sabbath ended, a week was given to the exploration of the scenes and monuments around us.

The site of Thebes was chosen with admirable wisdom. The parallel ridges of naked lime-stone hills—the barriers of the Lybian and Arabian deserts that for five hundred miles skirt the valley of the Nile, at a distance of from three to five miles apart,—here expand into a huge basin of more than fifty miles in circumference, and break into peaks of from a thousand to thirteen hundred feet high, or file off in serried ranks on either side. These mountains guard the plain from the encroachments of the desert and from the invasion of enemies. The plain itself is watered by the Nile, which Homer styles the “heaven-sprung river,” which in its yearly overflow heaps upon it the alluvial deposits of the mountains of Ethiopia, and which opens to it the commerce

of Ethiopia and of the Mediterranean. A short caravan march brings to it the commerce of the Red Sea, from Arabia, Persia, and the Indies.

The only present occupants of this plain are a few miserable Arab villagers, whose hovels are built of and amid the ruins of the old city. These ruins are found on a stupendous scale, at five or six prominent points, so related to each other that from these we can reconstruct the Thebes of four thousand years ago. Though the ruins are chiefly those of public buildings—palaces and temples—yet the interior magnificence of some of the tombs of private individuals, and the pictures of private houses found upon their walls, show that not all the wealth of ancient Thebes was in its royal coffers.

Upon the western bank are the temples of Medeenet Habou, the Memnonium, and Gournou, with others of less note,—the colossal statues, and the principal tombs; on the eastern bank are the temples of Luxor and Karnac. The distance from Luxor to Karnac is about a mile and a half; that from Luxor to Medeenet Habou is about two and a half miles. The river is represented at a moderate stage. During the inundation the land is overflowed as far back as the colossal statues.

Medeenet Habou was a palace temple of grand proportions, surrounded with huge sphinxes, lions, and colossal men. In the front of the main edifice is an oblong court, flanked on either hand by pyramidal towers, where was the pavilion of the king. Although the walls of this structure are much defaced, its sculptures still exhibit some curious scenes of palace life. The king is seated on a rich divan receiving the homage and caresses of his wives, who offer him flowers, amuse him with chess, or cool him with their fans. The grand area of the temple was adorned with massive gates, and separated into courts, whose elegant corridors were decorated with brilliant colours, and its walls covered with historical and descriptive sculptures. The pillars of the central court are still standing, and are in a style of massive beauty. Enough remains of the temple to show

its plan, and the scale of grandeur on which it was built. Two or three smaller temples, connected with this by avenues of symbolical statues, were originally disposed around the main building as adjuncts.

Northward, some three thousand feet, stood the Memnonium, a temple measuring four hundred feet by one hundred and fifty ; its central hall having a solid roof supported by forty-eight massive columns, and, "studded with stars on an azure ground." Most of these pillars and part of the roof still remain. The astronomical subjects upon the ceiling of a small inner chamber of the temple, have furnished a clue to the determination of some of the great cycles of Egyptian history.

The Memnonium was built by the great Rameses, and its walls are illustrated with his victories, chiefly in Asia. Some of these sculptures are quite spirited. In front of the building, and flanked by colossal figures, the monarch placed the most stupendous statue ever reared in the world. This was the personification of Egyptian power in the colossal image of the king, "seated on a throne in the usual attitude of Egyptian figures, the hands resting on his knees, indicative of that tranquillity which he had returned to enjoy in Egypt after the fatigues of victory." The statue was of one solid piece of sienite, and must have been transported from the quarry more than a hundred miles. Its weight has been computed at upwards of eight hundred and eighty-seven tons ; it is said to have been originally seventy-five feet high by twenty-three in breadth. By my own measurement of its fragments, as it now lies broken on the ground, I found the forehead fourteen feet from ear to ear ; the head twenty-five feet, six inches across from point to point, where the back lies upon the ground—the whole circumference not being accessible ;—the body fifty-one feet, measured across the shoulders from their insertion in the back, the shoulder itself sixteen feet six inches, the arm eleven feet six inches from shoulder to elbow, and the foot five feet ten inches long by four feet eight inches broad. This statue was overthrown by Cambyses, the Persian conqueror of Egypt, in the year 525, b.c.

Years before this event, a Hebrew prophet had uttered the following remarkable words : "The daughter of Egypt shall be confounded ; she shall be delivered into the hand of the people of the North ; and they shall spoil the pomp of Egypt. I will also destroy the idols, and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her. He [the king of Babylon] shall break also the images [statues or standing images] of Bethshemesh, [the house of the sun,] that is in the land of Egypt."¹

The overthrow of such an image, standing at the main gate of one of the principal temples of Thebes, may well have been symbolical of the destruction of Egypt. Indeed, I know not whether was the greater marvel, to set up this gigantic statue, or to throw it down, so as to break the solid granite into the huge blocks now strewn upon the ground.

Back under the brow of the mountain stood another temple with massive sculptures, and half a mile further to the north and nearer the river, stood side by side three temples of various styles, all grand and rich, and grouped together likewise by rows of statues.

In front of Medeenet Habou and the Memnonium was a sacred way about sixty feet wide, and a mile and a half in length, lined on either side with colossal figures of stone about thirty feet apart, and ranging from thirty to sixty feet in height. Among these were the vocal Memnon and its mate that still hold their original position on the plain. Their fellows lie broken and buried in the mud.

Upon the eastern bank of the river—which was crossed by a ferry, or possibly by a bridge stretching from island to island—is the temple of Luxor, measuring eight hundred feet by two hundred, with a grand colonnade of two hundred feet, and a covered portico of equal length facing the river. On its northern side is a sculptured gateway with pyramidal towers two hundred feet long by seventy in height,—and in front of this gigantic granite statues, and an obelisk of red granite sixty feet in height. The mate of this obelisk now stands in the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris ; where it

¹ Jeremiah xlvi, 24; xliii, 13.

already shows the effects of exposure to weather such as is never experienced at Thebes. From this pylon extended for a mile and a half an avenue or sacred way planted on each side at distances of from twelve to twenty feet, with huge sphinxes having heads of lions, birds, rams, oxen, and men. This was as if Broadway from the Battery to Canal street were lined on both sides with such creations. The remains of these figures may be traced along nearly the whole line of the ancient dromos.

At the northern extremity of this avenue, after passing a series of lofty and massive gates, you arrive at the temple of Karnac. To form some conception of this structure, we will take as a basis the Croton Reservoir in New York. Drain this, and suppose its walls to stand four hundred and twenty feet by three hundred and sixty, and nearly one hundred feet high by forty in thickness, all of solid stone, in blocks of huge dimensions. In one side of this structure make a central doorway, seventy feet in height by thirty-five inches in width ; plant in front of this a long double row of sphinxes and statues, each a single block of stone weighing several hundred tons ; within the vacant reservoir all around the walls, build a corridor supported by thirty massive columns on each side, and down the centre a double row of columns of red granite, each a single shaft fifty feet high, and terminating in an extended leaf, and you have the *outer court* of Karnac.

In the wall opposite the entrance, make another gateway, higher, broader, deeper, its lintels forty-one feet long, and before this plant statues thirty feet high. Upon the opposite side of the wall build another court or portico of the same exterior breadth as the first, and three hundred and twenty-nine by one hundred and seventy feet in the clear ; and to sustain its roof of stone erect one hundred and thirty-four columns, varying from fourty-two to sixty-six feet in height, and from twenty-seven to thirty-six in circumference ; this forms the grand hall of Karnac ; beyond this build an avenue of obelisks each seventy feet high, and other massive gates and colossal figures, together with a sanctuary of red granite forty feet square—the whole of this part occu-

pying an area of six hundred feet by four hundred: at the further end of this erect another building, four hundred feet wide, supported by fifty-two huge columns, and back of this another massive wall and corresponding gateway; and on this area of eleven hundred and eighty feet by four hundred and twenty, you have the *main* temple of Karnac. Then upon either side of this, and in the rear, build long avenues of sphinxes and colossi, to the south-west especially, an avenue a quarter of a mile long, connecting with the main building, through a series of four massive gateways, another temple fully one half its size; and all around dispose smaller temples and gateways, till a circuit of a mile and a half is filled with the surroundings of the stupendous pile;—then mount the front gateway of the original reservoir, and look at Karnac. Two thousand feet back of you is its outermost gate; twelve hundred feet back of you the rear wall of the main edifice, upon whose superficial area you could arrange just fifty Broadway Tabernacles side by side; while to the right and left are other temples that would look gaudy if they stood alone, but which are mere appendages of this.

As I gazed upon these ruins of forty centuries, and imagined the Thebes that then was, New York dwindled into an infant in the lap of a giant. Yes, proud upstart of this nineteenth century, the so-called Empire city, commercial emporium of the West, great metropolis of the new world, if thy rivers should sweep over thee and bury thee awhile, not all the stone of the Croton Reservoir, and the City hall, and the Astor House, and of a hundred churches forsooth, would make one pile like Karnac; nor could any of these furnish a single stone for the lintels of its gates. Yet Karnac that began to be in that other nineteenth century, before Christ, is not yet a ruin. Its gateways stand; its grand hall stands, its columns nearly all unbroken, and not one spire of grass, or tuft of moss, or leaf of ivy hides its speaking sculptures. Only the sand has covered them, and when this is removed they are as fresh as yesterday. These eyes have looked on them, and by them have measured thee, O *nineteenth century!*

Such is the skeleton of Thebes, as we can reconstruct it of such materials and from such localities as yet mark its site. But what was Thebes when, resting upon the Libyan mountains on the west, and the Arabian on the east, with the Nile flowing through its centre, it filled a circuit of twenty-five miles in a plain of twice that area, teeming with fertility? What was Thebes when she could pour forth twenty thousand chariots of war, and when the grand triumphal procession of priests, and officers of state, and soldiers, and captives swept through these colossal avenues to grace the conqueror's return? What was Thebes when, by the way of the Red Sea, Arabia and the Indies poured all their commerce into her lap, and the Nile brought her the spoils of Ethiopia and of the Great Sea? What was Thebes when she possessed wealth, and mechanic arts, and physical force to rear such monuments even in the midst of war, and sometimes more than one in the reign of a single monarch? What was Thebes, with all the arts and inventions of civilized life that are sculptured upon the tombs of her kings to mark the progress of her day;—from building arches and bridges, to glass-blowing and porcelain manufactures, to the making of umbrellas, fans, chairs, and divans, fine linens, and all the appurtenances of a modern drawing-room? What was Thebes when all merchants resorted thither from Persia, from Ethiopia, from Lydia, and the Levant? What was Thebes when the artists and scholars of infant Greece and Rome went thither to school? Was not Egypt the mother of nations? Where is the art of Greece or Rome that was not tutored in Egypt;—that has not simply graced Egyptian forms—nor always this? Where is the philosophy of Greece or Rome that was not borrowed from Egypt? Even the divine Plato, who only waited for the true Logos, learned at Egypt's shrine. Egypt gave birth to art, gave birth to thought, before Greece and Rome were born. She was the grand repository of human power: the originator of all great forms of human development; the originator, the inventor, the great prototype of the world's history, here laid up in her hieroglyphic archieves.

In all material things, yes, and in all great intellectual

forms, in poetry, in art, in philosophy, in science, and in the religion of nature, this nineteenth century is but the recipient of the mighty past. Whatever she has of these she but inherits through Rome and Greece from their old mother Egypt. What she has better than these she has by gift divine, through that Christianity which purifies, enfranchises, and ennobles man ; reforms society, and makes free the state. If she hold fast by this, she will become resplendent with a glory that Egypt never knew; but if she slight this, and sell her birthright for luxury and power, the meanest grave at Thebes would suffice to bury this nineteenth century with its boasted inventions.

CHAPTER XXI.

MEMNON STILL SOUNDS.

UPON the western plain of Thebes, about midway between the temples of Medeenet Habou and the Memnomium, and some thirteen hundred feet in advance of their line, are two colossal statues that have sat upon their rock-built thrones for three thousand three hundred years, and that still sit unchangeably amid the surrounding desolation. In some respects these are the most interesting of all the ruins of Thebes. They are not ruins, but remains; for although one of them—that renowned in history as the “vocal Memnon”—was marred more than two thousand three hundred years ago, by the renowned Cambyses, yet it was afterwards restored, and it exhibits few marks either of the violence of man, or of the ravages of time. Just where Amnoph placed them in the line of the majestic *dromos*, from his eastern to his western palace temple, within seventy years after the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, they now stand; just as he had them chiselled, with the exception of the repairs upon the vocal statue, they now look forth over the plain with that contemplative majesty which the old kings of Egypt chose as the type of their power.

And do not these monarchs of stone still assert the dominion of the eighteenth dynasty of Thebes over this plain? Who rules here now, but the spirit that invests them with the contemplative majesty of that old dynasty? Not these puny, half clad Arabs, who by day scour the plain begging a few pence of the *Hawagee*, or offering them fragments of mummies and antiquities, and by night hide themselves in the arches of falling temples, and the broken tombs of kings. Not their present master, the

redoubtable Abbas Pasha, as distinguished in vice as his grandfather Mohammed Ali was in policy and in arms, whose relentless conscription for his hybrid army now drives the peasantry from the plain to the mountains. Not the far off Sultan, whose tottering throne is braced by the bayonets of England and France, against the colossus of the North. No, none of all these. The spirit that here rules is still the spirit of the old dynasty, symbolized by these colossi enthroned in solitary grandeur in the centre of the plain. It was meet that these should stand, and stand alone;—that while all their fellows are prostrate and buried in the sand drifts, or in the mud of the Nile, and the temple that they guarded is a shapeless mound, they should stand amid the ripening grain that covers the grave of their old empire, to assert that empire fresh and imperishable in the minds of men. It was meet that *alone*, with the naked mountains as their background, and the empty plain around them, and the river shrinking in the distance or inundating their base, and the excavated columns of Luxor looming beyond, they should sit here with their hands upon their knees, their heads erect, their brows serene, in that sublime repose with which they first sat down amid the spoils of victory, and the grandeur of consolidated power. They tell us more than all history, that there were giants in those days.

The Assyrian sculptor achieved his triumph, when to the face of a man, he added the body of an ox, the feet of a lion, and the wings of an eagle,—wisdom, strength, dominion, swiftness, all symbolized in one. But did not the Egyptian sculptor achieve a greater triumph, when he magnified tenfold the human form, retaining all its proportions, and invested it with intelligence and dignity, and the commanding serenity of conscious power? He, too, could magnify inferior animals, and could shape the gigantic and mysterious sphinx. But is not the giant age of art here in these colossi of the plain?

It was meet that of all the double file of colossal statues that once stretched across this plain, these two only should remain;—that fabled Memnon, whose music has inspired

the poetry of all younger nations since mother Egypt gave it birth, and its silent *mate*, for lips of music ever want a waiting ear. Here they sit, colossal human figures each sixty feet in height, and about seventy feet apart, to mark the course of that “royal street,” once lined with such creations, that stretched more than two miles from east to west. They are only less grand than the fallen statue of Rameses at the gate of the Memnonium; that measured seventy-five feet from head to base, and was hewn from one block of sienite; these are built of layers of coarse, hard stone, that now show the seams which doubtless were at first concealed. No art could improve them for general effect, or even in the details of attitude, and the execution of the hands and feet. By the measurement of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, they are “eighteen feet three inches across the shoulders; sixteen feet six inches from the top of the shoulder to the elbow; ten feet six inches from the top of the head to the shoulder; seventeen feet nine inches from the elbow to the finger’s end; and nineteen feet eight inches from the knee to the plant of the foot. The thrones are ornamented with figures of the god Nilus, who, holding the stalks of two plants peculiar to the river, is engaged in binding up a pedestal or table, surmounted by the name of the Egyptian monarch—a symbolic group, indicating his dominion over the upper and lower countries.”

Grand conceptions those old Egyptians had. They were not copyists, but the originators of great thoughts and of speaking symbols. Beauty they had, too, as well as strength; for in all the mythology of the old world, there is no conception so beautiful as that of the vocal Memnon. The easternmost of these statues, upon which the sunbeams, shooting athwart the Arabian mountains and the grand colonnade of Karnac, would first fall, when its lips felt the kindling ray, would utter one melodious sound like the vibration of a harp-string;—the enthroned majesty of Egypt welcoming with praise the returning day, and the stone crying out, where man is often dumb; “*Salamat*,”¹ the

¹ Lepsius insists that the term used by the Arabs is not *Salamat*, salutations, but *Sanamat*, “the *idols*;” and he gives a very singular, if not incredible, explanation of the phenomenon of the sounding

tradition of the place still calls it;—“salutations” to the morning that ever opens bright and beautiful upon the plain of Thebes. No doubt Homer heard it, and felt its poem. Herodotus heard it, but he was too matter of fact, and too much in the secrets of the priests to own its inspiration. Plato heard it, and meditated divine philosophy. Strabo heard it, but was too intent upon detecting its cause to enjoy its effect. It would work grandly within the area of St. Peter’s. Let Pio Nono transport it thither, and baptize it as a statue of the fisherman made by Constantine, and thousands would hear its voice each morning, or at Easter, or whenever the Pope passed, as might be best arranged for the edification of the faithful.

For *Memnon still sounds*. As we sat before it on our donkeys, pondering unutterable things, I saw a boy of fifteen with a solitary rag around his waist, scrambling up the side of the statue, and presently he was completely hidden in its lap, just where the sly priest used to hide himself over night. Then striking with a hammer the hollow, sonorous stone, it emitted a sharp, clear sound, like the striking of brass. It was not sunrise, but the middle of a scorching afternoon. Yet Memnon sounded. Moreover, it was Washington’s birthday, and as the statue once sounded three

stone. “The stone of which the statues are composed is a particularly hard quartz or friable sandstone conglomerate, which looks as if it was glazed, and had innumerable cracks. The frequent crackling of small particles of stone at sunrise, when the change of temperature is greatest, in my opinion produced the tones of Memnon, far-famed in song, which were compared to the breaking of a musical string.”

In proof of this opinion, Dr. Lepsius refers to the phenomenon of cracking and sounding stones in the desert, when rapidly warmed by the sun, after being cooled during the night. “It is also remarkable,” he adds, “how, even now, several of the pieces that have split off, and are only hanging loose, sound as clear as metal if they are struck, while others beside them remain perfectly dumb and without sound, according as they are more or less moistened by their reciprocal positions.” (Letters, pp. 257, 258.) But how will this explain the uniformity and the continuity of the phenomenon?

Another writer, who ridicules the idea of artifice in the matter, must surely have forgotten the oracle at Delphi, and even the successful imposture of the automaton chess-player in this country.

times to salute the emperor Hadrian, we made it utter three times three "salutations" to the rising empire of the West.

The sound had not yet died on my ear, when the shirtless boy was at my side, crying "*backshish*," for he, like all priests, must have his gratuity for his temple service. "Half a piastre," said the guide. I should have been ashamed to pay only two cents for such a gratification, had I not remembered that this, and its equivalent in treacle, is all that the present potentate of Egypt pays his subjects for a day's labour in his sugar fields: The boy was satisfied, though I am sure the guide, who handed it to him, cheated him out of half; for an Arab's fingers are wonderfully tenacious of money.

O Memnon, what a crime to break thy spell! I shall never more dream of thee, half waking with the morning sun. The priests suborned the sun to do for royalty, what I hired a copper-skinned boy to do for two cents. Memnon still sounds. Yes, and a sharp, *brassy* sound it is; for does it not echo the universal beggar-cry of Egypt—"Backshish-a-Hawagee"—"*Hawagee backshish*."

CHAPTER XXII.

FRAGMENTS OF THEBAN HISTORY—SOURCES—ROSETTA STONE
—HIEROGLYPHICS—ANTIQUITIES.

“O EGYPT! Egypt! Fables alone will be thy future history, wholly incredible to later generations, and naught but the letter of thy stone-engraved monuments will survive!” Such was the prophecy of the Hermetic books, themselves reputed fabulous. Yet Egypt, so long enveloped in a mystery as deep as that which surrounds the sphinx, has at length a history; and her stone-engraved monuments are the living chroniclers of her mighty Past.

Around me are the yet fresh and legible monuments of a city that had stood for sixteen centuries, when Rome was founded; that for thirteen hundred years before David ascended the throne of Israel in Jerusalem, had furnished the major part of the sovereigns of one of the greatest empires of the world; that was at least eight centuries old when Cecrops founded Athens; that had existed full four hundred years when Abraham pitched his tent upon the mountain of Bethel. If not the oldest ruin in the world—for it disputes with Nineveh the palm of antiquity—it is the grandest and the best preserved memorial of ancient times.

But Thebes is not interesting merely as a mighty *ruin* of the past. It is also a *history*, and from the hieroglyphics of its temples and the sculptured chambers of its royal sepulchres, it proclaims the great events of that dim antiquity concerning which we have no written record, but the fragmentary memorials of the book of Genesis. This rude history, carved in granite to commemorate the exploits of kings, and to transmit their names and deeds with the imperishable sarcophagi of their embalmed dust, now interpreted by the skill of learned men, brings incidental

confirmation to the history of the Old Testament, and nowhere contradicts that history.

In all such documents as form the basis of authentic history, our materials for the early history of Egypt are extremely meagre. The legend of Osiris and Isis, the children of Jupiter, who "elevated the race from the condition of cannibals and savages to that of devout and civilized nations, who ate bread, drank wine and beer, and planted the olive, and who built Thebes with its hundred gates, and gorgeous and costly works;" and the period of twenty-four thousand nine hundred years, assigned by Manetho to the reigns of gods, heroes, and manes, have not even the shadow of a historical basis. The genuineness of the forty-two books of Hermes has been questioned by sagacious Egyptologers. Of these books two were books of the chanter; four were books of astronomy; ten were books of the scribe, and treated of hieroglyphics, geography, cosmogony, eclipses, cycles, etc.; ten were ceremonial books; ten were books of the prophets, treating of mythology, with a digest of the laws; and the remaining six were on medicine. None of the originals of these books remain, unless, as Bunsen supposes,¹ the great book of the dead—a papyrus roll now in the museum at Turin—is one of the liturgical series. This conjecture, however, is not received by Lepsius, who has examined the papyrus with great care. Lepsius argues, that "along with such a historical literature engraven in stone," as to this day fills the valley of the Nile, "a corresponding *historical book literature* must have existed; of course much richer and more complete, though we may not be able at present to point out the remains of it."²

The oldest papyri known to exist, do not go farther back than the sixteenth century before Christ; but "this is one thousand five hundred years further back than the oldest remains of book literature in the whole of antiquity put together." The Book of the Dead belongs to the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt, in the fifteenth century before Christ.

Egypt's Place in Universal History, Book 1, pp. 26-31.

² Letters, (Bohn,) p. 394.

That the art of writing was known to the Egyptians at a very early period, is evident from the fact that some of the older monuments have upon them the sign of the papyrus roll, the stylus, and the inkstand. A beautiful specimen of this, and also of the papyrus roll, may be seen in Dr. Abbott's valuable museum of Egyptian antiquities, now in New York. Bunsen considers phonetic and figurative writing as old as Menes. Lepsius states that he found in Thebes the tombs of two *librarians*, — “chiefs over the books,” — of the fourteenth century before Christ; and that he traced the ruins of a library in a temple of the same era, upon whose walls Champollion had previously found “the representations of Thoth, the God of Wisdom, and of Saf, the Goddess of History; then, behind the former, the God of Hearing, and behind the latter, the God of Seeing, which significantly reminded the person who was entering of the locality.”

The early literature of Egypt, as of all nations, was of a religious character, and was chiefly in the hands of the priests. It is claimed, however, by some authorities, that “at the very commencement of our Egyptian history, there was a perfectly formed system of writing, and a universal habit of writing, by no means confined to the priesthood;” that writing had already ceased to be purely hieroglyphic and monumental, and that the indigenous papyrus of the Nile was used as the medium of history. But be this as it may,—admitting that the Egyptians at that high antiquity cultivated “book-writing for literary purposes,” and that in the time of the Persian invasion, there were extant twenty thousand books of Egyptian literature,—yet our knowledge of Egyptian history as derived from books, comes to us altogether at second hand.

The brief allusions to Egypt in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, are the earliest authentic fragments of its history—which is there introduced only as related to the history of another people. “History,” says Bunsen, “was born in that night when Moses, with the law of God—moral and spiritual—in his heart, led the people of Israel out of Egypt.” Before this Egypt has no proper history;

nothing but names and legends, dry records and poetic legends, in which no "individuality" appears.

In this connection, we may rightfully claim for the Hebrew Scriptures as the most ancient documents in the world,—documents that bear intrinsic evidence of their truthfulness, and that have never been impeached,—the same credence and confidence that are given to the writings of Herodotus so many centuries later. Viewed merely as a history, upon the grounds of historical criticism, the Pentateuch should no more be kept on trial to be judged by Herodotus, than Herodotus should be kept on trial to be judged by the Pentateuch. The same critical tests should be applied impartially to both. And I would submit that since the Hebrew Scriptures, as a history, have thus far stood all the tests of criticism commonly applied to ancient documents, they should be received as an historical authority, until their testimony can be successfully impeached.

The oldest historical authority among the Egyptians themselves, is *Manetho* the Sebennyte, a priest of the temple of Isis, who flourished in the time of the first Ptolemy, from 322 to 284 B.C. He compiled in Greek the chronological records of Egypt, from monuments and tradition. Though the original work of Manetho is lost, fragments of it are preserved in Josephus, Eusebius, and others; and we have also the complementary lists of Eratosthenes. These fragments are especially valuable for the lists of Egyptian kings, and the outlines of successive or contemporary dynasties. According to Manetho, the Egyptian monarchy had stood in all three thousand five hundred and fifty-five years, of which two thousand two hundred and fifty pertained to the Old and Middle empires. His lists embrace thirty dynasties, of which from the eighteenth to the thirtieth—a period of thirteen hundred years—none were contemporary.

Herodotus, the father of Greek history, visited Egypt 460, B.C., and formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the priests of the country, from whom he picked up the anecdotes, traditions, and memoirs that formed its then current history. He first reduced the history of Egypt to a scientific form; but he was altogether too credulous and

too admiring; and it is the opinion of the learned, that in reliable chronology we can follow Herodotus no further back than to the seventh century before Christ.

Notwithstanding his facilities for knowing the country and its institutions, Herodotus maintains a most provoking silence just when he has stimulated curiosity to the utmost, and holds in reserve the very facts we most desire to know. His regard for public morals, in suppressing what he had learned of the mysteries of Egyptian worship, coming from a Greek of that period, is as notable as that evinced by *Pio Nono* in suppressing the exhibition of the disinterred wickedness of Herculaneum and Pompeii in the *Museo Buorbonico* at Naples, as prejudicial to the public virtue. It were better, perhaps, that the mummy and the lava should tell to us the whole story of the Past,—its frauds, its vices, and its crimes,—than that their testimony should be suppressed by such censors of morality.

Diodorus Siculus, a Greek of Sicily, visited Egypt in the year 58, b.c. But from his want of a chronological method and of a just discrimination, he added little to the authentic materials of Egyptian history. Bunsen characterizes his work as a “rhetorically patched and plastered Mosaic,” and says that “he smothered with chaff the golden grains of genuine Egyptian tradition.”

After all, but little reliance can be placed upon the lists of Manetho, which have come down to us through such imperfect channels. Sir Gardner Wilkinson well observes, that “the primeval history of states, especially at so remote an epoch, must necessarily be a matter of pure conjecture, since they are beyond the reach of authentic records; and if those nations themselves had handed down to us what they deemed their real annals, we should find them so complicated and improbable, that it would be out of our power to separate truth from fiction. Such is the character of the uncertain fragments of Manetho, preserved by later writers.¹

Well then may we repeat the prediction of the books of Hermes, “O Egypt, Egypt, fables alone will be thy future

¹ Ancient Egyptians, vol. i. n. 22

history, wholly incredible to later generations; and *naught but the letter of thy stone-engraved monuments will endure.*"

Our main reliance for the history of Egypt, must be upon the imperishable monuments on her own soil: those mute, unchanging chroniclers, upon whose face the sculptured Past is ever present to witness for itself. These form the "dial-plate of history." Each temple, each palace, each obelisk, each tomb in Egypt, is not only a monument, but a history of an individual and his times, or of the nation at large. Deep in the face of the imperishable granite or of the firm sandstone that enters into the structure of nearly every building and monument, are graven the names or titles of kings, their own full length portraits, and the leading events of their reigns, in battle scenes, coronation ceremonies, religious and civil processions,—a pictorial history of each monarch, with the manners and customs of the people. These sculptures, unimpaired by moisture or by the growth of lichens, in a climate of almost perpetual drought, and in some instances protected by the fine sand that has drifted in upon them from the desert, retain much of their original freshness, and are far more clean, legible, and sharply defined, than sculptures of a few hundred years ago upon the ruined abbeys, monasteries, and cathedrals of England and Scotland. The sculptures and pictures upon the walls of tombs hewn from limestone rock, and protected from dampness by the absence of rain and of vegetable growth, likewise retain in form and in colouring a distinctness that makes them the speaking witnesses of buried generations. From these records of stone must we learn the history of Egypt, unwritten in books.

To appreciate the present value of these monuments, the reader should bear in mind the preservative influence of the climate of Egypt, and the inducement of a people living in such a climate to commit their historical records to the imperishable stone. The temples of the Upper Nile were chiefly built upon the margin of the desert, beyond the reach of the annual inundation. The valley of the Nile abounds in limestone and sandstone, the best materials for such buildings. In the Lower Nile are found "solid num-

mulite limestone," fit for building, and also limestone "of the finest grain, approaching almost to marble," capable of a high polish and well adapted to the purposes of sculpture. Above Thebes sandstone abounds, and at Assouan sienite and granite.

The Egyptians "had so far overcome the technical difficulty of engraving, both in the most fragile and the hardest kinds of stone, that this seems hardly to have been considered at all, though their signs were not composed of simple mathematical strokes, like the Roman or Greek monumental writing, or the cuneiform writing of the Asiatics, but were at the same time writing and artistic drawing. . . . No colossus was so great, and no amulet so small, that it should not itself express for what it was designed by means of an inscription; no piece of furniture that did not bear the name of its owner. Not only the temples had their dedications, in which the builder was named, and the god to whom it was consecrated by him, but these were considered of such importance that a particular class of independent monuments were especially devoted to them, viz., the obelisks at the entrance of the gates; and besides this, every fresh addition to the temple, every newly erected pillar, actually even the restoration of separate representations, which had been accidentally injured upon the old walls, had a written information respecting which of the kings built it, and what he had done for the enlargement, embellishment, and restoration of the temple. We sometimes find the name of the reigning king recorded upon the separate building stones, as the stone-cutter's mark, and it was usually stamped upon the bricks of royal manufacture."¹

The Chevalier Bunsen eloquently confirms this testimony. "No nation of the earth has shown so much zeal and ingenuity, so much method and regularity, in recording the details of private life as the Egyptians. Every year, month, and even day of their life, under this or that king, was specially noted down. No country in the world afforded greater natural facilities for indulging such a propensity than Egypt, with its limestone and granite, its dry climate,

¹ Lepsius, 379.

and the protection afforded by its deserts against the overpowering force of nature in southern zones. Such a country was adapted not only for securing its monuments against dilapidation, both above and below ground for thousands of years, but even for preserving them as perfect as the day they were erected. In the north, rain and frost corrode, in the south, the luxuriant vegetation cracks or obliterates the monuments of time. China has no architecture to bid defiance to thousands of years,—Babylon had but bricks,—in India the rocks can barely resist the wanton power of nature. Egypt is the monumental land of the earth, as the Egyptians are the monumental people of history. Their contemporary records, therefore, are at once the earliest and most certain source of all Egyptian research.”¹

The key to these records was given in the *Rosetta stone*—a fragment of black basalt about three feet square, found at Rosetta in 1799, by a French engineer who was fortifying the town. This stone bore a threefold inscription; in Greek, in the inchorial, demotic, or common writing of Egypt, and in the ancient hieroglyphic character. The Greek inscription was found to relate to the coronation of Ptolemy Epiphanes, in the second century before Christ; and the importance of the stone as giving a clue to the interpretation of the hieroglyphics was at once perceived by the French savans. By the fortunes of war this stone was at length deposited in the British Museum; but to France as the discoverer of the stone was reserved the honour of deciphering it. Dr. Young found the key but could not open the lock. Champollion, with more than oriental necromancy, fitted the key to every ward. He discovered the hieroglyphic alphabet to be both *pictorial* and *phonetic*;—a picture representing an idea, and the name suggesting also an analogy of sound. Each year makes new additions to the science of interpreting these symbols, and the page of Egypt is unfolded to the scholar of this nineteenth century just as it was written in the nineteenth century before Christ.

The deciphering of the Rosetta stone was such a curious

¹ Egypt's Place in History, Vol. 1, p. 31.

piece of ingenuity, that those not already familiar with the process will be glad to know how it was accomplished. The Rosetta stone has a group of characters inclosed in a ring—now called a *cartouch*, which from its frequent occurrence was assumed to be the proper name PTOLEMY, which occurs several times in the Greek translation under the hieroglyphics. The same ring is found on an obelisk brought from Philae; the Greek inscription on which also mentions the name of Ptolemy and Cleopatra. The obelisk has also another ring, with a different group of characters, and this was conjectured to answer to the Greek name of Cleopatra.

On comparing the rings it was observed that the first character in the name of PTOLEMY corresponded with the fifth in CLEOPATRA, just as in the Greek and the English. This character, therefore, which is a square block, or package, was assumed to be P. The third character in Ptolemy's name and the fourth in Cleopatra's are also alike, both in the Greek and in the hieroglyphics. Hence the knotted cord in the hieroglyphics was assumed to have the power of O. The fourth letter in Ptolemy, and the second in Cleopatra are the same; and in the hieroglyphics both are represented by a lion. This, therefore, has the power of L. Again, the sixth and ninth letters of Cleopatra are the same; and both these are represented by a hawk, which therefore equals A.

With this clue it was easy to construct an alphaphet.¹

The most important monuments in the chronology of Egypt are the “palace-registers” of Thebes and Abydos, which give lists of kings supplementary to those of Manetho and of the Royal Papyrus in the Turin Museum. At Thebes, Thothmes III., who is supposed to have been contemporary with Moses, is represented as making royal offerings to his ancestors, who are styled the kings of the Upper and Lower country, and who to the number of *sixty-one*, are sculptured in rows, sitting on either hand of the reigning sovereigns. At Abydos, Rameses the Great, in like manner, offers libations to fifty ancestors.

¹ See Wiseman's Lectures, and Osborn's Monumental History of Egypt.

In constructing from such materials a chronological history of Egypt, the first point is to make the monuments and the written chronicles tally. Bunsen well remarks, that "the dynastic method confounds contemporaneous and consecutive events in the same series. The historical alone is chronological." As the general result of his own comparisons, he assigns to the old empire thirty-eight kings, and a period of one thousand and seventy-six years; to the middle empire, during the invasion of the Hyksos, fifty-three kings and nine hundred years; and to the new empire, beginning with the eighteenth dynasty, thirteen hundred years. He also affirms that "there exist Egyptian monuments, the date of which can be accurately fixed, of a higher antiquity than those of any other nation known in history, —above *five thousand years*." The chevalier thinks it not worth while, upon so grand a scale, to dispute about a few thousand years; for he claims that by the laws of development there must have been a period of *Origines* before history, which places Egypt in the "middle ages" of man. These extravagant assumptions will be hereafter considered. They serve to show the importance of Egyptian chronology.

All sources and authorities agree that Egypt was colonized from the East, by the emigration of Khem or Ham, and his immediate posterity. It is plain also from a comparison of the monuments in the valley of the Nile, that civilization advanced from the north, and did not enter Egypt from Ethiopia. Lepsius affirms that "nothing can be discovered of a primitive Ethiopian civilization," and that "whatever in the accounts of the ancients does not rest on total misapprehension, only refers to *Egyptian* civilization and art, which had fled in the time of the Hyksos rule to Ethiopia."

When we consider that an agricultural people advance much more rapidly in the arts of civilized life than do shepherd or nomadic tribes, that the immense productiveness of the valley of the Nile would sustain a large population in comparative ease and luxury, that the dependence of the soil upon the yearly inundation would lead its inhabitants to observe the seasons and to note physical phenomena, and

especially the facts of astronomy, and that the preservation of the towns and the irrigation of the fields would alike require the construction of massive dykes, dams, and canals, we can readily believe that at an early period, the valley of the Nile held in its bosom a population of seven millions —well advanced in the art of architecture and in physical science, and capable of rearing the stupendous monuments that we now behold. From their isolated position, the Egyptians had, as a matter of course, a provincial and national development.

Egypt seems at first to have existed under a hierarchical government, administered by the priesthoods collectively or in rotation, as the representatives of the various deities that had already usurped the place of the one God. But in the natural course of things this hierarchical government issued in a monarchy of which Menes is the first known representative. The monarch, however, continued to be of the order of the priesthood, or was initiated into the priesthood on his accession to the throne.

Menes is the starting point in reliable Egyptian history. He is the first truly historical character in the annals of the nation. Before him we find only the fabulous reigns of gods and demi-gods. All Egyptologists agree in regarding Menes as a historical person, and as the head of the Egyptian empire. It is therefore of the utmost importance to Egyptian chronology, to fix with accuracy the era of his reign. This may be proximately ascertained in two ways: viz., by reckoning back from known data through the lists of Manetho and the tablets of Thebes and Abydos, *by an average of reigns*, and by those great astronomical cycles with which the Egyptians marked the annals of their empire. Much will depend, however, upon the question whether certain dynasties were consecutive or contemporaneous;—a question to which I shall presently recur.

Lepsius, assuming the year 340 B.C., to be the concluding year of the Egyptian dominion, adds to this the three thousand five hundred and fifty-five years that Manetho assigns for the duration of the Egyptian monarchy, and thus makes the year 3893 B.C., the first of Menes, which he regards as

perfectly historical. The Chevalier Bunsen, as we have seen, adopts as a general result, three thousand two hundred and seventy-six years as the whole duration of the empire, which, dating back from either the Macedonian or the Persian invasion, would make the era of Menes as remote as that determined by Lepsius, and nearly contemporary with the creation of Adam, according to the commonly received chronology of the Bible.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson makes Menes more modern by more than a thousand years (2320 B.C.) and regards any attempt to fix the precise era of his accession as "fruitless and unsatisfactory." Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, an English scholar of much promise in this department, gives to Menes the more modest era of 2717 B.C., which, however, is still anterior to the Hebrew chronology of the flood. According to this writer, the Egyptian empire began *four thousand five hundred and seventy years ago*. Menes built the city of Memphis nearly opposite the site of modern Cairo, and turned the course of the Nile some twenty miles above the city in order to secure it against inundation. He is supposed to have been a Theban, and either to have founded or enlarged the city of Thebes. This places the foundation of that city nearly three thousand years before Christ. The date of the great pyramid, according to the best authorities, is 2352 B.C. Menes is said to have been killed by a hippopotamus.

With reference to the successors of Menes for about a thousand years, there has been much confusion in Egyptian chronology. The long lists of kings given by Manetho, and supplemented from tablets and papyrus records, have seemed to require by the common average of reigns, a much longer period from Menes to Moses than the chronology of the Hebrew Scriptures allows between the flood and the Exodus. But Mr. Poole, in his *Horae Egyptiacæ*, attempts to solve this difficulty by showing from data hitherto overlooked but seemingly conclusive, that these lists include contemporaneous dynasties,—in one instance not less than four lines of kings over different provinces of Egypt at the same time. We have long been familiar with the invasion of the

Hyksos — kings of Bashan or Canaanites, a mixture of Phenicians and Arabs, known as the Royal Shepherds, who took Memphis about 2080 b.c., and who ruled in Lower Egypt for more than five hundred years, while the capital of Upper Egypt was *Abydos*. The discovery of other contemporary dynasties, announced by Mr. Poole, reduces the chronology of the monuments of Egypt to a near harmony with that of the Septuagint.

To illustrate this point, we may suppose a historian to give a list of all the German sovereigns without intimating that they are contemporaneous rulers over Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, and other divisions of the vast empire of Germany. With this list in hand, we find genealogical registers of particular houses or branches of these reigning families, which omit all reference to others. The problem is, how to harmonize these tables. If we read the first list consecutively, giving to each king an average reign, we shall prolong interminably an empire whose dynasties really run parallel and cover a much shorter period.

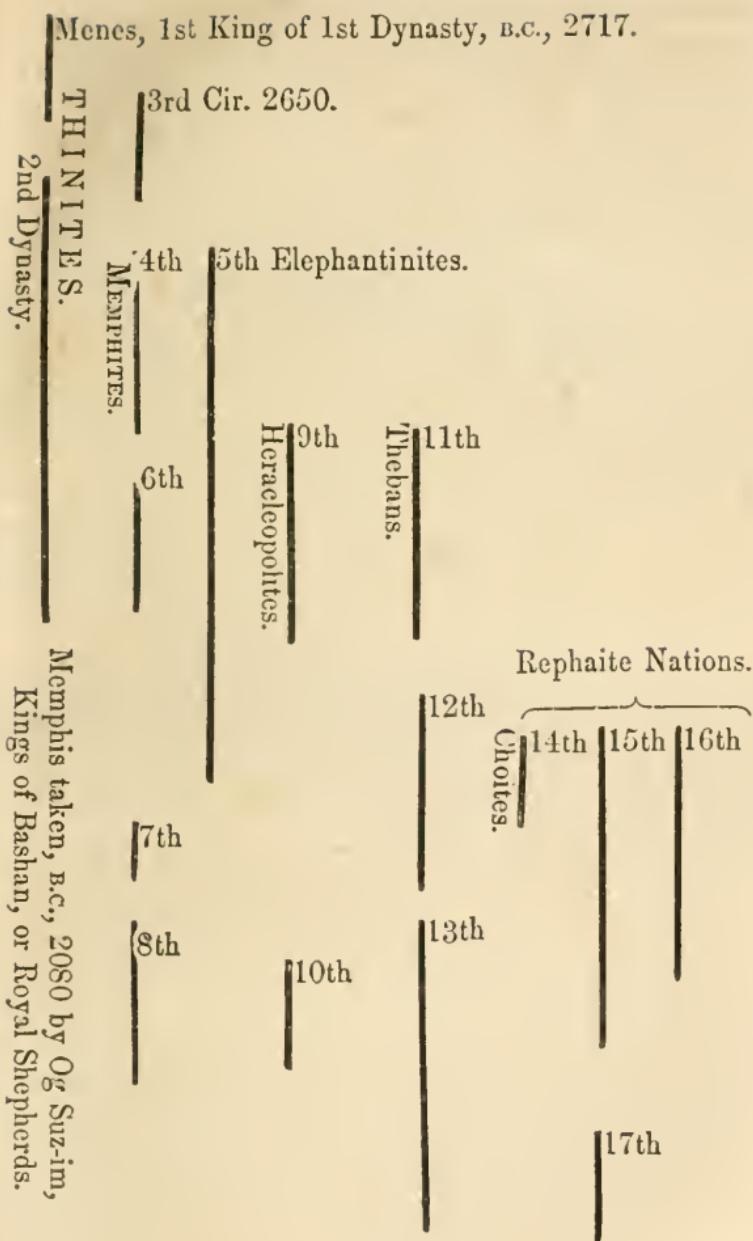
All Egyptologists admit that some of the Egyptian dynasties were contemporaneous, and that the lists of Manetho are not to be read in a continuous chronological line. Indeed, if Manetho's lists are read consecutively, it is impossible to harmonize them with the tablets at Thebes and Abydos.

Lepsius makes this concession, viz.: "That several of the dynasties were contemporaneous, appears to me most decidedly attested; and I have been able to obtain a direct, and, as I believe, a genuine Manethonic proof of it."¹ The Chevalier Bunsen continually corrects Manetho from Eratosthenes, whom he regards as the better authority. He also says expressly, "The thirteenth dynasty from its third king downwards, represents the series of tributary monarchs of the race of *imperial* sovereigns who held possession of Thebes during the time of the Hyksos." Here then, was a tributary Theban dynasty, contemporaneous with the dynasty of the Shepherds in Lower Egypt. The principle of contemporaneous dynasties is thus fully admitted; Mr. Poole merely extends its application. "By the evidence of

¹ Chronology of the Egyptians; dedicated to Bunsen.

“eveal monuments,” some of which he has himself discovered, he proves the contemporaneousness of certain of the first seventeen dynasties with others of the same portion of Manetho’s list. By studying the astronomical subjects on the ceiling of the Memnonium, and the astronomical data of monuments and tombs, he has discovered an astronomical cycle in use among the Egyptians, dating from the coincidence of the vernal equinox with the day of the new moon, —a cycle of fifteen hundred years, called the Tropical Cycle. He has also discovered a great panegyrical year—a cycle of panegyrics or festivals, nearly answering to the prophetical year of the Scriptures, and that the beginning of the first year of this sort, B.C. 2717, is the era of Menes, the first king of Egypt. He has harmonized all the ancient Egyptian divisions of time, and verifies his system by “the consistency of its component parts.” He harmonizes, also, the lists of Manetho and the tablets, and reads intelligently the records of the first seventeen dynasties, that have hitherto given so much perplexity. His system tallies with itself and with the monuments, and synchronizes with all known data of Egyptian history. His readings are accepted by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and his astronomical cycles are confirmed by the calculations of Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich.

Of course, the details of Mr. Poole’s discoveries cannot be given here; but their results are shown in the following diagram, for which I am indebted to the *Journal of Sacred Literature*.



Cir. 1525. Egypt united in the 18th Dynasty.

It is obvious, at a glance, that if all these parallel dynasties were extended in one consecutive line, the chronology of the Egyptian empire would be expanded by thousands of years. But on what grounds does Mr. Poole break them up into parallel lines? This is done chiefly upon the evidence of coeval monuments. For example, in the tomb of a high functionary near the great pyramid, are two inscriptions which declare that the occupant of the tomb was "devoted to Assa," and "devoted to Unas." Now Assa was the fifth shepherd-king of the *fifteenth* dynasty, ruling at Memphis, and Unas was a legitimate Egyptian king, the last of the *fifth* dynasty, who ruled in Upper Egypt. These two dynasties, therefore, were contemporary, which is confirmed by the fact that "in the Royal Turin papyrus, the fifteenth dynasty immediately follows the sixth; the one concluding, and the other commencing in the same fragment." So James I. of England reads James VI. of Scotland, when two dynasties were merged in one.

Again, the royal tablet of Karnac, now in the Louvre, already referred to as containing the names of sixty-one kings, "is divided into Diospolite [Theban] kings and kings contemporary with them." These kings have different titles, according to their relative rank; some being styled "Lords of Upper and Lower Egypt," and others merely having the title "chief" or "prince." This is as if England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland were independent sovereignties, but all of British origin, and Macaulay should engross their monarchs upon one tablet as kings of Britain; an illustration which may serve to show the nature of the evidence of contemporaneousness from coeval monuments. This is enough for the purposes of the present volume. I only add, that Sir Gardner Wilkinson indorses these discoveries of Mr. Poole in the following terms: "I have much pleasure in stating how fully I agree with him in the contemporaneousness of certain kings, and in the order of succession he gives to the early Pharaohs."

The value of the tropical cycle is in fixing with accuracy the date of an early Pharaoh. This is a lunisolar cycle of fifteen hundred years. The hieroglyphical signs of the

conjunction of the vernal equinox with the new moon, occur *twice* upon the Egyptian monuments. The first instance is, in the reign of Amenemha II.—the second king of Manetho's twelfth dynasty—which, from the monuments, can only be approximated to the year 2000, b.c. The second is in the reign of Amasis, the last monarch of the twenty-sixth dynasty, or “when Egypt was a province of the Persian empire under Darius Hystaspes, b.c. 507.”

This second epoch is well known, being but half a century prior to the visit of Herodotus to Egypt, and less than two hundred years before Manetho. Now Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal at Greenwich, by strictly astronomical calculations has ascertained that “the new moon of March, b.c. 506, fell on the 28th day of that month, and the true vernal equinox on the preceding day; and that the new moon of April, b.c., 2005, fell on the 8th day of that month, and the true vernal equinox fell on the preceding day.” Here, then, the sun and moon, set for signs and for seasons, and for days and years, answer as faithful witnesses to the sculptured stone, and fix the date of Amenemha II., the beginning of the first lunisolar cycle of Egyptian chronology, in the year b.c. 2005.

In like manner, by a careful calculation, Mr. Poole verifies the Calendar of Panegyrics, and fixes the date of Menes,—the beginning of the Egyptian monarchy,—when this cycle of festivals had its origin, in the year b.c. 2717.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

“THE annals of the Greeks and Hebrews agree in the early arts and plenty of Egypt: but this antiquity supposes a long series of improvements; and Warburton, who is almost stifled by the Hebrew, calls aloud for the Samaritan chronology.”

With this sneer, the accomplished historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire would set aside the authenticity of the Bible, as if its moral truths, appealing to the deepest consciousness of man, and its religious history of mankind, were invalidated by the errors of transcribers in a few chronological numbers, or by the preference expressed by a biblical scholar for one manuscript or version above another! But Gibbon was too disingenuous to appreciate the scholarly frankness of Warburton.

In the preceding chapter, we have seen that Mr. Poole reduces the proper historical era of Menes to 2717 b. c. But this era of Menes is still anterior to the date of the flood, according to the biblical chronology of Archbishop Usher. Is it, therefore, to be rejected as invalidating the *historical* facts of the Bible, or is the Bible to be questioned in its matters of fact, because the chronology of Egyptian monuments differs from the chronology of the Hebrew text? Neither of these inferences is necessary.

The chronology of the Old Testament is by no means settled on a scientific basis. As it stands in the common text, it harmonizes neither with itself nor with the numerical epochs of Old Testament history, which are given in the New Testament. In the book of kings, four hundred and eighty years are reckoned from the Exodus to the building

of the temple;¹ and in the book of Exodus four hundred and thirty years are given for the sojourning of the Israelites in Egypt.² But the sum of the individual numbers given in the Book of Judges, to mark the rulers from Joshua to Samuel, does not answer fitly to that given in the Book of Kings for the whole period from Moses to Solomon. Again, Paul computes four hundred and fifty years, in round numbers, as the term of the judges from Joshua to Samuel.³

Similar discrepancies exist with regard to the other period,—from Jacob to the Exodus. In Exodus this is given at four hundred and thirty years; but Paul reckons these four hundred and thirty years from the time of Abraham to the giving of the law;⁴ herein following the *Septuagint*, which reads, “Now the dwelling of the children of Israel, which they dwelt in the land of Egypt and *in the land of Canaan*, [i. e. from Abraham to Jacob,] was four hundred and thirty years.” And for this same period we find recorded only four generations.

Here, then, are disagreements in the received chronology, which cannot be harmonized without some change of numbers. The whole difficulty is prior to Solomon. Bunsen admits that from Rehoboam, who was contemporary with Shishak or Sesonchis, of the twenty-second dynasty, to Zedekiah and Jeremiah who were contemporary with Pharaoh Hophra, of the twenty-sixth dynasty, all the Scripture dates in relation to Egyptian history, “*accord in the most satisfactory manner with the traditions and contemporary monuments of Egypt.*” He believes also in the historic personality of Joseph and of Abraham, but regards the biblical record as one of epochs and not of pedigrees. He finds no prominent personage, and no genealogical register, between “Joseph the Settler” and “Moses the Deliverer,” and “no certain chronology” from Moses to Solomon; and indeed “no systematic historical tradition before Solomon.” Now it is well known that the chronology of the *Septuagint* differs materially from that of the Hebrew text. Two causes have been assigned for this. By some it is claimed that the *Septuagint* is entitled to a higher authority than the

¹ 1 Kings vi, 1.

³ Acts xii, 20.

² Exodus xii, 40.

⁴ Gal. iii, 19.

Hebrew text, because, although a version, it is older than any Hebrew manuscript now extant, and may be assumed to conform more nearly to the original text than does the present Hebrew text itself; that is, that the presumption of accuracy in the numbers is in favour of the Septuagint as older, and nearer to the original. The other view is, that "the Septuagint writers altered advisedly our present Hebrew," in view of the chronological data of Egyptian history and monuments. The Greek translation of the Old Testament, known as the version of "the Seventy," was made at Alexandria in the third century before Christ. It was made by men who united the careful culture of the Greek to the religious faith and the ancestral pride of the Jew; men who, as Jews, would guard with jealous care the sacred books and the traditions of their nation, and who, as Alexandrian scholars, would avail themselves of all the collateral light from the books, the traditions, and the monuments of Egypt. They had before them the lists of Manetho, or the sources from which he copied; they had before them all the treasures of that great library of the world — "the heiress of Heliopolis, of Memphis, and of Thebes, where Egyptian and Hellenic wisdom sat side by side;" they had before them the monuments of Egypt, and the means of interpreting those monuments. It cannot be doubted that the Seventy made the most perfect chronological arrangement of the Old Testament history, that a devout religious sentiment, guided by an intelligent acquaintance with contemporaneous monuments, could determine.

Shall we, then, accept their numbers as satisfactory? If Paul did so in one instance, may not we do so in other cases, where the numbers of the Hebrew text are contradictory? It is in numbers, and especially in numbers as indicated by the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, that a *transcriber* would be most likely to err. If the Septuagint,—a version of the Old Testament three centuries older than the New Testament,—offers an harmonious and consistent chronology, why not accept it?

Mr. Poole's discoveries, verified by Mr. Airy's calculations, harmonize with the Septuagint. And on the basis of those discoveries he fixes the date of the Exodus within four

years of Dr. Hales' Chronology, and synchronizes all later biblical dates with the Egyptian monuments. Is not a chronology which, determined from independent sources, harmonizes with that of the most ancient translation from the Hebrew Scriptures, — dating from the third century before our era, — which brings into an intelligible form the lists and records of ancient authorities, which meets all the requisitions of known history, and makes the monuments, the moon, and the stars alike witnesses for its accuracy likely to prove the true chronology of Egypt and of the Bible? That this chronology carries back the flood a few hundred years no more invalidates the *facts* of Bible history, than the preadamic ages of geology invalidate the account of the creation given by Moses. Since biblical chronology is not satisfactorily ascertained from internal evidences, we may well seek to adjust the data of the Bible to a system so well established as this of Mr. Poole. Rightly viewed, his results, as he himself affirms, "vindicate the Bible, showing that the monuments of Egypt in no manner, on no point, contradict that sacred book, but confirm it."

The chronology of the Hebrew text, followed by Usher, gives sixteen hundred and fifty-six years from the creation to the deluge: that of the Septuagint gives for this period two thousand two hundred and sixty-two years. Usher, following the Hebrew, gives two hundred and ninety-two years from the flood to Abraham, and four hundred and seventy-nine years from the Exodus to the building of the temple. Dr. Hales, following nearly the Septuagint, gives for the former one thousand and two years, and for the latter, six hundred and twenty-one. According to Usher, the Creation was B.C. 4004: according to Hales, B.C. 5411.

Such are examples of the differences among learned men with regard to the method and the extent of biblical chronology. The subject is by no means settled. But the discoveries of Mr. Poole, instead of being looked upon with suspicion, when taken in connection with the oldest version from the Hebrew Scriptures, should be welcomed as an approximation to the final and satisfactory settlement of this vexed question.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HISTORY CONTINUED—CORRESPONDENCES WITH THE BIBLE.

THE Christian reader will need no apology for the digression on chronology in the preceding chapter. The verification of the Bible from the monuments of Egypt, must depend upon the determination of chronological eras. It should be borne in mind, however, that the confusion and uncertainty on this subject belong only to the first seventeen dynasties of Manetho's list. The empire of Egypt is computed by the dynasties or the houses of its kings. It will not surprise us that some of these dynasties were brief, or number but few royal names, when we consider that within a little more than half a century France has had two distinct Bourbon dynasties, and the dynasty of Napoleon, besides two republics.

Egyptian history is divided into three grand epochs. The *old empire*, from Menes till the invasion of the Shepherd kings; the *middle empire*, continuing while the Hyksos held possession of Lower Egypt; and the *new empire*, dating from the expulsion of the Shepherds, when all Egypt was reunited under the resplendent eighteenth dynasty of Thebes. The chronological confusion which Mr. Poole has so far adjusted, belongs entirely to the first two epochs. We naturally look to the monuments of Egypt for correspondences more or less full, with the brief allusions to Egypt in Sacred Writ. Such correspondences are chiefly found in the manners and customs of the people as detailed upon the tombs, to be described in a subsequent chapter. But there are occasional correspondences in the monuments themselves, too important to be overlooked. It is commonly supposed that Abraham and Joseph were in Egypt under the Shepherd dynasties. A striking monumental confirmation of

the Bible in the age of Joseph, is found at Heliopolis,—the On of the Scriptures. Of this I shall speak particularly in another place. Sir Gardner Wilkinson makes Joseph contemporary with Osirtasen, or Sesertasen I.; but Mr. Poole makes this monarch a colleague of Amenemha II., and contemporary with Abraham.

From the expulsion of the Shepherds, the current of history flows smoothly on. *Amosis*, a Theban, recovered Lower Egypt from the Shepherds, and united the whole country under one empire. He was probably the Pharaoh “who knew not Joseph;” and as a conqueror from the south, he would naturally seek to strengthen his hold upon the north, by reducing the bulk of its population to slavery. With him began a new era, the eighteenth dynasty,—the golden age of Egyptian history.

The third of this dynasty, Thothmes III., was in all probability the Pharaoh of the Exodus. There are evidences from the sculptures connected with his name, and from his stamp on the bricks of some ruins at Thebes, that this Pharaoh was an extensive builder of temples, monuments, and public works, which accords with the representation in the Scriptures of his exacting of the Israelites such severe labours in the making of brick. Indeed, the process of making brick from clay under the lash of overseers, is among the subjects sculptured on a tomb built during his reign.

The valley of the Nile is full of his monuments. A large section of the temple at Karnac was built by him. A fallen obelisk lying in the third area of the temple, bears his inscription and his portrait, of which I have a copy taken on paper. I have also an unburnt brick with a part of his royal stamp upon it. More perfect specimens of this may be seen in Dr. Abbott’s museum. It comports with the Bible narrative that a Pharaoh, who is represented upon the monuments as a great builder in stone and in brick, should have compelled his subjects to make brick, wearily and under the lash, for the building of cities.

But the most direct and remarkable confirmation of the Scriptures is found in the monumental history of *Sesonchis*,

or *Shishak*, which is sculptured on the outer wall of the grand hall of Karnac. We read in the twelfth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, that “in the fifth year of King Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem,—because, they had transgressed against the Lord,—with twelve hundred chariots and sixty thousand horsemen; and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; and *he took the fenced cities which pertained to Judah*, and came to Jerusalem.

So Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the king’s house.” Now, among the sculptures on the walls of the temple of Karnac, are some pertaining to the reign of Sheshonk I., who reigned from B.C. 980 to B.C. 950, which represent the captives taken by Sheshonk in his expedition against Jerusalem, and also “the names of the captive towns and districts” taken in the same expedition. Among these names, Champollion deciphered that of “*the kingdom of Judah*,” and also such familiar names as Taanach, Bethshan, Lehi, Megiddi, Hebron—all cities of Palestine—and also the valley of Hinnom and the great place, or Jerusalem. And here—what every one may read—are Jewish captives, their physiognomy as marked in the sculpture as that of any tenant of the Jews quarter in Frankfort on the Maine, or of Chatham Street in New York,—their hands bound together, their ears nailed to the executioner’s pillar, their eyes uplifted in agony and terror, as the sword is about to descend upon their heads. We need no Hebrew chronicle to tell us that this Egyptian monarch who here immolates Jewish captives before his divinity, has returned flushed with victory and spoil from the land of Judah. Here, indeed, may we read “sermons in stones.”

It was either in the earlier part of the reign of this monarch or in that of his predecessor, that Solomon made his “affinity” or alliance with Egypt, which was consummated by his marriage with the daughter of the reigning “Pharaoh,” who seems to have been his favourite wife. As the Egyptian dynasty of that era was still from Thebes,—as it had been from the days of Moses,—there is no doubt

that the wise and powerful king of Israel, whose reign of forty years made Jerusalem resplendent in all the earth, sustained by marriage the relation of a son to one of the mummied tenants of these sculptured tombs. Hence it was that the commercial fleet of Solomon, manned by the seamen of Tyre, swept with safety the Red Sea, then the highway of commerce between Egypt, Arabia, and the East, and brought to him "the gold of Ophir" to swell the magnificence of his capital. But this affinity was short-lived ; for before the death of Solomon, Egypt became the refuge of Hadad the Edomite, an enemy of Solomon, who "found great favour in the sight of Pharaoh," and who married the sister of Taphenes, his queen; and also the refuge of Jeroboam, whom Solomon sought to kill, that he might not wrest the kingdom from his own son. The same temple that records the name of the ally and the father-in-law of Solomon, records also the name of the conqueror of his son Rehoboam, and from its hieroglyphics, preserved for almost three thousand years, bears witness to the fidelity of the sacred historian.

Other sculptures here represent the wars of the Egyptians with various Asiatic nations, and some of these doubtless might be harmonized with the allusions to such wars in the Old Testament, as, for example, in 2 Chronicles xxxv, 20.

From the age of Shishak we mark the decline of Egypt until the Persian invasion: then followed the invasions of the Greeks and the Romans, and, after those of the Saracens and the Turks; with other intermediate invasions from Ethiopia and from the desert, till Egypt has become "the basest of the kingdoms;"—a mere dependancy of a distant sovereign, without a prince of her own. Nearly every one of those invasions has left its distinct traces upon the architecture of Thebes; so that the remark of Isaac Taylor respecting the walls of Jerusalem may be applied with equal truth to Thebes, that here are found *strata* in architecture, the leisurely deposits of the successive military inundations that have swept over the land.

It has been questioned whether there is any direct allu-

sion to Thebes in the Old Testament. Yet it would be strange if this great capital, "which could furnish twenty thousand armed chariots from its vicinity," which was for centuries the emporium of the lucrative trade of Arabia and of Ethiopia, which gathered to itself the wealth and the luxury of the known world, and whose magnificence was characterized by the epithet given to it by Homer nine hundred years before the Christian era—"Thebes of the Hundred Gates"—which, whether understood of the gates of the city wall or of the gates of its numerous temples, is equally indicative of wealth and power,—it would be strange if such a city were omitted in the frequent references of the writers of the Old Testament to the cities of Egypt that constituted the strength and glory of the land. Of the thirteen cities of Egypt mentioned in the Old Testament, eight of which are enumerated by Ezekiel in the thirtieth chapter of his prophecy, the sites of all, or nearly all, can be identified, with the exception of "No," which seems to have been the most important. The city is referred to also by Jeremiah (chap. xlvi, 25,) and by Nahum iii, 8. In the margin it is called "*Amun No.*"

Upon this name Sir Gardner Wilkinson remarks, "This passage from Nahum is very interesting. 'Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the waters, that had the waters round about it; whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength; Put and Lubin were thy helpers.' The word *Iarim*, 'the rivers,' is the Hebrew plural of the Egyptian word *iaro*, 'river,' applied to the Nile. The word sea is, in the Hebrew, water or waters, and does not apply exclusively to the sea. 'Populous No' should be No or Na-Amun, taken from the Egyptian H I N A M O V N, or A M O V N-H I, 'the abode of Amun,' or *Diospolis*."¹

Amun, the Egyptian Jupiter, was the chief deity worshipped at Thebes; and if we suppose Thebes to have stood for all Egypt, as Jerusalem sometimes stands for the land of Palestine, Rome for the Empire, Athens for Greece, Paris for France, then the description of Nahum well

¹ *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. 1, p. 12.

applies to it. The prophet seems to have taken the capital for the country when he speaks of Ethiopia and Egypt as the strength of Amun-No, and adds that it was "infinite;" and so Jeremiah seems to use interchangeably the names No, Pharaoh, and Egypt, to denote the same power. Here was a city of vast wealth and power, from which probably Solomon received the horses, and the chariots, and the linen, that went to make up his wealth, and this city was included in the fearful threatenings of later prophets against Egypt. The ruins of Thebes stand as a comment upon those prophecies no less mournful than the utter desolation that marks the site of Noph.

It was predicted that No should be "cut off" and "rent asunder," that Egypt should go into captivity, and that it should ever after be the "basest of the kingdoms;" that it should no more exalt itself above the nations nor rule over them, and that it should no more have a prince or dynasty of its own, but should be subject to foreign sway (see Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.) Moreover, this destruction was foretold as coming from the east and from the north, from the nations that bordered upon the Euphrates, as well as from intestine wars. Now the monumental history of Egypt teaches us that the Dynasty of Diospolitans, or Thebans, which had stood for upwards of seven hundred years, was superseded first by a king from Lower Egypt, then by Ethiopian invaders, then again by the *Saites* from Lower Egypt, denoting a state of internal commotion, and this mostly after the time of Isaiah; and also that within fifty years from the date of Ezekiel's prediction and seventy-five years after the captivity of Jehoiakim in Egypt, Cambyses conquered Egypt, and established a dynasty of Persian monarchs that lasted for a hundred years. The traces of his invasion may still be seen at Thebes in the partial destruction of some of its proudest monuments. I have already referred to the overthrow of the statue of Rameses the Great in front of the Memnonium,—the most stupendous statue ever reared, felled and broken by his revengeful arm.

Daniel saw in his vision four great monarchies, which in succession overspread the earth, and then were destroyed.

Each of these monarchies conquered Egypt, and three of them—the Persian, the Macedonian, and the Roman—here established their own dynasties of kings or viceroys. The same temples and monuments that record the names of the Egyptian Pharaohs, record the names of Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes, and other Persian kings, and the names of the Ptolemies, who administered the government of Egypt under the Macedonian and the Roman empires; so that at Thebes, as in one vast sepulchre, lie buried all the empires of the world from the migration of Mizraim to the fall of Rome. Each hath apart its own sepulchre, and the place of some no man knoweth to this day; but here too all lie entombed together. I find here the name of Rome written upon the sepulchre of thrice vanquished Egypt, and yet I have already looked upon the grave of Rome, that then seemed covered with the mould of ages. Standing here amid the *Hades* of kings and empires, as one by one goes down into the pit,—the conqueror and the conquered to one common grave,—I can realize that terrible imagery of the prophets—“I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall, when I cast him down to hell with them that descend into the pit. . . . They also went down into hell with him to them that be slain with the sword; and they that were his arm, that dwelt under his shadow in the midst of the heathen. . . . Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say to thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like to us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. (Ezek. xxxi, 16, 17, and Isaiah xiv, 9–12.)

CHAPTER XXV.

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THEBES—MEMORIALS OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

FORMER visitors at Thebes will remember that, after passing the great colonnade of Amunoph in the temple of Luxor, and the covered portico of thirty-two columns, they crawled through an aperture near the south-western angle of the old wall, under the rubbish of Arab hovels, and entered by one or two chambers partially excavated, into a hall supported by four columns, whose walls were adorned with curious sculptures in a tolerable state of preservation. Adjacent to this was what is termed the “sanctuary,” in Sir Gardner Wilkinson’s Handbook. This part of the temple has recently been more thoroughly excavated and explored, so that instead of crawling through a hole in the wall, the visitor now enters upon the level of the old floor, twenty feet below that aperture. From the southern side of the temple—towards the old Roman quay—he first enters a spacious hall, supported by twelve columns, each upwards of forty feet in height. The sculptures of this hall are much defaced, but they bear marks of painting, and possibly of gilding; these, however, are more apparent upon the broken columns of the small roofless area that lies yet south of this covered hall. In the centre of this hall is a lofty sculptured gateway on the northern side, which having once been walled up with fragments of sculptured stone, is now again partly opened, and leads into a main passage, with two lateral passages which surround the area, and unite at the opposite extremity, where is a corresponding gateway, also walled up, through which a broken entrance leads to another chamber, from which an aperture, now some fifteen feet

from the floor, still leads to the before-mentioned hall, with four columns. This, however, can be reached only with a ladder, which the government has not yet provided; but there are indications of a doorway leading down, which by another year will be fully opened. The sculptures in these halls and chambers are in a remarkably good state of preservation; some of the smaller subjects in the lateral halls having been cut to the depth of an inch, and now being brought out from the debris of centuries as if fresh from the chisel. There are several heads, as well executed as any to be found in the temples or the tombs at Thebes. The sculptures relate principally to offerings to various divinities; but on the north face of the inner chamber is a representation of a feast, in which fish, oxen, fruits, and edibles of all sorts are profusely spread, and servants are in active attendance. Some of the smaller subjects also represent bread and fruits with great accuracy. At the northern extremity of the second chamber is another gateway, corresponding with that on the opposite side. This seems to indicate that the hall first entered may have been a portico furnishing an entrance from the south, from which a succession of gates communicated with the covered portico of thirty-two columns, and so on through the grand colonnade to the principal gateway on the north, that of Rameses II. This part of the temple having been marred by the Persians, was restored under Alexander.

These excavations have been conducted under the superintendence of *Mons. G. V. Maunier*, who holds an appointment for artistic sketches of the monuments of Egypt, from Abbas Pasha, the present Viceroy. Mons. Maunier has taken up his abode in a suite of apartments constructed upon the roof of the temple, which are "artistically" arranged in French-oriental style; and, when graced by the presence of his amiable lady, have an air of simple elegance, in striking contrast with the squalor of the surrounding hovels and their inhabitants. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, while pursuing his researches in Egypt, in like manner prepared a habitation among the monuments he was exploring, and transferred the comforts of English life to the sepulchres of

Egyptian kings. It is quite possible to construct a cool, neat, and comfortable residence within such precincts, and at a moderate expuse. This is the proper course for the scholar and the artist, who would explore Egypt thoroughly. With a library, and his family about him, he can enjoy the present while investigating the past. Nor will he lack for society in the winter season, when hundreds of travellers visit the Upper Nile. Mr. Maunier is yet in the prime of life, and has come to Egypt with the intention, if necessary, of devoting ten years to his researches. He is an accomplished artist, and has with him a fine apparatus for photographic pictures, by the aid of which he will transfer to an album whatever is curious and instructive in the remains of Thebes. Such a work should be in the library of every literary institution, and of every private gentleman who would combine valuable knowledge with cultivated taste.

Mr. Maunier is not merely an artist, he is also versed in Egyptian antiquities, and will pursue his labours with the enthusiasm of a scholar. He has recently found at Karnac, a twin pair of figures, executed in the same block of black granite, which, if it be not a contradiction in terms, may be styled *colosei in miniature*, for with the semblance of all the colossal figures, they have a stature of only two and a half feet. They are in perfect order, and the hieroglyphics show them to have been a priest and priestess of the era of Joseph. If Mr. Maunier is correct in his reading, these are among the oldest monuments of Thebes, older than the colossal hawk removed by Lepsius, a few years since, from the adytum of the section of the Karnac temple built by Thothmes III., the contemporary of Moses. There is no doubt, however, that Osirtasen I., the contemporary of Joseph, built the oldest portion of the great temple which can now be identified. The black granite from which these statues were hewn, is as hard and as smooth as polished iron.

But the most interesting discovery that Mons. Maunier has made, relates to the fourth century of the Christian era. It is well known, that under the lower empire, and down to the time of the Arab invasion, the Christians had a very large

church at Medeenet Haboo, on the western bank of Thebes, the ruins of which are still found within the principal area of the temple in that quarter. Some are of opinion that Thebes was at that time the site of a Greek bishop's see. Traces of the Christian ascendancy may be seen at Karnac, in the columnar edifice of Thothmes III., where the sign of the cross, and the figures of Christ and of one of the apostles frescoed upon a stucco laid over the ancient sculptures, indicate that this also was appropriated as a place of Christian worship. The excavations on the northern face of the section of the temple of Luxor, already referred to, have brought to light a large fresco of the age of Constantine. The northern gateway, which, like the two behind it, has been walled up with fragments of ancient masonry, upon its outer face is converted into an arched recess, before which stand two small columns of sandstone, whose capitals bear a rude resemblance to the Corinthian order. This recess, with the wall on either side, and the angle of the wall toward the north-east, making a surface of about fifty feet by fifteen, is covered with frescoes of the size of life, representing St. George (the patron saint of the Copts) and the dragon, the apostles, and other objects not fully identified. Some of the paintings retain considerable freshness of colour, while others are much defaced. The stucco was laid over the original sculptures upon the wall of the temple, which are still visible where this plaster has been broken. By this method the Christians sought to conceal these wherever they did not deface them, and they have thus unwittingly preserved some of the choicest specimens of the old Egyptian art. Here, then, within the area of an old heathen temple, which dates back more than three thousand years, and whose founder was "the supposed *Memnon* of the vocal statue," was fashioned a Christian church, when, after the persecutions that continued with so little interruption from Nero to Diocletian, the conversion of Constantine exalted Christianity above the old idolatries, as the established religion of the Roman Empire, of which Egypt was then an appendage. Before the age of Constantine the Christians of Egypt, though they had greatly

multiplied since Apollos, the eloquent disciple of Alexandria, and other "dwellers in Egypt," converted on the day of Pentecost, together with the noble treasurer of the Ethiopian queen, had first carried the Gospel to that land, could not have been in a political condition that would admit of their taking possession of the temples of the land, and transforming them into churches. But in the reign of Constantine this was extensively done throughout the Roman empire; and under Theodosius, the temples of the heathen were even violently destroyed by imperial command. After his reign, however, the various causes that led to the dissolution of the Roman empire, already dismembered, reduced the political power of Christianity, until it was swept away before the Arab invasion and the frenzied zeal of the followers of Islam. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude, that the fresco at Luxor belongs to the fourth century of the Christian era, which began with Constantine and closed with Theodosius.

As a painting, this fresco has no great merit, though it is fully equal to certain frescoes I wot of in pulpit recesses in New York churches, and quite as much in keeping with the place. But as a monument of early Christianity it is most interesting, and especially as showing *how* early Christianity, under the patronage of emperors and bishops, was perverted from its original simplicity. St. George and the dragon was no great improvement upon Amun, the presiding divinity of this temple, before it was converted into a church. Whether viewed in an artistic, a philosophical, or a religious point of view, I cannot see wherein a picture of a saint on a red horse, with a troop of retainers, thrusting his lance into the jaws of a green dragon, is more effective than a colossal sculpture of a divinity, upon whom the serpent waits, as the symbol of wisdom and of eternity. After all, such a Christianity is but heathenism plastered and painted over at the sacrifice of grandeur and of power.

After the plaster and the paint, came the mud of the Nile, and the sand-dust of the mountains, and covered both temple and church, while the rude Arab built his hovel upon the buried roof, and squatted cross-legged, smoking his

pipe over the perished grandeur of four empires—Egypt, Persia, Greece, and Rome—and bowed his head to the prophet upon the grave alike of pagan and of Christian idolatry. Now, at length, the hovels are to be swept away by the pickaxe and basket of the explorer, and the temple is to be reopened in its original proportions. When these excavations shall have been completed, the ruins at Luxor will be second only to those of Karnac, presenting a continuous line of gateways, corridors, areas, and temples eight hundred feet in length by from one hundred to two hundred feet in breadth, and containing some of the best specimens of the old Egyptian sculpture. If, then, the old avenue to Karnac shall be restored, and the buried fragments of sphinxes, obelisks, and colossi, made to line as of old this *dromos* of more than a mile in length, reaching from the massive gateway of Rameses II. at Luxor to the no less majestic, though isolated gateway, of Ptolemy Euergetes at Karnac, Thebes in her ruin will exhibit a wonder such as the world has not seen since her fall.

It is to be hoped that Mons. Maunier will be continued in his office till this great work is accomplished. Just now, however, all labour is suspended in consequence of the new conscription for the army, for fear of which the labourers have deserted their homes and have fled to the mountains, where they are hunted by soldiers who, a few years since, doubtless themselves fled from a similar conscription. What a comment is this upon a government, which with one hand compels Labour for a pittance to disentomb the past, and with the other drives Labour to bury itself in the rocks, where kings built their sepulchres. Labour groaning under Despotism built those mighty monuments; Labour groaning under Despotism digs out their ruins; Labour groaning under Despotism seeks a momentary refuge from Egypt's petty tyrant, among the tombs of Egypt's most resplendent dynasty.—“IT SHALL BE THE BASEST OF THE KINGDOMS.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TOMBS OF THEBES—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

THE tomb, in an American cemetery, is always uninviting;—dark, damp, drear, an arched vault under ground; or if above ground, overgrown with moss and trickling with moisture—still sombre and drear. But the tombs of the Egyptians were rather temples or palaces for the repose of the dead—not dug under ground, but hewn from the solid rock in mountains that have no surface of soil, but that bleach evermore under an unclouded sun. These mountain catacombs appear most striking in the neighbourhood of Thebes.

If the founders of Thebes showed their forecast in selecting for its site a plain to which the Nile brought its vast tribute of alluvium from the mountains of Ethiopia, and its still greater tribute of commercial wealth from the empires of the south, and to which as a natural depot the caravans from the Red Sea brought the treasures of Arabia, of Persia, and of the Indies, they showed no less a sense of the sublime and the beautiful in nature in choosing a plain, embosomed within such mountains as on either hand protect this from the devouring desert. Mountains there are, all along the valley of the Upper Nile. But nowhere do they tower into peaks and break into spurs with minor valleys, as they do here. Still here, as throughout the valley, the mountains are utterly bare of vegetation, and glare with the drifted sand from the desert reflecting the burning sun. At Thebes the Arabian chain runs first south-easterly, then makes a bold sweep toward the west, while the Lybian chain advances its columns along the western bank of the river, confronting those of the opposite side, and together

with these forming a huge circular basin. These mountains abound in petrified shells, and are throughout of a yellowish limestone.

But their main interest does not lie in their picturesque collocation, nor in their geological structure. These were the burial places of the kings, and queens, and priests of Egypt, and of her private men of wealth. Such tombs are found everywhere in the mountains along the Nile, but nowhere in such profuse grandeur as at Thebes, or coupled with such illustrious names. Thebes is the grave of empires. We have seen in succession all the great powers of the old world first victorious, then decaying, then dying upon its soil. The sepulchre of Egypt entombs also Persia, Greece, and Rome.

But not only are all empires buried at Thebes—a world is buried here also. It is computed that from eight to ten millions of human mummies were deposited in the catacombs of this one city; a number four or five times as great as the whole present population of Egypt, and equal to one hundredth part of the present population of the globe. As I stood upon the Lybian mountains that overlook the plain of Thebes,—which the wealth, and power, and the religious sentiment of generations long since departed had perforated for miles, and had adorned with wondrous art for their place of sepulture,—and with buried millions under my feet, and the desecrated tombs of kings on every hand, looketh forth over the plain where once they dwelt in conscious power, and in its whole circumference of fifty miles saw only a few scattered villages of beggarly Arabs, and over the vast area of the ancient city saw only the four or five half-buried and shattered temples that mark its site, I felt the meaning of those words, **ALL FLESH IS AS GRASS, AND ALL THE GLORY OF MAN AS THE FLOWER OF GRASS.**

In one sense, the Egyptians made preparation for death the great business of life. From the day of his accession to the throne, the monarch began to prepare his sepulchre; and the extent of the excavation for his palace-tomb, and also the extent and the style of its decorations, would

commonly be in proportion to the duration of his reign; for in lieu of a written history, he would cause the leading actions and events of his life to be painted or sculptured upon the walls of the sepulchre that was to entomb his remains. In like manner, the priest would cause his tomb to be illustrated with the religious ceremonies in which he was accustomed to participate, and the private man of wealth would adorn his tomb with scenes from domestic life,—the arts, manners, and customs of his times. Thus it comes to pass, that on the walls of these tombs we trace the life of the old Egyptians that is nowhere written in books; and, instead of gloomy sepulchres of the dead, we find ourselves as it were, in the glowing halls of the living.

We will enter one of these halls—that known as *Belzoni's* tomb, from its modern discoverer. Climbing for several hundred feet the face of the naked limestone mountain, you arrive at a doorway chiselled with architectural symmetry, and entering this you immediately descend twenty-four feet by a flight of steps hewn from the rock, and then go forward for about a hundred feet by a series of passages, staircases, and small chambers, all cut with mathematical precision through the solid rock, and adorned on both sides with fine sculptures: next, you enter a hall supported by four pillars, cut true and smooth from the solid rock, and which, as well as the walls, are decorated with fine sculptures and painting, whose colours are yet brilliant; then by a succession of passages you proceed to the grand hall twenty-seven feet square, which is supported by six pillars, upon whose sides is represented the king in the presence of various divinities; from this you enter various side-chambers, and a vaulted saloon nineteen feet by thirty, where the alabaster sarcophagus of the deceased monarch was deposited. All around this room is a divan of stone, some three feet high by as many deep. On either side of the grand hall is a staircase, descending a hundred and fifty feet into the heart of the rock, where the work of excavation was left unfinished. The whole horizontal length of this excavation is three hundred and twenty feet, and the perpendicular descent is one hundred and eighty feet. Its sculptures are very fine, and in excellent preservation.

There were three modes of adorning the interior of an Egyptian tomb. One was to smooth down the face of the rock, and then cut the sculptures in bas-relief or in *intaglio*—as in a cameo reversed;—another was to cover the sides of the tomb with stucco, and then to cut the figures upon this; and the third, to paint upon the stucco. Where the sculptures were originally cut deep into the natural rock, they remain nearly perfect; but wherever stucco was used, the sculptures and paintings have suffered much from the recklessness of Arabs and the pilfering propensities of travellers. Their remarkable preservation is owing to the extreme dryness of the rock and of the climate, and to the fact that they were so long hidden from the destroying hand of man. No rain nor vegetable mould has reached them in the three thousand years and upwards that have elapsed since many of them were wrought. Belzoni's tomb is wrought throughout in the exactest architectural proportions, and with the most exquisite finish of sculpture and of painting. The grand hall, when illuminated by torchlight or with blazing straw, presents an imposing spectacle. The cow, the lion, the serpent, the crocodile, all well drawn and well coloured, adorn the sides of the ceiling, as symbols of religious sentiments, while the pillars reflect the king in the assembly of the gods.

But the most interesting chamber in this tomb, is one in which the sculptures are *unfinished*, and you see the original draught in red lines, corrected and improved by black lines traced over them, preparatory to the labour of the chisel. The occupant of the tomb died before his original plan was executed.

Many of the tombs at Thebes contain single chambers as large as a common-sized village church. Some are larger than the largest churches in New York. The most extensive tomb yet opened is that of the *Assaseef*, a sect of the priesthood. This tomb contains one hall a hundred and three feet by seventy-six: another about sixty feet square, with a row of pillars on each side: then follow corridors and side-halls, and a long passage hewn around the rock and terminating in yet another hall, in which is a pit of immense depth, where probably the sarcophagus was deposited. On

entering this tomb, you go straight forward a distance of three hundred and twenty feet; its total length is eight hundred and sixty-two feet; and the whole excavation is twenty-four thousand square feet, or more than half an acre, while "from the nature of its plan, the ground it occupies is an acre and a quarter." This tomb will serve to illustrate the wealth, the power, and the religion of ancient Egypt. Vast as it is, it is not a royal sepulchre. Others like it were the tombs of private individuals. The fact that the inhabitants of Thebes and of every city that once adorned the Nile, converted the mountains that fence in the river into catacombs, filled with temple-tombs excavated with so much labour and skill, and adorned with such profusion of painting and sculpture—even after all allowance for the cheapness of labour in ancient times—indicates the largeness of their resources; while the fact that so much wealth was turned into this channel, shadows forth their belief in an existence after death, and also in the immortality of the body which they so carefully embalmed, and thought to preserve inviolate in the heart of the mountain.

But our interest is, mainly, with the life of the old Egyptians, as we find this sketched upon these sepulchral palaces. One of the most interesting tombs for this study is known to explorers as the *Harpers*. In this we find a series of chambers—probably designed for the servants and chief officers of the owner of the tomb—each illustrating different departments of domestic life. The first is a cooking scene; and from the first glance it is evident that the men who built these monuments were not vegetarians. Their entertainments did not open, like that of the Vegetarian Society, with pea soup, to be followed by sundry courses of farinaceous dishes, closing with bran and saw-dust pudding. Here are oxen slaughtered whole: a tripod over a fire on which meat is roasting; mince meat, and a hanging safe, with other contrivances of modern kitchens for keeping provisions from vermin;—possibly they were acquainted with Lyon's Magnetic Powder, the flea powder of the East; other cooks are kneading dough and preparing seedcake.

In another chamber we see the feast in progress: the

retinue of servants in waiting, and bands of musicians to entertain the guests. Another apartment exhibits the style of furniture. Here we see representations of sofas, divans, and stuffed and painted arm-chairs. Here are vases of porcelain; leopard skins, prepared for ornaments; basins and ewers; fans, and embroidered articles; specimens of which are in Dr. Abbott's museum. In another are portrayed agricultural employments. Here we see an inundation of the Nile; the process of sowing and of reaping; the common fruits of the country, grapes and dates; also birds and eggs. We find the same rude plough already described as in common use. In some tombs we learn the popular sports: wrestling, dancing, gymnastic exercises, fishing and the chase. In others are seen triumphal processions; representing kings and conquered nations, or religious ceremonials. Captives are seen beheaded, or with their right hands cut off. From one tomb I copied a sculpture of a negro slave with marked physiognomy. Slaves are frequently depicted; one female slave is seen in the disagreeable act of holding a ewer to her mistress, who is relieving herself of a surfeit of food. Comical touches and caricatures are often introduced in these decorations.

One of the most interesting tombs at Thebes is that of *Rochscere*, "the overseer of public buildings," under Thothmes III.—probably the Pharaoh of the Exodus. I have already spoken of this monarch as a great architect, and the subjects represented on the walls of this tomb illustrate this fact. It was appropriate that the tomb of his master-builder should be illustrated by such subjects. Here the monarch is seen presenting obelisks to the divinity, and these obelisks are found at this day in the temple of Karnac. Here, too, is depicted the *whole process of brickmaking*—the slaves of the king shaping the mud of the Nile into crude brick, just as the *fellahs* are seen doing at this day. Taskmasters with whips are stationed at intervals among the workmen, a pictorial representation of the scenes that daily occurred among the Israelites in their cruel bondage. The picture is so far defaced that the features of the workmen cannot be distinguished; but the scene itself, depicted in this tomb, is

a suggestive confirmation of the narrative in Exodus. The characteristic scenes of the era are building scenes; and in the taskmaster's tomb slaves are seen making brick under the lash.

The incidental confirmations of the Bible from the tombs of Egypt, are numerous and striking. The curious reader will find many of these collected in Hengstenberg's *Egypt and the Books of Moses*, and in Osborne's *Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth*. I can barely allude to them here.

The Bible alludes to Egypt only incidentally, but always in terms that indicate in that country a high state of wealth, power, and civilization in the time of Joseph. Some of its allusions also indicate a state of society, and a religious belief, differing from other nations. All these allusions are confirmed by coeval monuments, showing that the writer of the Pentateuch must have been in Egypt, and that he wrote of it as a familiar country. For example:—

Joseph was bought as a slave.

Slaves are depicted on the oldest monuments.

Joseph was exalted to be steward.

The steward, with his books, is represented on the tombs over every great household.

Joseph used a cup in divining.

Divining with a cup is pictured on the tombs.

Pharaoh dreamed of kine from the river.

The cow and the river are symbols of plenty.

Pharaoh gave Joseph a gold chain upon his neck.

This ornament is seen in the picture of princes, and gold ornaments of ancient Egyptian manufacture are to be seen in Abbott's museum.

Joseph built storehouses for grain.

Pictures of granaries are found in coeval tombs.

Joseph's brethren *sat* at meat.

In the pictures of feasts, in the tombs, the guests are seen sitting instead of reclining.

Jacob was embalmed and was buried with great mourning.

The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and long funeral processions are found upon the tombs.

The Israelites made bricks with straw.

Chopped straw is found in ancient bricks.

Moses was put in an ark of papyrus and bitumen.

These were in common use for mummy cases.

The daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe.

There is on a tomb a picture of a female bathing, attended by four maids. Such public exposure of women is not oriental, but Egyptian.

The Israelites were pursued with chariots.

Every battle scene abounds in chariots of war.

Miriam rejoiced with timbrels.

Timbrels and harps were Egyptian instruments of music.

In erecting the tabernacle in the wilderness, the Israelites were called upon to work in precious stones; in refining and working metals; in carving wood and preparing leather; in spinning, weaving, embroidery, and the preparation of oils. These arts they must have learned in Egypt; and *all* these arts are represented upon contemporaneous history. Not more certainly do the physical features of Palestine testify that the Bible was mainly written in that country, than do the tombs of Egypt witness that the author of the Pentateuch was skilled in all the arts and manners of the Egyptians.

In several of the tombs are representations of mechanic arts, such as those of the carpenter, the currier, the boat-builder,—the boat having the same form and managed in the same way as the boats now seen on the Nile,—the maker of chariots, the worker in metals, the manufacturer of musical instruments, the linen weaver, and the *glass-blower*. This last assures us that the antiquity of glass making dates far back of the accidental melting of silicious sand at the mouth of the Belus. Some fine specimens of ancient Egyptian glass are contained in Dr. Abbott's museum. I have in my own possession a tolerable specimen of its texture and quality. All the arts alluded to by Isaiah as practised in Egypt, are here sketched upon the tombs.

The religious belief of the Egyptians, and especially their faith in immortality, is portrayed by symbols on the walls of these tombs. This topic must be reserved for another chapter; but I cannot omit to mention here a pictorial representation of human life, beginning with birth and passing

through all the periods of life, then terminating in a funeral procession, where the human-headed and winged serpent is conspicuous, and the mummied corpse is borne in a boat supported by sphinxes. Beyond the sarcophagus is seen that exquisite symbol of immortality, *a child in a winged globe*. This is a pictorial book of the dead, representing the gradual passage of the deceased to the realms of light.

It is impossible, within the present limits, to enumerate even in the way of a catalogue, all the subjects detailed upon the tombs at Thebes. The curious reader will find numerous copies in the splendid work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. But to one upon the ground, defaced as the paintings and sculptures now are by the vandalism of Arabs and of antiquaries, it seems, as he goes from tomb to tomb, that he is visiting the picture galleries, the manufactories, and the private houses of the old Egyptians, and mingling familiarly in their every day scenes. It is not death, but life, one here beholds; or, rather, as at Pompeii, life exhumed from the chambers of the dead. In the eloquent language of Dr. (now Cardinal) Wiseman, “When, after so many ages of darkness and uncertainty, we see the lost history of this people revive, and take its stand beside that of other ancient empires; when we read the inscriptions of its kings, recording their mighty exploits and regal qualities, and gaze upon their monuments, with the full understanding of the events which they commemorate, the impression is scarcely less striking to an enlightened mind, than what the traveller would feel, if, when silently pacing the catacombs at Thebes, he should see those corpses, which the embalmer’s skill has for so many ages rescued from decay, on a sudden burst their cerements, and start resuscitated from their niches.”¹

These old Egyptians, whose tombs and temples are now open to our inspection, and whose social, commercial, religious, and political history is written upon the imperishable rock, where all may read it—these ancients, over whom we of this nineteenth century are wont to boast in all the

¹ Science and Religion, vol. ii, p. 54.

“improvements” and the material comforts of life, had *wealth* beyond all computation; *commerce* in all the “precious things” of Arabia, of Persia, and the Indies, in gold, and jewels, and spices, and silks, and aromatics; *manufactures* of fine linen and embroidered work, of vases of porcelain and pottery, of oil, of chariots, of baskets and wicker-work, of *glass* ornaments and utensils, and of many other articles of comfort and of luxury; *husbandry* that made Egypt the granary of the world, and once and again the support of neighbouring nations in time of famine; *civilization* that well supplied the comforts of domestic life, that furnished their houses with chairs, sofas, and couches for their parlours, as well as with copper utensils, caldrons, tripods, mortars, pallets, ovens for their kitchens; *mechanic arts* to fabricate various and formidable weapons of war, and to erect buildings and monuments that would now exhaust the combined strength and treasures of all the nations of Europe; an art that could excavate from the quarry a block of sienite weighing nearly nine hundred tons, that could transport it more than a hundred miles,—the distance of the nearest quarry,—and that could erect this block, when carved into a statue, upon a pedestal prepared for it at the gateway of a temple whose porch was lined with similar, though smaller figures; an art that could arrange in perfect order a double row of fourteen pillars, each upward of seventy feet high by thirty-six in circumference, and raise to the top of these stones thirty feet in length by six feet in breadth, and the same in thickness, and then dispose about this central avenue other avenues formed by a hundred and twenty-two majestic pillars, in like manner capped with gigantic stones, until the roofed temple covered an acre and a half, and with its surroundings ten times that surface, and this centuries before Solomon built the inferior temple at Jerusalem; an art, in short, that could build Karnac and the pyramids: *fine arts* also; *sculpture*, which if it be less delicate than that of Greece, is more grand and spirited, which at times unites beauty with grandeur, but which in majesty of conception is rivalled only by the contemporary sculptures of Nineveh; *painting*, which after four thousand

years retains the freshness of its colours; *music*, which invented both wind and stringed instruments; *mathematical science*, that could arrange with precision and skill all architectural lines and forms; *astronomical science*, that decorated the ceilings of temples with celestial signs; *geological science*, so far as this relates to the selection of different qualities of stone for different qualities of soil; *philosophy*, that evolved the great idea of a judgment and a future state and the soul's immortality, though in the form of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, a philosophy that Moses and Plato studied, and that gave wisdom to the world; and all these under the guardianship of a *physical force* that was for centuries victorious upon every field, that subdued Ethiopia and Judea, and swept Syria to the Euphrates, and that was shielded at home upon three sides by the mountains and the desert, and on the fourth side by the sea. And yet with all its wealth, and commerce, and manufactures, and agriculture, and civilization, and art, and science, and philosophy, and material force, and natural barriers, Egypt has perished, utterly and for ever perished. I stand upon its grave, upon the grave of a city that had ceased to be a thousand years before New York was settled, and standing here I see and know that the Egypt that once was can know no resurrection. The mighty conquerors of Egypt, too, have perished. The Persian empire, the Macedonian, the Roman, are fallen to rise no more. We must not despise these as empires of mere brute force. They had learning and art as well as arms. We know little in advance of them, *except what we have learned through the Gospel*. To that America owes everything. And only by adhering to the principles of the gospel of Christ, can the young Republic of the West avoid the fate of older nations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GODS OF THE EGYPTIANS—DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY.

HERODOTUS describes the Egyptians as “very religious, surpassing all men in the honours they pay to the gods.” And this description is verified by the prominence given to religious subjects in the sculptures that crowd their temples and tombs. The ancient Egyptians had three principal orders of gods, and several subordinate triads in each. Yet they seem originally to have believed in the unity of God, conceiving of AMUN RE, the king of gods, a concealed God, the creative principle, who holds in his hands all life and power. This proper Divinity is nowhere represented in the sculptures, but his attributes were also deified, and these are set forth under various symbols. In general, “the figures of the gods were deified attributes indicative of the intellect, power, goodness, might, and other qualities of the eternal Being.

“Each form was one of his attributes; in the same manner as our expressions, ‘the Creator,’ ‘the Omniscient,’ ‘the Almighty, or any other title, indicate one and the same Being; and hence arose the distinction between the great gods, and those of an inferior grade, which were physical objects, as the sun and moon, or abstract notions of various kinds, as ‘valour,’ ‘strength,’ ‘intellectual gifts,’ and the like, personified under different forms. . . . Upon this principle, it is probable that gods were made of the virtues, the senses, and, in short, every abstract idea which had reference to the Deity, or man; and we may therefore expect to find, in this catalogue, intellect, might, wisdom, creative power, the generative and productive principles, thought, will, goodness, mercy, compassion, divine vengeance, prudence, temperance, fortitude, fate, love, hope, charity,

joy, time, space, infinity, as well as sleep, harmony, and even divisions of time, as the year, month, day, and hours, and an innumerable host of abstract notions.

"There were also innumerable physical deities in the Egyptian Pantheon, as earth, heaven, the sun and moon, and others revered for the benefits they conferred on man."¹

The representation of a *triad* of divinities, so common in the sculptures, is one of the most curious and suggestive features of their system.

The metaphysical doctrine of the superessential Deity was held by the priests as a sacred mystery. But the common people were left to the most frivolous and degrading superstitions, and worshipped the symbols of the divine attributes as themselves gods. Partly for sanitary reasons, and partly with a view to preserve their species, several animals and plants were set apart as sacred. These varied in different districts. Thus, as we have seen, the crocodile was worshipped in one nome, and hunted as an enemy in another. The wolf, the dog, the ram, a sea fish, a river fish, leeks, and onions, all in their turn were sacred objects. The idolatry of the masses was as gross as the mysteries of the priesthood were refined. They worshipped the *graven images* upon the temple, instead of the divinity enshrined within it.

From the representations upon the temples and the tombs, it is evident that the religious rites of the Egyptians were conducted with great pomp and ceremony, and that the priesthood possessed great dignity and power. Some of these representations also evince a deep religious sentiment, a sense of accountability and of the future life. The judgment scene, which often occurs, is highly impressive. In particular I was struck with one in the side adytum of a small Dayr on the west bank of Thebes. The deceased, in a reverent attitude, approaches the throne of judgment, between the figures of Justice and Truth. His actions are weighed in a balance with the ostrich feather of Truth, while a divine scribe notes down the results, and a row of assessors

¹ Wilkinson, vol. iv, p. 172.

look on from above. The entrance to the abode of the gods is guarded by Cerberus.

Bunsen's account of a book of judgment corresponds with this picture. It is styled "*The Book of Deliverance in the Hall of the two-fold Justice*. This title indicates, according to Lepsius, Justice, distributor of reward and punishment. The contents, are the divine judgment on the deceased. Forty-two gods, (the number composing the earthly tribunal of the dead,) occupy the judgment-seat. Osiris, as their president, bears on his breast the small tablet of chief judge, containing, as we see on the monuments, a figure of Justice (Ma.) This deity, adorned with the ostrich feather, receives him on his arrival. Before him are seen the scales of divine judgment. In one is placed the statute of divine justice, in the other the heart of the deceased, who stands in person by the balance containing his heart, while Anubis watches the other scale. Horus examines the plummet, indicating which way the beam preponderates. Thoth, the justifier, the Lord of the divine word, records the sentence."¹

According to Herodotus, "the Egyptians were the first to maintain that the soul of man is immortal." There is abundant evidence of this belief in the sculptures on the tombs. But the tombs themselves, and the process of embalming—which could not have been a merely sanatory invention—show that they believed also in the indestructibility of the body. The Egyptians styled their sepulchres "*eternal habitations*, and neglected no excess of magnificence in their construction; while they termed the dwellings of the living *inns*, to be inhabited only for a limited period, and paid little attention to the mode of building or ornamenting them."²

They believed, that after a long cycle of transmigration the purified soul would return to occupy the body, and would be conscious of the beauty of its habitation. Hence they attached so much importance to the rites of sepulture, and made the allowing or the denying these to the dead a motive to virtue in the living. A brief account of these

¹ Egypt's Place, etc., vol. 1, p. 27.

² Diodorus in Wilkinson.

rites, borrowed from Sir Gardner Wilkinson,¹ will serve to illustrate this belief, and its practical effect; it will show also how closely the Greeks copied the Egyptians in their mythology.

“ The body having been embalmed, was restored to the family, either already placed in the mummy case, or merely wrapped in bandages, if we may believe Herodotus, who says the friends of the deceased made the coffin; though, from the paintings in the tombs, it would appear that the body was frequently enveloped and put into the case by the undertakers, previous to its being returned to the family. After it had been deposited in its case, which was generally inclosed in two or three others, all richly painted, according to the expense they were pleased to incur, ‘it was placed in a room of the house upright against the wall,’ until the tomb was ready, and all the necessary preparations had been made for the funeral. The coffin, or mummy-case, was then carried forth and deposited in the hearse, drawn upon a sledge as already described, to the sacred lake of the nome; notice having been previously given to the judges, and a public announcement made of the important day. Forty-two judges having been summoned, and placed in a semi-circle, near the banks of the lake, a boat was brought up expressly for the occasion, under the direction of a boatman called in the Egyptian language, *Charon*; ‘and it is from hence,’ says Diodorus, ‘that the fable of Hades is said to be derived, which Orpheus introduced into Greece. For while in Egypt he had witnessed this ceremony, and he imitated a portion of it, and supplied the rest from his own imagination.’

“ When the boat was ready for the reception of the coffin, it was lawful for any person who thought proper, to bring forward his accusation against the deceased. If it could be proved that he had led an evil life, the judges declared accordingly, and the body was deprived of the accustomed sepulture; but if the accuser failed to establish what he advanced, he was subject to the heaviest penalties. When there was no accuser, or when the accusation had been

¹ Vol. v, p. 427.

disproved, the relations ceased from their lamentations, and pronounced encomiums on the deceased. They did not enlarge upon his descent, as is usual among the Greeks, for they hold that all Egyptians are equally noble; but they related his early education and the course of his studies; and then, praising his piety and justice in manhood, his temperance, and the other virtues he possessed, they supplicated the gods below to receive him as a companion of the pious. This announcement was received by the assembled multitude with acclamations, and they joined in extolling the glory of the deceased, who was about to remain for ever with the virtuous in the regions of Hades. The body was then taken by those who had family catacombs already prepared, and placed in the repository allotted to it.

“ Some,” continues the historian, “ who were not possessed of catacombs, constructed a new apartment for the purpose in their own house, and set the coffin upright against the firmest of the walls; and the same was done with the bodies of those who had been debarred the rites of burial on account of the accusation brought against them, or in consequence of debts they or their sons had contracted. These last, however, if their children’s children happened to be prosperous, were released from the impediments of their creditors, and at length received the ceremony of a magnificent burial. It was, indeed, solemnly established in Egypt that parents and ancestors should have a more marked token of respect paid them by their family, after they had been transferred to their everlasting habitations. Hence originated the custom of depositing the bodies of their deceased parents as pledges for the payment of borrowed money; those who failed to redeem those pledges being subject to the heaviest disgrace, and deprived of burial after their own death.

“ The disgrace of being condemned at this public ordeal was in itself a strong inducement to every one to abstain from crime; not only was there the fear of leaving a bad name, but the dread of exposure; and we cannot refuse to second the praises of Diodorus in favour of the authors of so wise an institution.”

Lepsius was impressed with the fact, that “the desire to labour for eternity” is imprinted upon all the buildings and monuments of ancient Egypt; and says, that “the belief which was early formed of a life after death, and of a relation continuing to subsist between the soul and the body, was closely connected with this.”

To this must we attribute the extraordinary pains to secure and to conceal the sarcophagus within the tomb. “They ingeniously closed the large granite sarcophagi by means of metal rods, which fell down into the holes prepared for them in the sides at the last thrust of the cover, which was driven in like a drawer, so that the sarcophagi could only be opened by the destruction of the colossal masses of stone. They also endeavoured to guard even the passage which led to the sarcophagi chambers by heavy stone trap-doors, and by ingeniously building up the walls, so as to divert the attention, and to protect them in every possible way from inroad and desecration.”

But in spite of these precautions, many of the royal tombs at Thebes were opened by the Persians, their treasures plundered, their sculptures marred, and their mummied tenants exposed to insult and destruction. This rifling of the sacred tenements of a conquered people was repeated under the Greeks and the Romans, whose writers have left us some account of the tombs that were open in their day.

In the early part of the Christian era, these desecrated tombs became the refuge of the persecuted saints from the cruelties of Diocletian; and in some of them the rude inscriptions of Christian refugees cover the splendid sculptures of priests and kings. Again, under Constantine and Theodosius, these dry and spacious tombs were the favourite cells of monks, when the “cities of Egypt were filled with bishops, and the deserts of Thebais swarmed with hermits.”

Since the Mahomedan invasion, the Arabs have ransacked their chambers for hidden treasures, and the Turks have used their materials for common building purposes. In modern times, the antiquarian has taken up his abode in the tombs, while prosecuting his researches. Sir Gardner Wilkinson constructed a very comfortable house by erecting

a court, and a portico in front, of two or three contiguous tombs, which furnished a cool retreat from the heat of a glaring Theban noon. Here the English scholar transferred to the pages of present history, the stone-engraved annals of the past, and produced a living Egypt from her tombs. Here, too, where royal festivals are pictured, the champagne and hock of savans and travellers flowed freely, while the inspectors of mummies “hobnobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass.” Now, the tombs are the refuge of the villagers from the relentless conscription, or the permanent abodes of guards appointed by the government to protect the sculptures from further injury. Men, women, and children, sheep, goats, and chickens, are huddled together in dirty straw upon the floors of these royal courts of the dead. The traveller, resting for his noontide lunch, is besieged by mummy vendors, who unroll before his eyes—perhaps upon his very plate—a head, a hand, a foot, all swathed in musty cloth and bitumen, which they offer at any price, from a pound sterling to a piastre.

The tombs, that the pride and power of the Pharaohs excavated for the perpetual abode of their embalmed bodies, and that the religious sentiment of ages guarded for immortality, now empty and desecrated, the lurking places of thieves and beggars, look forth from the unchanging mountains upon the ever-flowing river and the wide spreading desert, to testify that God’s works only shall endure; while the fragments of their illustrious tenants fill every museum of Europe, or are hawked about in the crumbling temples and the deserted necropolis of their ancient capital.

“ Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DISSOLVING VIEWS—PANORAMA OF KARNAC.

IN order to a complete view of Thebes, past and present, one should reproduce its sculptured story, and make it witness for itself. The temple of *Karnac*, in its several parts, marks the rise, the growth, the decline, and the fall of Egypt. This temple had a growth of twenty-five hundred years, from a small sanctuary to “a city of temples.” Every principal era of the national history is represented in this stupendous pile; and as we go leisurely around it, and translate into our own language, or vivify into present actual scenes, the processions, the battles, the ceremonics, the religious offerings, and the state displays sculptured on its walls and columns, and for the most part still legible, we behold all Egypt move before us as in a panorama, whose scenes and actors are instinct with life. This animated reproduction of the sculptures which I attempted when on the ground, I would hope to convey to the reader by following in courses the histories here written on the stone.

I stood in *Karnac*, under the light of the full moon. It was an hour for silence, and we enjoined this upon each other, and gave ourselves to solitary musing. The cuckoo, that had wooed us with his note as we reposed under the great pillars in the sultry noon, had gone to nestle with his mate; and the myriad birds that by day had fluttered along the corridors, had hid themselves in the crevices of the capitals. Even the owl that hooted as we entered, was still. Only the moon was there, threading the avenues with silver footsteps, and holding her clear light that we might read the sculptured chronicles of kings.

We sat down in the centre of the grand avenue. Twelve

majestic pillars on either hand towered along its length, and seemed, as of old, to support an arch of azure studded with stars. The dismantled towers of the grand entrance, whose bases stand like pyramids truncated to sustain the firmament, grew more gigantic in the shadow of the columns, while their once massive gates, uncovered by the hand of time, seemed only to have lifted up their heads to let the King of Glory in. In the avenue that crossed beside our seat—one of twelve, having each ten columns of huge dimensions—at either extremity, a column had fallen cross-wise against its neighbour, carrying with it its fragment of the stone roof, and there it hung almost ethereal in the still moonlight—a symbol of the struggle between man and time. Under the corridors, darkness brooded over the fragments of sculptured stone; but beyond the other portal, the yet perfect obelisk stood in pensive majesty among its fallen mates, and from its clear, hard face projected in the moonbeams the symbols of the power that built these halls, and of the worship that sustained them. The spell of Egypt was complete. For two months I had lived under its deepening power. At length, in the sepulchres of its kings, and on the walls and pillars of its temples, I had seen the Egypt of forty centuries revived as in a panorama fresh from the artist's pencil, and had lived in the Egypt that the Nile *then* watered, as in the so-called Egypt that it waters now. And here I had come to bid it farewell, to take a last look at its grave; and yet the witching moonlight made it *live* again. The breath of the south fanning the columns that in their fourth decade of centuries wear no ivied wreath of age, warmed their still grandeur into life, and with Memnon's charm they sang to the moon the great epic of the Past. As I listened, all art, all learning, all religion, all poetry, all history, all empire, and all time swept through my wondering soul.

Leaving my companions, I wandered over the fragments of columns and sphinxes and colossi, till, gaining a mound that half buries the front area of the temple, I clambered up the steps worn by age in its stupendous wall, and standing in their foremost tower, looked back on Karnac. But

no change of place, nor sight of fallen columns and decaying walls, could break the spell. I had walked over the grave of Egypt, I had stumbled against the fragments of its sepulchre,—yet Egypt stood before me.

First came the second son of Ham, with a long retinue of camels and of servants, lured southward by the fertile valley of the Nile, till, where the mountains widen their embrace around the well-watered plain, he pitches his tent, and finds an infant city. Generations pass, and the son who in this plain inherits the patriarchal wealth and power, greedy of the patrimony of his brethren to the north, wages a fratricidal war, and seizing upon all Mizr or “the land of Khem,” effaces from it the name of his ancestors, and, investing it with his own, gives *Egypt* (Copt or Gurt,) a name and a power in the newly divided earth. Other generations pass, and the first *king* of Egypt comes with barbaric pomp, from the capital he has founded at the north, to visit his native *Theba*, the real “*head*” or capital, and here offers to its divinity the rude shrine whose traces linger behind yonder obelisk.

Ages roll on. The swelling Nile pours out increasing fatness on the land. The earth brings forth by handfuls. Fat-fleshed, well-favoured cattle come up out of the river and feed in the meadow. There is great plenteousness for man and beast. But with all the plenty there is no waste. In every city huge granaries are built, and in these the grain is piled, as the sand of the sea, without measure. There is a strange wisdom near the throne of Pharaoh. Again, the east wind blows, and the scorching sands of the Arabian desert are heaped upon the fertile Nile. In the mountains of Ethiopia there is no rain. The river shrinks away. The plain of Thebes is dry. The people cry for bread, but the keys of the great storehouses are in the hand of the ruler of the land. They bring to him their money; they bring to him their cattle; they sell to him their land; they sell to him their very selves for bread. Again, the east wind ceases; the rains fall, the river rises; the desert retreats; the land revives. And now the great Pharaoh, whom the counsel of a captive Jew has made possessor of

all the treasure and all the land of Egypt, moved by a religious sentiment but half enlightened, would make a votive offering to his god. A fleet of barges covers the bosom of the Nile, which with waving banners and gorgeous emblems and increasing music, have borne the monarch from his northern to his southern capital.

With solemn pomp the procession of priests and soldiers and chief officers of state, with the uplifted monarch in the midst, files from the river to the rude sanctuary of *Menes*, which the skill of masons and of sculptors has already surrounded with columns of rich red granite, and chambers of polished stone, and with colossal statues of the king—the offering he brings to the divinity, whom he adores as the preserver of the land; and while the monarch bows before the god, the sound of trumpets, and the fragrance of incense, and the chanting of the priests, announce to the multitude that *Anun* accepts the gift, and will be henceforth worshipped in their temple. *Osirtasen* the Great passes away.

The ages roll. A native Theban usurps the throne of the northern Pharaohs, and succeeds to the power they had consolidated through the counsel of the Hebrew, vouchsafed to them through fourscore years. But Joseph is dead; embalmed and coffined in a royal sarcophagus; and Amosia the usurper knows him not. Oppression fills the land, and falls most heavily upon the seed of Joseph.

Another Theban Pharaoh mounts the throne; and to preserve the power that the wisdom of a Hebrew gave, determined to cut off the issue of the Hebrews from the land. Yet in his own house, even as a son, in all the learning of his schools, amid all the splendours of his court, is nurtured a young Hebrew who yet shall desolate the land that Joseph blessed. But just now this rising terror has fled into the desert, and the first *Thothmes* comes in peaceful pomp to offer to the divinity of Thebes the gigantic obelisks that bear his name. He plants them yonder in the area before the sanctuary of Osirtasen.

The third Thothmes is on the throne. There is groaning throughout the land of Egypt; there is deep sorrow in the land of Goshen. The monarch would make his name

immortal by the temples, the palaces, and the monuments he rears in every city, from the Great Sea to the cataracts of Nubia. He adorns his native capital upon its western bank with a new sanctuary added to the temple of his father, and with another temple inclosed with brick, that bear in hieroglyphics his own initials; and here at Karnac, he builds behind the sanctuary, a thousand feet from where I stand, the grand edifice of fifty columns that surpasses all the royal architecture yet seen in Thebes. In its adytum he enshrines a colossal figure of the deified hawk that he worships. He is the great architect of Egypt, and he will fill the land with the memorials of his reign. Heliopolis and Noph, Zoan and Sin, attest his grandeur.

But the voice of another God now thunders in his ear. The exiled Hebrew has returned. The land is filled with plagues—frogs, lice, flies, blood, murrain, hail, locusts, darkness, death. The king has gone from Thebes to Zoan, his most northern seat, where these judgments overtake him. The land of Goshen, that had sweltered under his exactions, breathes more freely, and he lets the people go. But gathering his chariots of war in mad haste, he pursues them, and hems them in between the mountains and the sea. Eager for his prey, he plunges into the channel God has made for them, and the proud architect of Egypt returns not even to occupy the gorgeous tomb he had prepared for himself at Thebes.

The ages roll on, and a mighty conqueror sits on the throne of Egypt. With his myriad chariots he sweeps Ethiopia on the south, and Canaan on the north, and gathering all the forces of the Nile, he shakes Lebanon with his tread, and scatters the hosts of Syria on the plains of the Euphrates. And now there is an unwonted stir in Thebes. From all Egypt the priests and the great men are gathered to greet the conqueror's return. In the distance, amid clouds of infantry, is seen the chariot of the king. Bound to his chariot wheels are the captive princes he has taken in his wars. Behind him are his son, and the royal scribe who bears the record of his victories. A long line of captives, bound about the necks with cords, follow in his train. The

cortege moves from temple to temple through the city, till it reaches that of Karnac. Here, alighting from his chariot, the monarch enters the temple of Amunre, to present his captives and booty to the protecting deity of Thebes; then laying his captives on the block, with a ponderous club he dashes out their brains as a sacrifice to the god, and amid the acclamations of the people, is borne like a god to his own palace.

And now the conqueror, reposing on his laurels, gives himself to the work of enriching the capitol with new and more splendid edifices for the honour of its divinities, and the commemoration of his reign. From all Egypt are summoned the masons and sculptors, the painters and artificers and "cunning workmen;" and the army that had stormed the heights of Lebanon now levies from the mountains of the Arabian desert their tribute of limestone and sandstone and granite of various hues, of sienite and porphyry and alabaster, to construct these temples, and to adorn these avenues. The grand hall of Karnac rises in its majestic proportions, a fit approach to the sanctuary of Amun. Its gates lift up their heads. Its tenfold avenues rear their massive, lofty, graceful pillars—each a single stone hewn into a rounded, swelling shaft, with a wreathed or flowered capital—and with their roof of solid stone, compose the portico that there in the moonlight, restored to its original perfection, stands confessed the wonder of the world. The chisel sculptures on its walls and columns the battle scenes of the king and his offerings to the god, and the name of *Osirei* passes into history.

His son succeeds to his victories and to his glory. For, on the far off plains of Asia, the great Sesostris breaks the power of the Assyrian hosts, and leads their captive chiefs in chains. Babylon bows to Egypt. There is another day of exultation in the capital; but the pomp of the returning Osirei pales before the national ovation to his son. The priests, in their sacred vestments, go forth to meet him, bearing aloft the figures of his illustrious ancestors, from Menes to Osirei. The king, alighting from his chariot, mounts the triumphal car prepared for his reception, whose

fiery steeds are led by liveried grooms. His fan-bearers wave the flabella over his head, and the priests and the chief men of the nation kneel in homage at his throne. And now the grand procession forms to enter the city. Trumpeters herald its approach, and bands of music, with choristers, form the van. In long line the priests and officers of state precede the monarch, bearing sceptres, arms, and other insignia, and the cushioned steps of the throne. The statues of his ancestors head the royal column, and after these is borne a statue of the god upon men's shoulders, under a gilded canopy. The sacred bull, adorned with garlands, is led by members of the sacerdotal order. The monarch is attended by his scribes, who exhibit proudly the scroll of his achievements. Behind his car are dragged the captives, their chained hands uplifted for mercy, and their cries and lamentations mingling wildly with the bursts of music and the shouts of the multitude. These are followed by the spoils of war—oxen, chariots, horses, and sacks of gold; and beyond, a corps of infantry in close array, flanked by numerous chariots, bring up the rear. The vast throng sweep from temple to temple, and rend the air with acclamations. At length the divinity, that had been taken from its shrine to welcome the victor, is brought before its own adytum. Here the high-priest offers incense to the monarch, who, in turn, alights from his throne and burns incense to the god. And now the horrid sacrifice of war is made to the patron deity. The wretched captives are beaten in the presence of the king; their right hands are cut off, and being counted by the scribes, are retained as trophies: their persons are horribly mutilated; their heads are severed by the sword or mangled by the mace, and the gorgeous, barbarous scene is closed.

There is peace in Egypt; and the king builds, on yonder western bank, the majestic and beautiful Memnonium, covers its walls with the story of his victories, and sets before its gate the stupendous statue of himself, the symbol of the grandeur and the power of Egypt, enthroned in a sublime and an immortal repose. He builds the vast area of Luxor, with its massive gates and towers; before these

plants colossal statues of himself and lofty obelisks, and lines with huge symbolic sculptures the avenue to Karnac. Here he lays up before the shrine of Amun—as depicted on the walls—a gorgeous barge overlaid with gold without, and with silver within, a tribute from the spoils of war. He enriches the walls of the grand hall by adding to the sculptured story of his father's reign the battle scenes of his own; and before the portico constructs this area of a hundred thousand square feet, surrounded with its covered corridor, and adorned with sphinxes and a central avenue of tufted columns, and faced with these stupendous towers. He throws around the whole a massive wall, and Karnac stands complete in the glory of the great Rameses.

Then follows the resplendent dynasty of all the Osirei and the Rameses, and Egypt culminates to its meridian splendour. Her schools rise with her temples, and the epic bard of Seio sings the Hundred Gates of Thebes, while the priests and the philosophers of young Greece resort to the Mother of Mythology and of Letters, and Grecian sculptors come to study the forms and creations of the Mother of Art. The king of Israel, whose fame for wisdom and for wealth is known in all the earth, woos the daughter of the king of Egypt, and she whom “the sun had looked upon” on the confines of Ethiopia, shines in the golden palace at Jerusalem, “beautiful as Tirzeh, and comely as the tents of Kedar.”

But again the hosts of Egypt are marshalled for battle; again they sweep the borders of the north; again is heard the shout of victory; again Thebes is astir for the conqueror's return. Now *Shishak* brings to the temple of Amun the treasures of the house of Jehovah at Jerusalem; the golden shields of Solomon, and the treasures of the palace he had built. Twelve hundred chariots, and sixty thousand horsemen, and footmen without number, swell the train of the victorious king. Nailing the heads of his wretched captives to the block of the executioner, he whets his sword to sacrifice them to the god; and the blood of Israel once more cries to God from the land of Egypt.

From afar the voice of the prophet speaks the answer of

Jehovah to that cry, "Behold, I am against Pharaoh king of Egypt, and will break his arms;—and I will cause the sword to fall out of his hand. Howl ye; woe, woe the day! For the day is near, even the day of the Lord is near, a cloudy day. The sword shall come upon Egypt; and the pride of her power shall come down."

Again a mighty host, sweeping from the north, hovers upon the plain of Thebes. The idols are moved in their temples, the cry of the people is in the streets. But it is not now the return of her victorious king that stirs the royal city. The great *ram* from the plains of Persia, pushing westward and southward, gores Egypt with his horns, overthrows her temples and her statues, treads Memnon and Rameses in the dust, drinks up the river and devours the valley. There is sorrow and groaning in the land of Egypt for a hundred years, when lo! again the dust of mighty hosts sweeps from the north. The *he-goat* from the west, moved with choler at the ram, that drinks up the great rivers, rushes upon him in the fury of his power, and casts him down and stamps upon him. The Persian conqueror of Thebes retires before the Macedonian conqueror of Persia.

Greece, though a conqueror, pays homage to Egypt as her mistress. New cities are built; temples and monuments are restored. Upon the plain of Thebes, new works of art unite the sculptured records of the Ptolemies with the broken tablets of the Pharaohs. Karnac itself opens new portals, and revives its ancient splendour. Again the schools of Egypt are visited from Greece. And where Homer drank his inspiration, and Herodotus pored over the hieroglyphics and the papyrus records and the dim traditions of the *then* old world, Plato comes to ponder the great mysteries of the soul's existence, and its relations to the Infinite.

But the doom of Egypt is not yet fulfilled. Her resurrection cannot now come. The gigantic *horn* that sweeps the stars, trails the young Egypt of Alexander in the dust.

Again she lifts her head and woos her conqueror to repose awhile in the lap of luxury. Beauty usurps the dominion of

power; and the golden barge of Cleopatra sweeps up the Nile with silken sails perfumed with sweetest odours, or moves with silver oars attuned to the soft melody of lutes. Rome adds her tamer art to the great majesty of Egypt, and restores yet further what the Persian had destroyed. Yet Egypt may not rise.

A new power enters to possess the land. Under the Roman name, the religion that had visited the land with Abraham, with Joseph, and with Moses, comes to enshrine itself in these old temples, emptied of their gods and broken in their forms. The voice of prayer and praise to the God of Israel is heard in the temple built by their oppressor, and the name of the infant whom Egypt sheltered, is spoken with reverence and adoration in all her holy places. Yonder, in the farthest temple of this mighty pile, a Christian church assembles; there, in the court of Luxor, stands another Christian altar, while, across the river, the colonnade of Medeenet Habou encompasses the lesser columns of a Christian temple built within its folds. But the spirit of the old temple lingers in its form, and with it embraces the new. Again the liveried priests march through the corridors, bearing mysterious symbols, and chanting unknown strains. Again the pomp of state is blended with the pomp of worship, and the pictured saint but plasters over the sculptured deity. The religion and the empire of Rome are alike *effete*, and can give no life to Egypt.

Barbaric hordes from the east pour in upon the land, and sweep these both away. The sword of the Moslem, hacking the plastered walls, writes there in blood the forgotten truth, *There is one God*, though it add thereto the stupendous lie, that makes the other cardinal of his religion. The wild man of the desert pitches his tent upon the plain where Mizraim halted centuries before, or hides himself under the cover of broken tombs and temples. He hardly moves from his retreat, when the imperious Turk, his brother Moslem, proclaims himself master of Egypt and Arabia by the will of God. No; here sits the Arab on this luxurious plain, among these crumbling giants of the past, startled at his own shadow, without the spirit to fight either for himself

against his tyrant, or for his country in that tyrant's service. Here he sits, where Osirei and Rameses and Shishak have chronicled their names and deeds beside their own gigantic portraits. Here he sits, where moved in royal state the conqueror of Ethiopia, of Judah, of Syria, and of Babylon. Here he sits, where the fierce Cambyses dealt his retribution; where Alexander moved with a pomp that none but he could boast; where Cæsar followed in the train of mighty men—yet owned the greater might of woman. Here he sits—*Il faut descendre*, said my guide, who had tortured his Arabic gutturals into a rude French, *il faut descendre*—it is necessary to go down. *Il faut descendre*, repeated I, as I looked over upon the tombs of the kings, all drear and ghostly in the moonlight; and looked where Memnon stood, and all was desolate; and looked toward Luxor, where the moonlight stole faintly through its broken towers; and turned and looked at Karnac, as the meridian moon now shone upon heaps of rubbish, and broken columns, and crumbling walls; *Il faut descendre*, IT MUST GO DOWN; and, turning to descend, I stumbled over an Arab hovel, plastered upon the very top of the tower of Sesostris, and heard the yelping of the dogs from the huts that bury the side temple of the conqueror of Babylon. The spell was broken; and Egypt was a dream.

Riding back, amid barking dogs and shivering shrinking Arabs, over the dusty plain to Luxor, I laid down upon the divan where, two months before, I had dreamed of Egypt, when, entering the Nile, I felt her resistless spell. But no dream of Egypt came. Egypt herself had vanished. AS A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH, SO, O LORD, WHEN THOU AWAKEDST, THOU DIDST DESPISE HER IMAGE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHAPTER OF ITEMS—PARTING FROM THEBES—GETTING NEWS—THE SIROCCO—EMIGRATION—INAUGURATION DAY.

“I’ve pretty much concluded up my mind,” that that *nineteenth century* of which I used to hear so much, ages ago, in a remote corner of the world where I then resided, was a decided humbug. Here, where the world is certainly old enough to know its own age, and to keep the reckoning of centuries, I can’t find anybody that has even heard of it. The people, living in these parts, are all so many *moons* old, and their great events are measured from the Hegira, the time when Mohammed ran away from Mecca, about twelve hundred years ago. They have never heard of the nineteenth century, and yet they seem to be an easy, contented sort of people, quite happy in their way, and the more “knowing” among them feel quite above any visitors from the nineteenth century aforesaid. I have inquired of the “oldest inhabitant” in this village of Thebes, a very elderly and venerable gentleman, who sits out of doors sunning himself in a great stone chair, with his hands on his knees,—but though he is said to have spoken to the sun every morning for thirty-three centuries, I can’t get out of him that he knows any such character. Once, I thought he winked blandly toward Karnac, on the other side of the river, where are recorded all the dynasties since the flood, and going there, I found some marks on the wall that may be understood to refer to the nineteenth century; but instead of A. D. it was B. C., and these two intervening letters of the chronological alphabet involved me in the labyrinth of an interminable antiquity. The fact is, there is no nineteenth century here.

I believe that fictitious character used to pride itself upon steamboats, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, cheap

postage, and penny newspapers; and it had so imposed upon my youthful fancy, that I once imagined these among the necessities of life. But I do aver that this was all a humbug. I havn't heard of any such invention since a day when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and yet am not only alive, but as happy as possible, without the least sense of privation from the absence of these "necessaries."

What need of steamboats, when one can make the voyage of six hundred miles, from Alexandria to Thebes, in less than forty days, in a boat dragged and poled along just as the great Osirtasen's was, when Joseph's forethought made him master of all the soil, and he came up here from "On" to build a sanctuary? No doubt his prime minister voyaged up the Nile in just such a *dahabeeh* as is sculptured on the walls of these temples and tombs, when he went throughout all the land of Egypt, over which he had been made a prince.

As to railroads, of what use would such things be, where no roads at all are wanted? If a camel and a donkey, without bridle or stirrups, were good enough for the Father of the Faithful, when he came to Egypt, they are good enough for any of his children. Of the telegraph, it is enough to show the absurdity of this boasted invention, to observe, that in this land of sublime repose there is nothing to be telegraphed, and nowhere to telegraph it to. We need no cheap postage when there are no mails, and as for penny newspapers, we disdain to read any thing of less solidity than an obelisk, or "latter" and cheaper than the papyrus rolls, filched by Arabs from the sarcophagi of kings.

O Nineteenth Century!

It was with feelings of sadness that we took our departure from Thebes. We had there studied Egypt in its history and in its monuments, till they had become as household things. From its gigantic ruins we had reconstructed the City of the Hundred Gates; from the devices on its tombs, we had reproduced the old Egyptian life; and almost as familiarly as we walk Broadway, we had walked admiringly the streets of Thebes, just as they were

Three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was all in its glory;
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

We had discovered

"What secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, that at sunrise played."

We had handled the fine linen of Egypt, and its papyrus scrolls; and had compelled the haughty Pharaoh of the Exodus to sit for his portrait in plain brown paper. We had lost ourselves in the dim and sombre silence of prehistoric ages. But with the season advancing, the river falling, and the desert and Palestine to be traversed, we must not linger. As we turned away from Thebes to look again upon the mud villages of the Nile, we passed at once from the grandeur of the Pharaohs to the basest of the kingdoms, where, amid the unparalleled fertility of nature, and the unrivalled monuments of antiquity, there is found no recuperative energy, no advancing civilization, but continual deterioration and decay. The grave of old Egypt is a place for solemn thought. Wheat and barley grow over the buried capital, and the slow-creaking sakia sings its requiem. But more oppressive is the living death around.

News! News! Even as I have seen a hearse-man drive rollicking back from Greenwood, smoking his cigar and whipping his horses into a gallop, no sooner did we turn our backs upon the sombre necropolis of the Past, than we plunged again into the dashing excitements of the present. While going up the river, knowing that our backs were turned upon the living world, and that we could not by any possibility get intelligence of any thing transpiring in Europe or America, we put on a studied indifference to events there ocurring, and gave ourselves up to the sluggish influences of climate and association in the land of sublime repose. But our prow once headed for the Mediterranean, the electric influence of modern civilization thrilled our

inactive nerves, and we who had lived so long without letters or newspapers as to cease to plan for them, were, of a sudden, all agog for news.

The only way to get news on the Nile, is by hailing boats that are coming up from Cairo with later dates. As soon as a boat is descried with the flag of any European nation, the gun is made ready for a salute, and a favourable position is selected for hailing. Commonly one of two passing boats, and sometimes both, will be going—one with the current, the other with the wind—at a rate that admits only of the exchange of salutations and good wishes.

News was in great demand from us as we went up the river; and we split our throats in telling all Englishmen of the Aberdeen ministry, until we found that this news had gone before us by some faster boat that had passed us in the night. One hearty Englishman joined us in nine cheers for "England and the United States, Progress and Reform." We had kindly greetings with several Americans.

Going down the river, it was our turn to call for news. "The Emperor Napoleon is—," shouted an English gentleman, as we passed on the wings of the wind. I ran to the stern, and begged him to repeat the last word. Raising his hands to his mouth, like a trumpet, he cried, "The—Emperor—Napoleon—is—" but again the wind caught the one important word, and left us in doubt whether he was crowned as he expected. For two days we discussed the probabilities of a revolution in France, a war with England, a general European war, and settled the fate of empires. Another boat came in sight. "What news from France?" I cried. "The Emperor is—married!"

Wailing, wailing, wailing! Let us go ashore to yonder village. A mother has lost her son; he is to be buried in a neighbouring village, and the women from that have come to mourn. Their doleful chant is accompanied with the beating of the tambour and the cymbal, and they dance in a circle, jerking their bodies violently, and slapping their cheeks with their hands, till they sink down exhausted. This is repeated at every street, till they have made the circuit of the village. It seems rather a set and mechanical

mourning,—possibly on the part of some it is professional. Only women have part in it, and they take turns in leading the rude, indecorous dance, and vie with each other in disfiguring their countenances and persons, in the violence of their gesticulations, and in the noise and the continuance of their cries. The whole scene brings forcibly to remembrance the “mourning women” spoken of in the Scriptures; but there is less of heart grief apparent here than in the first mourning scene I witnessed on the Nile.

The *Sirocco!* Wind is a tremendous agent on the Nile. Boats can do nothing against it, even in descending the river with the current. Sometimes it blows furiously for days and nights, lashing the river into a sea. Then one must lie by, and seek relief from the rocking boat upon the dusty bank. Sometimes a sudden flaw, whirling over the mountains, threatens to capsize the boat in the angry stream. Once, when under full sail, the *reis* suddenly ordered all to be made fast, and the boat to be lashed to with double hawsers. Looking back, I saw the sky red and angry. In an instant the whole horizon was filled with sand, that poured over the river and darkened its current; huge spiral whirlwinds of sand sped like flying giants over the plain; the waves dashed fiercely against the boat; the sand choked our nostrils; gloom and wrath brooded over the stifled earth, until the storm of wind swept by.

Emigration. It is fortunate for Egypt, and perhaps for America too, that the two countries are not in such close proximity as Ireland and the United States, with the same facilities for emigration. Egypt would be pretty much emptied of her population in a year. We have had proposals to emigrate, from the Mohammedan *sheik* of a village, from a soldier of the Pasha’s army, from Copt Christians whose sons had just been impressed for military service, from workmen in various departments of labour, from donkey boys, and from several of our crew. *Hassan*, in particular, volunteered to go to America, and were it not for his family we should certainly take him, in the hope that, when thoroughly educated under Gospel influences, he might return for some useful missionary service in his native land.

He is a whole-souled man ; of decided character, of deep sincerity, of good intellect, of childlike simplicity, and of warm affections. He has heard me speak of America and its institutions till he quite burns to go.

Once I told him he could not bear cold and snow; he replied by wrapping his woollen sack around him, and motioning the transfer of my boots to his bare feet. I told him he must work very hard; with his brawny arm he imitated the action of digging with a spade. I named other difficulties, till he said, "you are trying to make it hard, because you don't want me to go;" but when I told him that it would cost ten thousand piastres to transport him and his family to America, he looked upon it as a hopeless case, and said, "that was enough to ruin anybody." On the subject of religion, he said, that if there were no mosques in America, "*he could go into his room and pray alone.*" It is a pity that such a man cannot be qualified by education, as he is by nature, and we might well expect would be by grace, to do good among his own people.

The evangelization of Africa is a great problem, that demands the attention of the Christian church. I cannot see how the deportation in mass of newly emancipated slaves, crude, ignorant, rampant with liberty, would tend to solve it.

March 4th. *Inauguration day.* The following sketch of a bit of patriotism and of pleasantry, may serve to illustrate the simple manners of the boatmen of the Nile, and the expedients for relieving the tedium of the voyage. It is given *verbatim* as it was written at the time; but, in view of the pro-slavery tendencies of the Administration since developed, some of its language seems almost prophetic.

" My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

Albeit in all the domestic concerns of the bark "Lotus," we have acknowledged the supremacy of our Lady Queen, and have been daily fed of "her royal bounty," we could not forget on this day, that we were born republicans, and have the deepest interest in the prosperity and the perpet-

uity of free institutions. Though differing in political sentiments, and, while in no sense partizans, perhaps, representing three shades of political parties in the United States, we are one in the love of our common country, one in regard for her noble Constitution, one in gratitude for her existence and her history, one in the hope of her future greatness, and one in prayers for her preservation in righteousness and in true glory. We see in her no evil that may not be rectified, nor wrong that may not be retrieved, by the simple force of public sentiment, enlightened and sanctified through the gospel of Christ. Her constellation has its fixed place in the firmament, and whatever mists now dim its lustre shall be scattered, and the pure light of Liberty, of Justice, and of Truth concentrated there, shall shine upon the nations till the end of time. I can hardly say that the love of country has been increased by a separation of almost a year, for it has ever been one of the strongest, deepest feelings of the soul; but the privilege of *citizenship* in such a country is more vividly appreciated by contrast with the condition of *subjects* in other lands; and the solicitude for her welfare is rendered more solemn, more prayerful, more intense, by the survey of the field of empires, that with all their wealth, and commerce, and art, and learning, and power, perished through their forgetfulness of God.

Though probably but one of us would have given his suffrage to the Chief Magistrate just elected by the people, and though some of us are not without forebodings of evil to the cause of freedom, from an administration understood to be so far committed to the behests of the only faction from which our Union has cause to fear,—the faction that, contrary to the whole spirit of the Constitution, and the known intentions of its framers, would extend and perpetuate slavery by the national arm; yet we unite with one voice in the desire, that he who this day assumes the presidential office may be preserved and blessed in the administration of its duties, and may prove an honour and a blessing to the nation.

Besides this more serious view of the occasion, we felt

that it demanded some formal demonstration on our part, as American citizens. Accordingly, at twelve o'clock, the American flag was run up to the topmast, the gun was fired, and three cheers were given, in which the whole crew, who had been instructed as to the ceremonial, most heartily joined. The senior member of our party was then duly invested with the office and honors of the presidency, and sworn to maintain the Constitution. Brief speeches followed, another round of cheers, and that indispensable climax to all great occasions of state—a good dinner. The new incumbent bore his honours well, and formed his cabinet with wisdom and impartiality. Even "women's rights" were respected, without the agency of petitions, conventions, and platform speeches.

Several of the crew testified their approbation of our mode of making a "Sultan," and their confidence in the excellence and stability of the new administration, by offering to go home with us to America. It is not unlikely that one of the youngest will be retained permanently in the service of our new created president.

This little bit of pleasantry, while it relaxed brains and muscles that had been overtaxed with sight-seeing at Thebes, and while it gave diversion to our simple-hearted crew, detracted nothing from that serious and earnest feeling with which we hailed another quadrennial anniversary in our constitutional existence. Nor on this day only is such a feeling present, but always and everywhere, we remember the land of our birth.

" When on the lovely moonlit deep,
A holy calm doth o'er me creep,
E'er I compose mine eyes to sleep,
I'll pray for thee.

" When in the far-off stranger land,
Or on the desert's burning sand;
To Him who saves by His right hand,
I'll pray for thee.

" When standing on the ruined site
Of ancient cities great in might,
By the pale dim of evening's light,
I'll pray for thee.

“ When at the lonely rock, so long
Renowned in history and song,
To God, the Judge of right and wrong,
I'll pray for thee.

“ **MY COUNTRY!** thou my prayers shall share,
For thee upon my heart I bear,
And trusting in th' Almighty's care,
I'll pray for thee.”

CHAPTER XXX.

GIRGEH AND ABYDOS—FERTILITY AND DESOLATION.

WE halted at Girgeh, for a visit to the ruins of Abydos, some ten miles distant. Abydos was the reputed burial-place of *Osiris*, one of the most sacred of the gods of ancient Egypt. According to Strabo, it "formerly held the first rank next to Thebes;" and Mr. Wilkinson infers from its ruins, that it "yielded to few cities of Upper Egypt in size and magnificence." Our route thither lay across a plain which, in extent and fertility, rivals that of Thebes, and which is under much better cultivation, being studded with villages, and entirely appropriated either to crops or to grazing. For the irrigation of this vast area, the main dependence is upon the annual overflow of the Nile, when the water is let in by canals, so as to flood the whole plain for a range of thirty miles by ten, the villages being protected by dykes. There are few *sakias* or *shadoofs*; and, indeed, the soil does not need them, for its crops are already as strong and luxuriant as consists with a good quality. As we rode along, we passed on the one side immense plantations of wheat which the reapers were just harvesting, while, on the other hand, was wheat just forming in the ear. The sight of crops at different stages, side by side, reminded me of the promise, that he that soweth seed shall overtake him that reapeth,—when the diffusion of the Gospel and the gathering of its fruits shall go hand in hand.

Large plantations of beans and barley, used as fodder for cattle, alternated with the fields of wheat, without any division by fences. Groups of camels, horses, oxen, sheep, and goats, were scattered at intervals over the plain, their keepers dwelling in booths beside their pasture ground. If

Abraham was the proprietor of any such plain as this, on the southern confines of Palestine, he needed nothing more to make him "rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold."

By and by we reached the boundary of this fertility, in the arid sands of the Lybian mountains. Here was a large lake of *salt* water, and near by the salt sprinkled over the ground, like hoar frost, indicated the site of another. There are similar lakes and pits of salt near the temple of Karnac at Thebes. Passing by these, we came upon a mound of sand and dust, and broken bricks and pottery, strewed over with bleaching human bones, and ascending this for several rods, and to an elevation of about sixty feet, we came out upon the massive blocks of stone that form the *roof* of the old temple-palace of Memnon. Here, crawling upon our hands and knees, we got under the roof far enough to see that it covers two large halls supported by rows of massive columns, whose capitals are in the form of the lotus bud, still distinctly preserved. The walls, as far as could be seen, are covered with sculptures, among which the Ibis frequently recurs; there are also ceremonial processions and battle scenes, such as are usually depicted in the sculptures of Egyptian temples. No doubt, if this temple should be excavated, it would be one of the most remarkable monuments in Egypt. It dates back nearly fourteen hundred years before Christ.

The formation of the roof was peculiar. Large blocks of stone were laid endwise from one row of columns to the other, and then an arch was hollowed out of this solid masonry, still leaving a roof two feet in thickness at its centre. The stones were so nicely adjusted, that they fitted closely without cement. The ceiling was studded with stars, and with sculptures beautifully coloured. I have not seen in Egypt more exquisite workmanship. Yet the visitor is doomed to disappointment through the great difficulty of access to the temple, in consequence of the drifting in of the sand from the desert and the neighbouring mountains. Near by is another temple, also inaccessible, the temple of Osiris, built by the great Rameses, and enriched with alabaster walls, some fragments of which may yet be found.

The neighbouring mountains are filled with tombs, some of which are nearly four thousand years old. Every thing indicates that here was the site of a great city—a city of wealth, population, and power, enriched with trophies of conquest and monuments of religion. But these buried temples alone remain, and the Arabs, who now squat in their rags upon the top of the splendid sanctuary of Osiris, have given to the place the expressive name of “THE BURIED.”

The scene is one of utter desolation. Before you, on the west, the huge naked limestone bluffs glare fiercely in the sun; around their base, the sand of the desert lies in drifts, and beyond, the desert itself stretches in interminable silence. Grand and gorgeous temples are buried fifty feet beneath you, and all around is one mass of sand, and crumbling brick and stone, that reaches to the mountains, and makes this section of the plain an utter waste. It is in keeping that human bones should lie thus bleaching, amid the fragments of human power.

What empires have perished here! This whole valley of the Nile is filled with the ruins of cities, whose names have hardly survived their burial. Everywhere the sites of these old cities were well chosen; commonly at some defile of the parallel chains of mountains, that run the whole length of the river, where the mountains would serve as a defence from both man and the desert, while the plain that opens between would yield sustenance, and the river would pour out wealth. The city commonly abutted upon the mountains, occupying the poorest soil, so as to leave all the arable land for cultivation; and, uniformly, the largest and richest plains, and the most picturesque disposition of the mountains, indicated the site. No cities of modern times are planted with a nicer calculation of commercial and agricultural advantages, of facilities for defence, or of picturesque effect, than were those cities of the old Egyptians. Yet, how many such cities does the Nile entomb!

Of Heliopolis—the On of the Scriptures, a few stones only remain. Memphis, or Noph, is a waste. The cities of Acanthus, Isis, Busiris, Hercules, or Gom, Cynopolis, Oxyrhineus, Antinoe, Hermopolis, or Thmoun, Alabastron,

Psinaula, Pesla, Hieracon, Lycopolis, Antæopolis, Athribis, Chemmis, Abydos, Tentyris, and other cities mentioned by Strabo, or in the itinerary of Antoninus, or in the old manuscripts of the Copts, have hardly a mound or a vestige by which to identify their site. Yet some of these were cities of large population, and of great wealth, at the time when Egypt numbered eight millions, and monopolised the commerce of the East. Some of them were capitals of the general divisions under which the country was then arranged, and were the residences of chief officers of government. Even Alexandria, founded by the great Macedonian conqueror of Egypt, and in the time of the Ptolemies, the centre of commerce and of learning for the world, presents but few memorials of its former grandeur—and one of these is the solitary column that commemorates a Roman conqueror. Thus cities and empires fade away. Greece borrowed from Egypt. Rome rifled Greece, and then rifled Egypt also. Napoleon rifled both Egypt and Rome.

By the way, Napoleon was the merest imitator. At Paris, there is an obelisk in the *Place de la Concorde*, and in the Louvre are other memorials of Napoleon's triumphs in Egypt. But at Rome, one finds in every public place some column or obelisk stolen from Egypt, by the imperial robbers whom Napoleon copied. At Paris, one sees triumphal arches commemorative of the Emperor. At Rome, one finds plenty such standing or in ruins, and among them one which Napoleon very closely copied in the *Arc de Triomphe*. Coming to Egypt, one sees that these triumphal arches of the Roman emperors were but a feeble imitation of the grand *propyla* that commemorate the great men of Egypt in the presence of her gods, and that still stand in unrivalled grandeur, though Persia and Greece and Rome and Mecca and France have been here as spoilers, and though Time and the Desert have joined their destructive forces to the enginery of war. Egypt is buried; and so is Persia, and so is Greece, and so is Rome, and so is the "Great" Napoleon. Yet there remain more of the symbols of art, of learning, of wealth, of power, in old Egypt now, than all her conquerors have left to certify their grandeur in the capitals that they

enriched with her spoils. “*The buried,*” is not the epitaph of Abydos alone, nor of the twenty mighty cities that the Nile once boasted, but also of the empires that once planted their feet upon these ruins, but are now a mound of dust and bones. Desolation reigns where once flourished all the civilization of the old world.

But though the empires that once oppressed the individual man have passed away, yet oppression has not ceased in any of the lands where once they ruled. The wailing of women from yonder palm-grove, attest the presence of sorrow. The troops of the present government are there, to seize fathers, husbands, brothers, for service in the army, and are now dragging off their victims in chains. But here is something sadder still. As we ride back over the fertile plain, we meet a sorrowing group bearing the lifeless body of a woman, who has just been shot by the *sheik*, for attempting to rescue her brother from conscription. Desolation reigns in the midst of plenty. It would be a theme for the pen of Whittier.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ITALIANS AND COPTS.

ONE is struck continually with the number of Italians in Egypt. At Alexandria and Cairo, a large portion of the business in groceries and provisions, and, in general, the supply of travellers, has fallen into their hands. They adapt themselves easily to oriental manners. The climate suits them, the houses are very much like their own, and they seem to be as much at home in Egypt as in their native Italy. Indeed they are more at home, for many of them are living here as exiles and refugees, finding, under a Mohammedan power, that freedom and protection which are denied them by the Head of Christendom, and by sundry defenders of the faith. The Italians in Egypt are generally industrious and well-disposed ; although to them not the least attractive of oriental habits is, that of sitting before a cafe in the open air, drinking Mocha, and smoking a pipe. It is a sad comment on the Papacy, that honest and useful citizens are driven from the cross to the crescent, for the enjoyment of personal liberty, and of business prosperity. On the Upper Nile the Italian language is better known to the natives than the English, and Italians are frequently met in the bazaars in native costume, and to all appearance fully domesticated. Egypt affords them an easy retreat from their own country ; some have abandoned Italy for ever, others bide their time.

But this intermingling of Italians with the Arabs is really profitable for neither. The Italians seem to lose their national spirit, and to fall under the spell of oriental life, while the Arabs receive, through them, either infidel notions or a caricature of Christianity.

At Girgeh, as I was strolling through the streets at an early hour, I enquired for a Coptic church, and was led to a little building in which were sundry pictures of the Virgin, and an altar illuminated with candles, before which a solitary Italian priest, in shabby vestments, that but in part concealed the native costume, was performing the mass, while a little Arab boy, dirty and stupid, jingled the bell, handed the books, and officiated in general as his deputy, and finally received the consecrated wafer, and then blew out the candles. I knew at once that I was not in a Coptic, but a Roman Catholic church. There were present some twelve or fifteen Copt proselytes, half a dozen Italians, and an English lady and gentleman, who seemed the most devout of the assembly, though they wore the air of novices rather than of experts. It was painful to find here an emissary of Rome established in Upper Egypt, with all the apparatus of his system, while, with the exception of the English chaplain at Cairo, there is no Protestant missionary in the whole country. If Italy and France teach Egypt Christianity, woe worth the day.

The character and influence of this priest, and, in general, of Romanism in Egypt, may be inferred from a further extract from the "Journal" of Mr. Patterson, referred to in a former chapter. Says Mr. P.,—

"He—the Padre—told us a good deal, both concerning his own mission and the system on which all are conducted. He is the only missionary here, and there is a nun (also a Franciscan) to teach the little girls, etc., and assist him in such works as she can. He has also two Copt priests, (converts,) who are entirely under his order. It appears that a large body of the Copts, clergy and laity, have been reconciled to the church, and their orders being recognized, their archbishop and priests exercise their functions under the license of the missionaries. Thus the Padre here gives one of his Copt priests license to receive his own confession before he makes it to him. They can say their private mass, (for which they use their own rite); but all other functions they use only at the express permission of the missionaries, (but this is a temporary arrangement, I believe, till a regular Coptic hierarchy is erected).

"It is a small illustration," he continues, "of the absence of *priggishness*, and the great reality of their efforts, that the missionaries, though regulars, adopt the costume of the country and all its lawful customs. Without disparaging Protestant missionaries, who are said to be often devoted men, I cannot quite think that the efficacy of a white tie and a black coat, in converting the heathen, is so great as they seem to think; nor that the exhibition of domestic felicity, money, and Bibles, produces the same results, as self-denial, poverty, and celibacy, working systematically, and backed by all spiritual authority."

This extract from Mr. Patterson's book reveals the subtlety of Romanism in its endeavours to proselyte the Copts; but it makes a more alarming revelation of the subtlety of the Puseyite or High Church influence in the Church of England. One cannot overlook the sneer at the domestic example, and the social influence of a Protestant missionary and his family, nor the commendation of celibacy in connection with the statement that a solitary priest and a solitary nun are labouring together upon this field. The verging of Puseyism toward Monasticism, is one of its most dangerous tendencies. The *Monastic* system and the *Priesthood*, both separating from the people an order of men of reputed sanctity, and investing them with some special divine commission and authority, have corrupted the whole Christianity of the East, and have reduced these ancient churches to their present low state. Can these systems, or any thing that affiliates with them, revive these churches, and restore Christianity to its primitive purity? I say it with all kindness of feeling toward the individual members of hierarchical communions, but with the deepest and most earnest conviction, that Christianity cannot be revived in the East through a polity and forms that assimilate so nearly with those of these degenerate and decaying churches.

The degeneracy of the Coptic church, and the facilities it offers to skilful proselyters from Rome, are illustrated by the following account of their church usages, given me by a priest. Some days after this incident at Girgeh, while walking through the bazaar in Manfaloot, on the Upper

Nile, which was once the seat of a bishop, we met a tall, fine-looking Copt, whom we saluted, and who courteously invited us to sit upon a mat on a divan in front of a little shop, where another Copt was occupied in some manufacture. We sent for our interpreter. While we were waiting, four priests ascended the minaret of a mosque near by, and from its balcony proclaimed the hour of evening prayer, crying with a prolonged, plaintive, wavering note, *Al-la-hu Akbar*—"To God, the Great." Our new friend invited us to the church, and sent for two priests, with whom we held a long and interesting conversation.

The building resembled those at Negadeh, but was somewhat more profusely adorned with rude pictures, the subjects being Christ led to crucifixion, the Virgin Mary, etc., all which were suspended in a row behind the pulpit. The amount of the priest's explanations of these pictures, was, that they are used as aids, to prayer, (I suppose in the way of suggestion and emotion,) but that prayer is offered to God only. This is just the pretext that the Roman Catholic makes for the use of images and relics, namely, to stimulate devotional feelings. I inquired particularly as to membership in their churches, or terms of communion, and learned that all children of Coptic parents are baptized, the boys at forty days, and the girls at eighty. In all the observances of their church, much stress is laid upon *days*. Every Copt, as he grows up to years of knowledge, partakes of the Lord's Supper, but I could not learn at what age. I asked whether a grossly wicked man could come to the Lord's table; the answer was, that the priest would take him under his instruction for six months or more, until he thought him fit to partake of the sacrament. I asked whether being baptized and partaking of the sacrament, would suffice to take one to heaven, or whether there must be a good heart toward God and Christ? He answered, that the future would depend upon our living rightly here, but we couldn't tell any thing about that, and must leave it to God. It was evident that he had very vague notions of repentance and faith, and the religion of the heart, and he seemed perplexed and annoyed by the questions. I endeavoured to ascertain

the mode of training for the priesthood, and as far as I could make out, it is somewhat as follows:—A boy is taken into the service of the priest, to prepare his garments, arrange his books, wait upon him during the public worship, and in this way he is initiated into all the mysteries of the vestry and the vestments, and all the routine of days and services. He is also taught to read Coptic and Arabic. After being thus trained under the priest as an assistant, he goes to Cairo to be examined, and, if need be, further trained under persons appointed for this purpose by the patriarch, and when approved, if thirty years of age, he is ordained to the office of priest. I could not learn that there was any proper biblical or theological training, nor any such qualification as we deem necessary for preaching the Gospel. I should infer that preaching holds a minor place in the Coptic service, and that it is chiefly liturgical and ceremonial, though I have not yet witnessed it, as I hope to do at Cairo.

This priest was evidently ignorant,—he did not know the name of *Athanasius*, though I dare say he has often recited his creed. The Copts at Negadeh had never heard of him, nor did the Christians at Ekmim know the name of *Nestorius*, who died there, after sixteen years of banishment in the great oasis, by decree of the council of Ephesus. Neither could I learn any thing of the whole number of Copts, and of Coptic churches in Egypt. There is not a newspaper or journal published in the whole country. There is no general post-office for the service of the public, and the people know only what is immediately around them. On the whole, I thought the priests at Manfaloot did not much relish our interview; but our tall friend and others volunteered to go back with us to America. The people are open, though opposition must be looked for from the priests. It seems, too, that *Mohammedans* as well as Copts, are to some extent accessible to missionary efforts.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OSIOOT, OR, WOLF-TOWN—THE OLD AND THE NEW—A MODERN
CEMETERY—SOLDIER MAKING—JOHN THE HERMIT.

“*LIKE gods, like people.*” Never was this adage more fully verified than in the old Lycopolis, whose site we visit to-day. At Thebes we saw everywhere the ram-headed divinity promoted to special honour. In that city, and at other points on the Nile, the sheep was a sacred animal; it must not be killed for food, and when it died a natural death it must receive mummy honours. But here the wolf was sacred; and as his wolfship saw no sanctity in a sheep, his worshippers imitated their god in devouring the innocent animal that was worshipped in a neighbouring nome, where the wolf, its natural enemy, was hunted and slain. Our crew, catching the old spirit of the place, are clamourous for *buckshish*, in the form of a fat old ram; and while they are enjoying the savoury mess, we will go up and survey the town.

Osioot is the present capital of Upper Egypt, and the residence of its governor—the largest and best built town above Cairo on the Nile. Its situation is even more beautiful than that of Cairo; and, except in extent, the view of the grand capital from the citadel does not surpass the view of Osioot from the mountains in the rear. The town is situated about two miles back from the present channel of the river, and is protected from inundation by massive dykes, which are ornamented with sycamores and acacias, thus forming pleasant, shady avenues on all sides of the town; while numerous gardens, with fragrant flowers and luxuriant vegetation, give to the entire suburbs an air of rural magnificence that cannot be rivalled in our cold and changeful climate. The town itself is built compactly, like all Egyptian towns, its population of twenty thousand

being compressed into the space of a New England town of eight thousand. It is surrounded with walls, and divided into quarters, with their respective gates; for here, as in the grand capital, all sects and nations are intermingled. It is computed that there are in Osioot a thousand Copt Christians, and this is the see of a bishop of that ancient church.

The bazaars exhibit almost as fine a display of goods as those of the capital; yet every thing is compressed into the smallest compass, the principle of an eastern merchant in this respect being the very opposite of that of a Broadway retailer. The minarets of Osioot are celebrated for their beauty; but the tallest, which is most admired, did not meet my ideal of ethereal grace. It is too slender and contrasts too suddenly for the best effect, and is suggestive of an elongated hay-pole. It is only here and there that you find a minaret of perfect proportions—for the present race have no architectural taste or skill—but a fine specimen of the minaret might furnish some good hints to an architect for the steeples of our village churches. The effect of the minarets of Osioot, as seen from the neighbouring hill, is very beautiful: the whole town looks like one vast cathedral, with pointed towers rising at every angle; and the general grouping is highly picturesque.

Osioot occupies the site of the ancient *Lycopolis*, the city where the wolf was held in special veneration, and where it received the rites of sepulchre accorded to kings. No remains of the ancient city are to be found except a few misshapen blocks scattered here and there as door-stones in the modern town. But the mountain is full of the tokens of the power and the wealth of the people that once ruled upon this soil. Here, as at Abydos, we see the wisdom and the taste of the ancient Egyptians in selecting the sites of their cities. A vast expanse of the richest soil, divided by the river, lies between two mountain ranges that widen their embrace to shield it from the desert, while northward and southward they close in around it, as a defence from human foes. The Lybian mountains, in the rear, and upon which the city abutted, were chosen as the place of burial;

and here we still find numerous tiers of excavated tombs, extending even to the summit of the mountain, six hundred feet above the plain. These tombs, like those at Thebes, are chambers cut out of the solid rock, sometimes in the form of grand saloons with colonnades, sometimes a single arched hall, and sometimes a series of rooms conducting far into the bowels of the mountain. Many of these bear marks of having been covered with paintings and sculptures, but these are now much defaced. There is little of ornament remaining to attract the traveller to the tombs of Lycopolis. But even in their dilapidated state, they serve to illustrate the wealth, the power, and the religion of ancient Egypt. These tombs were, for the most part, the property of private individuals, and are, therefore, a better standard of the wealth of the country, than are the tombs of priests and kings.

This exponent of the ancient wealth of Egypt is the more striking, by contrast with the modern cemetery of Osioot. Just at the base of the mountain, and separated from the town by a canal and a dyke, is the present necropolis, which is reputed to be the best in Egypt. But nothing can be more devoid of taste, of solemnity, of beauty, or indeed of any feature of interest, than are the present cemeteries of Egypt. The exposure of the alluvial soil to inundation, the moisture of the soil itself, and the great value of all cultivable land in Egypt, leads of necessity to the occupation of a dry, sandy spot for burial purposes. The cemetery of Osioot is situated on the margin of the desert, and the waste of sand around it is only here and there relieved by shrubs of stinted growth. The tombs are of the coarsest material; commonly a low arch of baked mud or mud-brick, raised two feet above the ground, and daubed over with a white plaster. Sometimes a little wall is raised around this, sometimes a dome, ten or fifteen feet high; or if the tomb belongs to a *sheik*, it is built in the form of a dome, and large enough to admit of a few mats for the use of devotees who come to pray and to leave their votive offerings. But whatever may be the size or shape of the tomb, it is still the same mud wall covered with white plaster. The

only attempt at ornament is the scrawling of rude and fantastic figures in red and green paint, after the most approved toy-shop style. Nothing can exceed the dreariness of such a place. The cemetery is a thoroughfare for donkeys and cattle, as well as for men, and its tombs are often suffered to fall into decay. It is easy to understand how, in a warm climate, both lunatics and desperadoes could make such a place their abode; but the glare of white plaster, and the daub of red and green paint, unrelieved by flower or foliage or fence or storied monument, renders it any thing but an inviting place for religious meditation. In this near contrast of the modern cemeteries with the ancient catacombs of Egypt, we have a striking evidence of the decline of the country in its material prosperity. For while the modern resting-places of the dead, compared with the ancient, are the mud hovels of beggars as compared with the palaces of kings, yet the incalculable difference between their respective outlays for the dead, is not in any way realized in the increased comfort of the living. Labour is still at the minimum for the support of human life; and the modern cemetery shows not a wise economy, but the beggarly emptiness of a beggarly race.

The Mohammedan Arab has the same disposition to adorn the tomb as had the native Egyptian; but he lacks both the means and the capacity for doing this. The sacred wolves, fragments of whose mummies you may pick up in almost every tomb, had a more honoured burial than the sainted sheik, not because the ancient Egyptian had more superstition than the present occupant of the soil, but because with his superstition, he had more of wealth and power and genius to develop its conceptions into permanent and impressive forms. Superstition the most abject still reigns; but the wealth has gone, and the power has gone, and the genius has gone, and hence the grand and the beautiful are no more seen, but the rudely daubed mosque succeeds the massive sculptured temple, and the white-washed mud sepulchre succeeds the palace-tomb. If the wolf and the "crocodilo" are "finish," Egypt is finished too. Her kings are gone; her wise men are gone; her great men are gone;

her art is gone; her wealth is gone; and a decrepit race now squats upon her ruins.

Of this a striking proof is given in the present art of *soldier making*. I have several times alluded to the impressment of recruits now going on in Egypt, as incidents connected with it have fallen under my notice, but having to-day seen at Osioot the whole reality of the thing, I will here collate its various incidents into one statement.

The ambitious schemes of Mohammed Ali, the late Viceroy of Egypt, demanded a native army disciplined upon the European model. He raised such an army by a forcible conscription throughout all Egypt, exhausting the strength of the country in his very endeavours to augment its power. To a people of such strong domestic affections as have the common people of Egypt, and who had been accustomed to live quietly in their secluded villages of the Upper Nile, this being seized by force to fight battles to which they felt no call of patriotism or of self-protection, was a doom as horrible as death. No proclamation of war, no newspaper, no popular convention set forth the necessity for the levying of troops; Egypt has no such means of enlightening or of swaying the popular mind even in a bad cause; but of a sudden, a company of soldiers descending upon a village, would seize all the young and vigorous men and drag them off in chains to serve in the army of the Pasha. Hence thousands put out the right eye, in order to avoid the conscription, and when the shrewd old tyrant formed a regiment of one-eyed men, they maimed their right hands also. Thus the levying of soldiers has become a terror in all Egypt. The system has been modified and made as reasonable as it can be in any country where a large standing army is required for the purposes of a government in which the people feel no interest. The present drafting is of persons between certain ages, and for the term of four years; each village is required to furnish its quota, and an opportunity is given to select the men by lot. The pay of a soldier is seventy-five cents a month, with his board and clothing, both of much better quality than those of the

fellaḥ, or peasant; but life in the barracks takes away all personal liberty and domestic enjoyment, and after every modification, the old horror of the thing remains.

We were first made aware of this state of things, by the reluctance of our crew to go on shore at certain villages where the recruiting officers chanced to be. Once the cook-boy, who had been sent for milk, came running to the boat without his jar, in great consternation, saying that an attempt had been made to seize him as a soldier. We could have reclaimed him as our servant, but this would have caused an embarrassing delay. At Keneh we saw a large number of respectable men, seated on the ground near the barracks, solemnly awaiting the issue of the lot that was to decide the fate of their sons, while the women hung around in groups, whose consternation would soon give place to frantic wailing. It was truly an affecting scene.

At Thebes we found the mountain filled with the peasantry who had fled thither from the conscription, while the passes were guarded by soldiers, on the watch for any straggler who might venture out for food. But women and children contrived to smuggle food to the refugees, who kept up a constant watch, and who fled at the approach of strangers. We came suddenly one day upon a concourse of these poor people, who, mistaking us for their pursuers, at first made a show of resistance, and then huddled themselves more closely into the tombs.

A vendor of antiques offered me a lot, for which I made him a bid, leaving the decision until the following day. Next day an elderly neighbour presented himself to say, that in the night the mummy-merchant had been seized and carried off as a soldier, and that his son would not venture out for fear of a like fate.

At one point on the river, I saw a large boat loaded with men, chained together three and three by the neck, and an armed guard standing over them. These were recruits for the army, bound to Cairo. At two or three places on the river, the Copts begged us to intercede with the government not to take their sons as soldiers to be mixed with

Mussulmen in all the corruptions of the camp. Our venerable man was so grief stricken at the seizure of his son, that he proposed to go with us to America.

I have already mentioned the horrible incident near Girgeh, where a woman was shot dead for attempting to hinder the impressment of her brother. But at Osioot the whole effect of the impressment was spread before us. As we approached the town, the loud wailing and screaming of women reached our ears; and presently we met a mounted officer followed by a foot-guard, dragging a few recruits bound with ropes and chains; and these surrounded by wives, mothers, and sisters, their faces and breasts smeared over with dung in token of their grief, to which they gave vent in heart-rending lamentations. On the top of the mountain this wail continued to pierce our ears, as new parties were dragged along the various roads. When we entered the town we found the bazaars almost deserted, and business suspended, while around the governor's palace were thousands of women screaming, wailing, smiting their breasts, tearing their hair, covering themselves with filth, and making every demonstration of grief, which the recruiting officers in vain attempted to drown with the noise of drums. The whole town was astir, and long after we left it we heard the cry of anguish with which the land of Egypt gives birth to an army.

The mountains back of Osioot were the abode of hermits, during the reign of the Byzantine emperors. One of these, from his oracular dignity in state affairs, is somewhat noted in history. Describing the superstition of Theodosius, Gibbon informs us, that "before he performed any decisive resolution, the pious emperor was anxious to discover the will of heaven; and as the progress of Christianity had silenced the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, he consulted an Egyptian monk, who possessed, in the opinion of the age, the gift of miracles and knowledge of futurity. Eutropius, one of the favourite oracles of the palace of Constantinople, embarked for Alexandria, from whence he sailed up the Nile as far as the city of Lycopolis, or of Wolves, in the remote province of Thebais. In the neighbourhood of the

city and on the summit of a lofty mountain, the holy John had constructed with his own hand an humble cell, in which he dwelt above fifty years, without opening his door, without seeing the face of a woman, and without tasting any food that had been prepared with fire, or any human art. Five days of the week he spent in prayer and meditation; but on Saturdays and Sundays he regularly opened a small window and gave audience to the crowd of suppliants who successively flowed from every part of the Christian world. The eunuch of Theodosius approached the window with respectful steps, proposed his questions concerning the events of the civil war, and soon returned with a favourable oracle, which animated the courage of the emperor by the assurance of a bloody but infallible victory."

When I ascended this mountain and looked out from its now empty tombs upon one of the richest and most beautiful plains in all the valley of the Nile, and from its summit saw the Lybian desert spreading like a sea to the western horizon, I felt that no spot could have been selected more favourable to such a life as those old hermits led. The tombs had nothing of the atmosphere of a modern sepulchre. The rocks in which they are hewn, like those at Thebes, have no soil, and therefore no vegetation to dampen them; they are a dry, clean limestone, that yields readily under the chisel, and yet that changes little with time in a climate where there is no rain. The tombs themselves are spacious chambers, and they range from two hundred to five hundred feet above the surface of the plain, being hewn frequently in the very clefts of the rocks, and difficult of access to one not skilled in climbing. Here the recluse would find security in his solitude; the mountains and the desert would favour his more sombre meditations, while the plain would at once supply his simple wants, and suggest to him the kindlier associations of humanity.

On the very top of the mountain I found the remains of a crude brick hut, which may have been the abode of the oracular John. In such a spot, amid such associations, one is perplexed to know whether was better, the old

religion that built these tombs in the belief of a future state and of the transmigration of souls, and embalmed the wolves whose remains I found scattered among them,—or the religion that converted them into the chapels of stuccoed saints and the cells of oracular hermits; or the religion that, despising alike the worship of idols and of pictures, has desecrated both the wolf's tomb and the hermit's cell, and, in the faith of the anchorite warrior of Mecca, now rears its lofty minarets upon the plain, proclaiming with each returning hour of prayer, "*La illah il' Allah*—There is no deity but God."

A religion whose patron saint was a mounted warrior in mortal combat with a dragon, and whose imperial patron and professor would send his ministers of state fifteen hundred miles to take counsel of a pulse-dried cynic in his mountain cell, had not the spiritual life to withstand the torrent of fanaticism that in the beginning of the seventh century swept over Egypt from Arabia.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANTIQUITY OF ART AND SCIENCE—TRUE ANTIQUITY OF EGYPT.

WE read of the golden age of art. When was it? The Augustan age? The age of Pericles?

There was a golden age of letters too. When? Was it when art and letters and science reached a high development, if not perfection, and were under the patronage of all the wealthy and the great?—when the rich planned how best to adorn their palaces, and monarchs put in requisition all human skill for their temples and their tombs? Then had art and science a golden age long before Augustus or Pericles—before Rome or Greece was born.

In proof of this, I would adduce the tombs at *Beni-hassan*, on the Lower Nile. These have been famous, from the conjecture that one of them was the temporary tomb of Joseph, and that a scene upon its walls represented the arrival in Egypt of Jacob and his sons. This picture, which is about eight feet long by two feet in width, represents a family of emigrants, who come with presents, having with them women, children, baggage, asses—the very prototype of the present race of donkeys—also weapons and instruments of music. Champollion mistook them for Greeks, and some have supposed them to be the brethren of Joseph. But this has been disproved, by the discovery from the hieroglyphics, that the tomb is much older than the time of Joseph, and older than any at Thebes, as is true of most of the sepulchral grottos at this point.

Here, then, is the place to study ancient Egyptian art. To my amazement, I found one tomb some two hundred feet above the level of the river, almost a Doric temple, hewn from the solid rock. Before it is a portico, supported by two pillars, of an order almost identical with the Doric,

and which *must* have suggested that; while within is a chamber some thirty feet square, its roof supported also by four columns of the same order. This chamber was cut from the solid rock with perfect precision; no modern square, or line and plummet could make it more true. The doorway is in exact mathematical and artistic proportions, both with itself and with the chamber.

In making the original excavation, the pillars were left in rough masses, and were afterwards trimmed down each to the same form and dimensions. What skill was requisite for this, when a single miscalculation, or a false blow of the chisel would have ruined irreparably the whole excavation! A broken column in a building may be restored; but in an excavation, no such injury could be repaired. The walls were then trimmed down and prepared to receive the frescoes. Some of these are executed with great delicacy and taste. Here is a picture of a bird about the size of a canary, which though painted more than thirty-five hundred years ago, is quite fresh in colour, and which is as perfect in outline, in proportion, and in finish, as most frescoes of modern times. It will compare favourably with the famous Mosaic of the cat and the bird from Pompeii, now in the *Museo Bourbonico* at Naples. There are pictures, also, in which *perspective* is introduced, so that animals and men appear in groups behind each other in their true proportions. Fish are admirably drawn. Several wrestling scenes exhibit fine muscular action. Various games and feats of agility are introduced; also, hunting scenes. Agriculture, working in glass, in gold, in clay, and in flax—all the common trades, and the arts of painting and statuary, are here depicted. The principal failure of the artist, is in the representation of trees and flowers, and in the perspective of *landscapes*.

Who made these tombs? Barbarians? Infants? Or men of genius in a golden age of art? Who paid for such works? These were not the tombs of kings, but of private persons—the inhabitants of the city of Nus, that once stood upon the opposite bank of the river. Was not that a golden age, in which wealth flowed in such channels? Did not Egypt

teach Greece and Rome? Diodorus acknowledges that the Greeks derived from the Egyptians much of their mythology respecting Hades and the future state. We have already seen that the idea of Charon and his boat was suggested by the practice of ferrying the dead across the Nile, and by the sacred lake, to their tombs in the mountains. Greek poetry was Egyptian fact. The Greeks borrowed in art as well as in theology. The golden ages of Greece and Rome derived much of their splendour from the prior golden age of Egypt.

Though the tradition of the foundation of Attica by an Egyptian colony, led by Cecrops, is not confirmed by authentic history, yet the fact that before the conquests of Alexander, Egypt had become the resort of the scholars of Greece, that her poets, her historians, her philosophers, her astronomers, and her mathematicians resorted to Heliopolis, as the scholars of our time resort to Oxford and to Berlin, and the fact that after the foundation of Alexandria, the treasures of classic Greece herself, found in Egypt an asylum from the decay of luxury and the desolation of war, are proof of the intimate relations between the two countries, and of the influence of Egyptian civilization upon the civilization of Attica. The extraordinary impulse given to the arts of architecture and of statuary in Greece, from the middle of the seventh century before Christ, when Egypt, "which until then had been jealously closed against foreign settlers, was thrown open for permanent and friendly intercourse to the Greeks," argues,—as even the advocates of an independent Greek development are constrained to admit,—that at least "the Greek artists there became acquainted with various technical processes, with which the Egyptians had long been familiar, and that, by this fortunate assistance, Greek art at once advanced from a state of comparative rudeness, to a level with that of Egypt."¹

It was not for nought that Homer, Thales, Solon, Pythagoras, Hecataeas, Herodotus, Plato, Eudoxus, Euclid, Dionysius, and many others of the distinguished sons of Greece, resorted to Egypt for travel and for study, some of

¹ Schmitz, History of Greece, p. 172.

them residing there for years in the universities under the care of the priests. Greek artists, also, went to study in Egypt, as modern artists in Italy.¹

Rude, stiff, and even grotesque, as many of the old Egyptian monuments appear, because of the religious and conventional forms to which the artists were obliged to adhere, there are yet traces of the grand and the beautiful, of a chaste and severe simplicity, and of a refined and delicate taste, worthy of the esthetic atmosphere of Greece. "The vases of the Egyptians frequently bear so strong a resemblance to those of Greece, that we might feel disposed to consider them borrowed from Greek models, did not their known antiquity forbid such a conclusion; and many have mistaken the ornamental devices attached to them, and to other fancy works of Egyptian art, for the productions of Greek sculptors. Now that we are acquainted with the dates of the Egyptian monuments, the square border and scrolls so common on Athenian, Sicilian, Etruscan, and Graeco-Italian vases, are shown to be, from the most remote time, among the ordinary devices on cups, and the ceilings of tombs, at Thebes and other places; and the graceful curve of the Egyptian cornice, which, not confined to architecture, is repeated on vases, and numerous articles of furniture, was evidently adopted for the same ornamental purpose by the Greeks."²

There can be no question, that not only the material arts of civilized life, but the fine arts also, attained in Egypt a high state of development long before the era of the arts in Greece; for when, after Psammetichus had raised himself to the throne by the help of Greek mercenaries, Egypt was thrown open to the Greeks, Egyptian art was already in its decline, and it was soon after prostrated by the Persian invasion, which not only marred the temples on the soil, but also transported the artists of the Nile to the banks of the Euphrates, and there compelled them to record upon their own mutilated statues the triumphs of their conquerors.

Humboldt recognizes a grand "epoch of human civiliza-

¹ Wilkinson, iii, 166.

² Wilkinson, iii, 88.

tion to the valley of the Nile," centuries before its transmission to Greece. Indeed, he regards this as the earliest development of civilization, a "national cultivation," which was "early awakened and arbitrarily modelled, owing to the mental requirements of the people, the peculiar physical character of the country, and its hierachial and political institutions."

The vast resources of the Nile valley, and its isolated position between two mountain ranges and outlying deserts, not only contributed to, but almost necessitated, the early development of civilization. The enormous productiveness of the country is shown by the fact, that even after the desolation of successive conquests, it continued to be, as of old, the granary of the world. "Even after it had become a Roman province, Egypt continued to be the seat of immense wealth, for the increased luxury of Rome, under the Cæsars, reached to the territory of the Nile, and turned to the universal commerce of Alexandria for the chief means of its satisfaction."¹ Under the last and most indolent of the Ptolemies, the revenue of Egypt is said to have amounted to twelve millions of dollars.² This vast indigenous wealth of Egypt was expended on national works, and hence the rapid progress of the nation in the physical sciences and the mechanic arts. Egyptian art, as seen in writing and in sculpture, is as old as the history of the nation.

At this point, a learned scepticism sets up a claim for the remote antiquity of the nation, prior to its known history;—what Bunsen styles a period of *Origines*, and Lepsius of "development." The existence of language and of a mythology, says Bunsen, demand a preceding era of progress. Lepsius, after placing Menes at least 3900 b. c., and the pyramids only five hundred years later, remarks, that "a thousand years at least, and probably still more, must be conjectured for the gradual growth of a civilization which had been completed, and had in part begun to degenerate, at least 3430 b. c." Humboldt follows Lepsius in this.³ Gibbon, as we have seen, attempts to turn this

¹ Kosmos 11, 171.

² Gibbon.

³ Kosmos 11, 144.

alleged necessity of a long series of improvements against the chronological data of the Hebrew Scriptures.

This argument proceeds upon the assumption, that man began his existence in a state of infancy, and was left to the unassisted developments of his own powers. But this assumption is wholly gratuitous. The Book of Genesis, confessedly the most ancient writing in the world, and which, as Bunsen says, has no appearance of exaggerating its own antiquity, represents man as introduced into the world by the Creator, in the maturity of his powers, and as started upon his career by the specific instruction and counsels of Jehovah. Now, without insisting upon the historic truth of this narrative, it is enough that we take this as a possible theory of the origin of man. We have as good a right in logic and in fact, to this theory, as the savans referred to have to the opposite theory. Indeed, with the document in our favour, we challenge them to disprove it. This theory offsets their theory of development, and *until it is disproved from scientific or historical data, it is a sufficient answer to their objections.* Assuming this to have been the true origin of man, there was no need of interminable ages for his development; and the children of men who built the ark and the tower of Babel, could build Thebes, Memphis, and the pyramids, within the time which the chronology of the Septuagint allows between the flood and the era of these monuments. In the fourth chapter of Genesis, mention is made of the invention of instruments of music, and of artificers in brass and iron; and the building of the ark shows what progress had been made in the mechanic arts by the time of Noah. Of course, the arts known before the flood were preserved in the family of Noah, and were transmitted by them to their posterity. The immediate descendants of Noah built cities, and founded mighty empires. The men of Shinar knew how to build stupendous fabrics of brick and mortar. If, then, we receive the Book of Genesis as a true history of the antediluvian world, all the data necessary to account for the early development of art in Egypt, and for its stupendous monuments, are given in that book, and we have no occasion for a fabulous era of *Origines.*

The theory that the human race began its existence at the lowest stage of barbarism, is neither demanded nor warranted by any known facts. There is no evidence that a state of barbarism is the normal condition of man. On the contrary, the evidence is rather that barbarism, wherever found, is a decline from a previous state of civilization. In most uncivilized countries there are traces of a religious knowledge superior to the prevailing superstitions of the people, and in many also there are monuments of art, which are as great a mystery to the present inhabitants, as are the monuments of ancient Egypt to the Arab *fellahs* now upon her soil. Progress is not the invariable law of the human race. We witness deterioration and decay in Greece, in Rome, in Egypt, in Palestine, in Assyria, in India. With respect to his capacity for development, man *may* have stood higher at the creation than he stood at the flood, because in nearer sympathy with that spiritual truth and life, that give strength, beauty, energy, and symmetry to all intellectual activities. At all events, the Mosaic account of the early state of mankind will stand as a *theory* against the theory of barbarism urged by *savans*, until they upon whom rests the burden of proof, make good their objections.

In his latest announcements, Lepsius settles upon 3893 B.C., as the era of Menes, which was five hundred and forty-nine years before the commonly received era of the flood. But Bunsen makes the era of Menes 3643 B.C., more than two hundred years later. Poole, as we have seen, has demonstrated from the monuments and from astronomical data, that Menes cannot date further back than 2717 B.C.; still three hundred and seventy-three years before the flood, according to Usher and the Hebrew text. But if we follow Dr. Hales and the Septuagint, and place the deluge 3155 B.C., we then have four hundred and thirty-eight years for the development of art in Egypt before Menes, and in a country and climate that highly favoured, if indeed they did not necessitate, such a development. Then, if with Hales we fix the creation at 5411 B.C., we have more than twelve hundred years additional to answer the purpose of Bunsen's preliminary period of *Origines*; and these dates we assume

not arbitrarily, but on the authority of the oldest version from the Hebrew Scriptures, which, for aught we know, may have followed the numbers of the original text more strictly than do the later copies of the Hebrew. The great antiquity of Egyptian art, therefore, while on the one hand it illustrates and confirms the frequent allusions to arts in the book of Moses, upon the other, does not invalidate the historic testimony of those same books as to the comparatively recent origin, and the rapid increase and development of the human family. The most admiring Egyptologist may, at the same time, be a most implicit believer in the historic verity of the books of Moses. Half a century ago, Dr. Chalmers boldly declared, that “the writings of Moses do not fix the *antiquity of the globe*”; and the geological discussions of the last fifty years have proved, that the fear of Christians lest the speculations of geologists should undermine our faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures, was a “false alarm.” Our faith in the Mosaic cosmogony is not at all disturbed by the recent declaration of Hugh Miller, that new facts of geology, scientifically determined, now demand a new scheme of reconciliation for geology and the Mosaic record. Even so with the antiquity of art, and with the monumental records of Egypt. Let us give place to no false alarm for the word of God. *The writings of Moses do not fix the chronology of the primeval history of man.*

As the positive influence of Egypt upon Greece has been underrated, I adduce at length the views of the distinguished Lepsius.

“The distinguished series of celebrated men who are said to have carried Egyptian wisdom to the Greeks, begins as early as the mythical times. Danaus brought the first germ of higher civilization from Egypt to Argos, and Eretheus, king of Athens, was considered by some an Egyptian, and taught the Eleusinian mysteries according to the manner of the Egyptians. The holy singers of antiquity, Orpheus, Musæus, Melampus, and Eumolpus, thence acquired their theological wisdom; and even to Homer himself, Egypt may not have been unknown. The most ancient artists of Greece, Daedalus, Telecles, and Theodorus, are said to

have educated themselves in this land of primeval art, and to have employed the Egyptian canon of proportions. Lycurgus and Solon introduced into their father-land all the wise regulations they became acquainted with; and Herodotus, especially, tells us that the Egyptian laws relating to the surveying of the land, by which every one was obliged to declare to the monarch his annual revenue, were transferred to Athens by Solon, and were in use even in his time. Cleobulus, the son of Lindus, is said also to have visited Egypt. It signifies little how much historical foundation there is for these accounts. The general direction taken by tradition, with reference to it, proves even more than separate facts could do, the early and late general universal recognition of Egyptian wisdom. It was considered a glory to participate in it.

“ But Egypt was especially regarded as a university for philosophy, and for all that could be gained through science and learning. We therefore see philosophers, mathematicians, physicians, historians, resorting to Egypt, each emulating with the other, and studying for many years under Egyptian teachers. The houses in Heliopolis in which Plato and the mathematician Eudoxus had lived for thirteen years, were still shown to Strabo. The observatory of Eudoxus, in which he is said to have made certain observations of the stars, and on Canobus in particular, bore his name in the time of Strabo. Even Thales was instructed by the Egyptian priests, and as it is expressly said, had besides them no other teachers. Here he became acquainted with the division of the year into seasons, and into three hundred and sixty-five days; and here, also, he learnt how to take the measurement of high objects, such as the pyramids by their shadow, at a particular hour of the day. Archimedes invented his celebrated water screw in Egypt, and there applied it in the establishments which were devoted to the irrigation of the land. Pythagorus was a long time in Egypt, and all that we know concerning the dogmas of this influential man agrees with this account. His doctrine of the immortality of the soul, especially, is very decidedly referred by Herodotus to Egypt. And it is in

fact now sufficiently known from the monuments, that the Egyptians possessed from the earliest times very distinct ideas about the transmigration of souls, and of judgment after death. The philosophers, Anaxagorus, Democritus, Sphærus, the mathematician Oinopides, the physician Chrysippus, also Alcæus and Euripides, are enumerated among the visitors to Egypt. Finally, the same is known of Hecateus, Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, and many less celebrated Greeks.”¹

¹ Letters, Bohn, p. 383.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLIMATE OF THE NILE—A CHAPTER FOR INVALIDS.

THE great benefit which, through the blessing of God, I have myself experienced from the effect of travel in more genial climates upon a pulmonic or a bronchial affection, induces me to record some notes of climate, taken upon the way, for the use of other invalids. A change of climate should be very *early* tried in pulmonary complaints, and should be persisted in long enough to influence the entire constitution. When resorted to by the consumptive as a last expedient, a change of climate is of little avail. It is commonly to leave the comforts and the sympathies of home, to die among strangers. But better counsels are beginning to prevail; and possibly these few suggestions may not be without their value, to some who are struggling with insidious disease.

If I may venture an unprofessional opinion—the result of some observation and experience in pulmonary diseases—it is, that so far as the mere *breathing* is concerned, it matters little what is the quality of the atmosphere (if it is not vitiated) whether moist or dry, cold or hot. The effect of atmospheric changes upon the skin and upon the general tone of the system, is even more to be dreaded than their direct action upon the throat or lungs. In such diseases, the all-important thing is to keep up the tone of the system, and especially to do this, if possible, without the use of medicines or of high stimulants. The air being the vitalizer of the blood, a person of a consumptive habit, or in the incipient stages of the disease, should live as much as possible *in the open air*, merely guarding against taking cold from sudden changes of temperature, or from exposure to currents of air. The air is the proper nutriment of the

lungs, and if inhaled habitually through the *nostrils*, and not through the mouth, there is little danger that even at a very low rate of temperature it will injure the lungs by simple contact.

Nor can I perceive that the presence of moisture in the atmosphere is, in itself, detrimental to the lungs. Having spent three months in England in the fall of the year, including the damp month of November in London, I can testify that the climate of England is not unfavourable for pulmonary invalids from the United States. Indeed, I found a sojourn in England conduce in every way to the restoration of health and strength. The reason of this is, that while there is a superabundance of moisture in the atmosphere, the temperature is comparatively equitable, and there are few great or sudden changes. And, besides this, knowing himself to be in a moist climate, one naturally provides himself with warm clothing; while in English houses there is every facility for a cheerful fire whenever this is needed. Moreover the tone of the climate there admits of a generous diet, which, above all things, is the antidote to such diseases; for it is through the general tone of the system, and the improved quality of the blood, that these are to be reached, rather than by specific local applications. Mechanical and dietetic treatment,—friction, gymnastics, outdoor exercise, cold water, good living,—these are the requisites, rather than the medication of any “school.” I must say, then, though it be contrary to the books, that jaunting in England, roaming free and joyous amid its ever diversified and ever beauteous scenes, and partaking of its substantial comforts, is a good thing for pulmonic complaints,—the mist and the rain notwithstanding. Besides, England is not all mist and rain, but has its bright skies and its sweet sunshine.

The climate of Paris is good, though having, perhaps, greater extremes both of heat and of cold than the average climate of England. In the main, the air of Paris is remarkably clear, pure, and genial; but, at times, a dense, chilling fog arises from the Seine, that flows through the heart of the city, and the Parisian houses are not arranged,

and the Parisians are not accustomed, to resist this by a good cheerful fire. An invalid may do well in Paris, if he selects a house that has the convenience of a fireplace, or is with a family somewhat Americanized.

Travelling over the mountains of Switzerland for a month, I found the bracing influence of mountain air and of pedestrian exercise counteracted by the extremes of temperature, which sometimes extended over forty degrees in twenty-four hours. It was summer and winter, melting heat and freezing cold, in the course of each day's march. For health, it were better to visit Switzerland in July and August, than in September and October; though the grandeur of the mountains, and the glory of the sky, are enhanced in the latter months.

The climate of Rome is strongly recommended by physicians for pulmonary complaints; and Rome is a favourite resort of invalids from England and the United States, because, besides a good, clear, balmy air, they may there find intelligent society, and a continual fund of amusement. But there is one important qualification respecting the climate of Rome. While in the same exposure there is little variation of temperature, and while the atmosphere is remarkably still, yet in different parts of the city the temperature varies, so as to expose an invalid to taking cold whenever he goes out. For example, you walk upon the *Pincio* in a bright sun and a fresh balmy air, and feel all the exhilaration of a new life; you come down the long flight of steps at the *Piazza di Spagna* and descend to the *Corso*, and it is like going into a vault; or you ride out in an open carriage along the Appian way, and bask in the sun without the walls; but returning, you must plunge into narrow, sunless streets, and feel the chill of winter. You pace a street running east and west, and on its sunny side you find the most genial September; you turn the corner of a street running north and south, and encounter the keen wind of December from mountains of snow. A tolerable safeguard against this is a Spanish cloak, which may be thrown off and on, made light or heavy at pleasure. Rome is a good place for a pulmonary invalid, if he is very careful

not to catch cold ; for, as I have said before, it is not the contact of the air with the lungs by *breathing*, but its contact with the *skin*, checking perspiration or imparting a sudden chill, that is most to be feared. Let the invalid keep thoroughly warm, and the coldness or humidity of the atmosphere are of little account. But the climate of Rome is comparatively warm and dry. Yet it is not well for an invalid to settle down in any *place* with other invalids, where health is the absorbing topic of thought and of conversation.

Nice does not enjoy its former reputation as a winter resort for invalids. While, in the main, its skies are balmy and its atmosphere is bland, it sometimes feels chill wintry blasts from the mountains, and its streets are sometimes covered with as vile a posh as ever tested Goodyear's patent gum elastics on Broadway.

A better place is Mentone, some three hours east of Nice, along the *Riviera*, a pleasant village facing the sea, and nestling so closely under the lee of the mountains, that it is completely shielded from north winds, and enjoys an equable temperature. Its accommodations are as yet indifferent, but arrangements are making to improve them. This is a cheap as well as healthful resort.

Naples is a favourite winter residence of the English, and its climate is one of the loveliest in the world. It has the drawbacks incident to a proximity to the sea; but is, on the whole, quite favourable to pulmonary invalids.

Malta has a very uniform climate, and it is highly recommended by physicians; but when I was there the sky was remarkably addicted to sudden and drenching showers, and the atmosphere was often humid ; yet there was no room in the hotel that admitted of any other fire than a warming pan of charcoal. One might do well in Malta, if he should get into fit quarters ; but after all, as the old lady said of her one room, it is " too narrow-contracted for any thing." You can explore the whole island in three days, and then—where are you? With little to divert the mind, just planning to take care of your health.

The climate of Upper Egypt is uniformly dry. In more

than two months I did not see a drop of rain in Egypt, except at Alexandria on the sea-coast. Yet this was the season for rain. It is as true now as it was twenty-five hundred years ago, that in Egypt there is no rain. Were it not for the Nile, which is fed by rains in the mountains far to the south, the whole land would become a desert, like that adjoining the ancient Pelusiac branch of the river now dried away. But the Nile climate, that is directly upon the river, is not uniformly dry. In the Delta very heavy dews fall, so that in the morning the deck of the boat, and the fields along the banks, are as wet as if there had been showers by night ; and sometimes a dense fog arises from the river. On the Upper Nile, however, these phenomena are seldom witnessed.

But the temperature of the river is very variable—sometimes passing through a thermometrical range of 30° in twenty-four hours, and it is often quite cold. This is a fact that invalids should be advised of before setting out on this long voyage, so that they may provide sufficient clothing and bedding. For the want of the latter our party suffered much from Alexandria to Cairo, and I took the most horrible cold I ever had. As the Nile boats are built for warm weather, the only provision the traveller can make against cold is by increased clothing. We hired a *furnished* boat; and as during our stay in Alexandria the thermometer had ranged at 60° by night, and we were about to travel southward, it never occurred to us that a blanket and a thin coverlet apiece would not be a sufficient covering. But when the thermometer stood at 38° at sunrise we realized our mistake; and I hereby caution all Nile voyagers to look well to their bedding. I exposed the thermometer daily in the open air, apart from sun or current, at sunrise, at 2 p. m., and at sunset. A few extracts from the register will serve to show the variations.

Jan. 17, in the Delta,	44°	68°	61°
“ 19, dense fog,	45	70	61
“ 20,	49	64	63
“ 21, near Cairo,	38	67	64
“ 26, south wind,	46	62	

Feb. 3, latitude 28,	56°	76°	72°
" 5,	62	67	68
" 8, latitude 27,	48	64	64
" 9,	54	64	62
" 13, latitude 26,	56	80 and 112 in the sun.	
" 14,	60	82	80
" 18,	52	81	71
" 20, Thebes,	64	88	88

In March, the thermometer ranged from 50° to 70°, as we descended the river, against a strong north wind.

These variations are due in part to winds and in part to different positions of the boat, as under the lee of a mountain, or on the margin of a heated plain; but they are such variations as the traveller must experience. The lowest temperature marked was 38° at sunrise, and the highest 88° at noon and at sunset, a variation of 50° in one month. The greatest variation in one day was from 38° to 67°, or 29° in six hours.

The air of the Upper Nile is to be recommended for its dryness, its softness, its purity, and its general warmth. But the great secret of the benefit of the Nile voyage does not lie in the climate, but in the fact that in such a climate, with such sunlight, and among the palms, the voyager lives listlessly, and with such navigation can diversify his exercise and amusements, from the boat to the shore and from the shore to the boat, as he pleases. Our dragoman, to be sure, a native Egyptian, had the most exalted idea of the virtues of the climate. He prophesied that the climate of the Nile would cure all manner of ailments, of which our party of four presented at least as many varieties in head, throat, stomach, and limbs. Once, when a sailor had injured his knee by a fall and a contusion of the cap, the dragoman gravely assured us it would not hurt him, for though in England such a fall might have broken his leg and laid him up for weeks, *in this climate* it would only give him a little bruise!

After all, what an invalid needs, is not so much a change of *climate*, as a *change*—the complete diversion of his mind from himself, freedom from care—the opportunity and the temptation to enjoy life as life. For this, travel in foreign

lands is pre-eminently desirable. A man of business, or a professional man cannot get away from care so long as he is within reach of railroads and newspapers. But in foreign lands, among new scenes and strange people, he will find continual diversion. *Travel* is the great specific. While one is able to travel, let him do this rather than settle in one place, however much recommended by physicians. For the Nile voyage, get a good boat; make it comfortable; have it well stocked with provisions suited to your constitution and the climate; select good company; have a few choice books; saunter out on shore as you have opportunity; give yourself up to your present surroundings; and maintain a daily, peaceful walk with God; and if not the heartiest, you will be the happiest man alive.

Since recording my own independent observations upon the climate of the Nile valley, I have read with much interest the observations of Mr. Kenrick on the same point, and for the satisfaction of my readers will repeat them here.

“The climate of Egypt is very little subject to the variations of more northern regions, or even of those adjacent to it in position, but less uniform in surface, as Syria. The mean annual temperature is rather higher than in neighbouring countries under the same latitude, being at Cairo $72^{\circ} 32'$ Fahrenheit (22° above that of London); mean temperature of winter $58^{\circ} 46'$, of summer $85^{\circ} 10'$. Egypt can scarcely be said to have a winter; it is covered with verdure when countries of our latitude are buried in snow; the trees begin to be clothed with new leaves in February, almost as soon as they are stripped of the old. The sensation of cold, however, is often severe from the great difference of the diurnal and nocturnal temperature.”¹

Lepsius, whose explorations detained him long at Thebes, thus describes the climate there.

“No one ever inquires here about the weather, for one day is exactly like the other, serene, clear, and hitherto not too hot. We have no morning or evening red, as there are neither clouds nor vapours; but the first ray of the morning calls forth a world of colours in the bare and rugged

¹ *Ancient Egypt*, vol. i, p. 17.

limestone mountains closing in around us, and in the brownish glittering desert, contrasted with the black, or green-clothed lower plain, such as is never seen in northern countries. There is scarcely any twilight, as the sun sinks down at once. The separation of night and day is just as sudden as that between meadow and desert, one step, one moment, divides the one from the other. The sombre brilliancy of the moon and starlight nights is so much the more refreshing to the eye which has been dazzled by the ocean light of day. The air is so pure and dry, that except in the immediate vicinity of the river, in spite of the sudden change at sunset, there is no fall of dew. We have almost entirely forgotten what rain is, for it is above six months since it last rained with us in Saqara. A few days ago we rejoiced, when towards evening we discovered some light clouds in the sky to the south-west, which reminded us of Europe. Nevertheless we do not want coolness even in the daytime, for a light wind is almost always blowing, which does not allow the heat to become too oppressive. Added to this, the Nile water is pleasant to the taste, and may be enjoyed in great abundance, without any detriment."

CHAPTER XXXV.

CAIRO AGAIN—SHOOBRA—RHODA—OLD CAIRO—THE DERWISHES.

IT was not without regret that we parted at Cairo with the Lotus and our worthy friends, the *reis*, Hassan, and the crew. To be sure the Lotus, which had been palmed upon us at Alexandria at an exorbitant rate, proved to be the hull of an old grain boat vamped over; and though brand new with paint, and very comfortable, was too loggy, and continually got aground. Four weeks on the upward voyage, and nineteen days on the downward, instead of the average of eighteen and twelve respectively, were rather aggravating to American go-aheadativeness. But we came at last to enjoy our leisurely progress, and counted it a perfect luxury to be fifty days without hearing a word from any other part of the world. Mails and newspapers were almost forgotten.

The traveller should allow himself not less than two full months, and if possible, three, for a visit to Egypt; and should resign himself completely to the uncertainties of Nile navigation. Not even the genius and enterprise of a Vanderbilt could improve this. To change Nile navigation one must change the Nile. Forty years ago, one of my companions was kept beating about for *two weeks* in a sloop on the Hudson, between New York and Albany. Then nobody thought of jumping overboard, in nature's primitive garb, to pull the sloop with ropes, or to shove her along by main strength against wind and tide. Nobody went aloft in that same innocent apparel to clew up the sail, making every personal consideration bend to the crisis of the boat. After all, Nile sailors are the sailors for the Nile; and it was not without emotion that, dropping our last *buckshish*

into the hands of our crew, we bade them farewell, and once more donkeyed along beneath the acacias to the gates of Cairo the Magnificent.

The name *Cairo* is a curious illustration of the changes that occur in proper names. Lepsius gives this account of it: "The town is never called any thing by the Arabs now, but *Masr*, and the country the same; that is the old Semitic name, which is more easily pronounced by us in the dual termination, *Mis'raim*. It was only in the tenth century, when the present city was founded, that the modern *Masr*, by the addition *el Qahireh*, that is 'the victorious,' was distinguished from the earlier *Masr el Atiqeh*, the present Old Cairo. The Italians then omitted the *h*, which they could not pronounce, mistook the Arabic article *el* for their masculine *il*, and thus by its termination, also, stamped the whole word as masculine. Hence, the French *La Caire*, and our Cairo."¹

Welcome, indeed, was the sight of "the Magnificent," on our return from the Upper Nile, and thrice welcome was the intelligence we there received from home. We devoted in all a fortnight to the Egyptian capital. This was none too much. I have seen no city which, in the winter and spring, has a climate so delicious, and an air so beautiful, or which, in all its phases, presents to the visitor so many novelties and attractions. One never tires of strolling under the acacias or in the flower gardens of the *Uzbekkeh*, of witnessing the game of the *gereet*, or throwing the lance, and other sports around the *cafes* on its border, of visiting the bazaars, and studying from every accessible point oriental character and life. But there are also special attractions in and about Cairo, which the visitor will not overlook. Some four miles north of the city, near the bank of the Nile, are the gardens of *Shoobra*, a palace built by Mohammed Ali, and now belonging to his youngest son, the present governor of Alexandria. The road to the palace is a broad avenue, perfectly smooth and hard, and lined on both sides with acacias, whose branches intertwine, so as to form a complete arbour. I have not yet been

¹ Bohn, Letters, p. 44.

Linden at Berlin, but thus far I have seen nothing comparable with this Shoobra road. It is the Elm street of New Haven, widened and elongated; only the acacia is more beautiful than the elm, and diffuses the fragrance of its blossoms, or droops its yellow-haired pendants over your path. Besides, on Elm street, you catch no glimpses of the Nile or the pyramids, and see no such deep and gorgeous blue, suffused with the faintest veil of saffron, as here overhangs you, and no such green as here carpets the earth. This avenue is the full luxury of the Orient. To be sure, on Elm street you do not meet men dragged in chains to be enrolled in the army, with a troop of mud-besmeared women screaming and wailing around them; nor women trudging barefoot with enormous burdens on their head, while their lords ride beside them on donkeys; nor delicate little girls scraping up with their hands the street manure, and putting it in baskets on their heads to be taken home and dried for fuel: but neither do you meet the portly Turk in rich shawl and turban, mounted on his noble steed; nor the Copt with his dark turban and robe, jogging along upon a donkey; nor a splendid carriage preceded by couriers with wands to prepare the way for a portion of the Pasha's harem, enveloped in a profusion of silks and laces, now taking the evening air.—No, there can be but one such avenue as this.

The gardens of Shoobra are laid out somewhat in European style, and are kept with great neatness and care. They abound in roses and geraniums of every variety, and in orange trees of various qualities. In the centre of the immense plantation is a marble basin of two hundred feet diameter, with water several feet in depth, supplied by machinery from the Nile, and numerous fountains, with curious devices, that scatter their showers upon every side. The whole is of marble, and is surrounded with a spacious corridor, in each corner of which is a room elegantly furnished. Here, on a summer evening, while the fountains are playing, and jets of gas give a fairy illumination to the scene, the owner sails in his gaily decorated boat, or quietly inhales his *nargileh* upon the central platform, or lounges on the divans under the corridor, and realizes the Arabian Nights.

About three miles south of Cairo, is the island of *Rhoda*, a long, narrow island walled up with solid masonry to resist the encroachments of the river. Here is a palace belonging to the governor of the citadel, which, like the palace at Alexandria, exhibits a happy combination of the European and the oriental styles, and is planned and furnished with exquisite taste. The main saloon is paved with marble and adorned with mirrors; it is cooled by the breezes of the river admitted through latticed windows, and by the gentle play of a fountain in its centre. The gardens of the late Ibrahim Pasha cover nearly the whole of the island. These are under the superintendence of an English horticulturist, and contain the trees, fruits, and flowers of every clime. A beautiful artificial grotto of shells, facing the river, affords a cool retreat at the northern extremity of the island.

The Nilometer, placed upon this island, is a graduated tank, by which the rise of the river is measured. When it reaches a certain level, proclamation is made for the opening of the sluices, to irrigate the land. This is a day of public rejoicing, celebrated with civic and religious pomp and festivity. I see no warrant in the location, or in the Bible narration, for the Arab tradition that at this island Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh.

Opposite Rhodo is *Geezeh*, where one may see the old Egyptian method of hatching chickens from eggs deposited in ovens. It was curious to see thousands of chicks in every state of development. The emperor Adrian said of the Egyptians, "I wish them no other curse than that they may be fed with their own chickens, which are hatched in a way I am ashamed to relate."

At old Cairo, the former Babylon of Egypt, are the remains of a Roman citadel, within whose walls both Roman Catholics and Copts now have their residence and churches, the latter being said to cover various points of interests connected with Moses and his history. But, as I have said above, these traditions do not seem to be sustained by physical and geographical data, or by any intimations furnished in the Bible. The citadel itself is an object of interest, both on account of its massive structure, and on account of its heterogeneous population and uses.

The principal object of interest at old Cairo, is the college of *Derwishes*—a sort of Masonic order of Mohammedans. These have weekly a religious dance, which we witnessed on a Friday, the Mohammedan sabbath. The derwishes have no uniform dress; some wear high caps and very long hair, and large amulets, but others wear the common dress of the country. Among them were several Italian soldiers, who have enlisted in the Pasha's army. Their ceremony was conducted in a small circular mosque, lighted from above. At the appointed hour, the chief or sheik entered, and took his seat upon a low divan. Presently three or four venerable men, apparently dignitaries, came in, and did him obeisance by bowing and kissing his hand, just as the cardinals do homage to the Pope in St. Peter's or the Sistine chapel. After this, others entered at intervals, some twenty in all, and fell on their knees before the chief, as the bishops prostrate themselves before the Pope. Forming a circle, they began a low, monotonous chant, which they continued for several minutes; they then raised their voices by degrees, and accelerated the chant, accompanying it with a swaying motion of the body. By and by they rose, chanting with greater rapidity and vehemence, and throwing their bodies into all manner of contortions. The chief then went round the circle, and removed from each his cap and outer garments, at the same time shouting *Ullah-Il-lah*, as if to excite them still more. A boy now began to sing in a wild strain, and a lute struck in its soft notes, while the shouting rose to a terrific pitch, and at every utterance *Ul--lah* the head was thrown forwards and backwards till it almost touched the floor. Rude drums were next beaten till the noise equalled that of Pandemonium. And now the steam was fairly up, for the whole circle responded to the chief, in a hoarse, coughing note, *ugh-ugh*, exactly like the snort of a Mississippi high pressure steamboat. This lasted for several minutes, accompanied with the most frantic contortions of body. Indeed, I never saw such violent muscular action. Presently one and another broke from the circle, and began to whirl upon the floor. At length one fell down in a terrible fit of hysterics; I thought he must die upon

the spot; but a muscular man, who had retained his self-control, planted his knees upon his breast, and pummelled him into life. Some of the most violent retained their self-possession, and became calm in an instant. At the close of the ceremony they embraced each other, received the benediction of their chief, and withdrew to an adjoining apartment, where they regaled themselves with coffee and pipes.

We were deeply impressed with the *cruelties* of superstition and fanaticism.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MOHAMMEDANISM—MOSQUES AND PRAYERS.

THE limits of this volume, and its descriptive character, do not admit of an abstract discussion of the principles and workings of Islamism; yet I cannot forbear the attempt to delineate its outward aspect, as seen in the mosques, and in the manners of the people. The Christian traveller cannot look upon the religious rites of a strange people with idle curiosity; he will desire to penetrate their meaning, and the secret of their power. And yet the mere traveller will see only the surface of things; and it must be left to the philosophical student and the intelligent resident to explore the interior. Fortunately, Sale's Translation of the Koran, Maurice's profound disquisitions on the Religions of the World, and Lane's graphic chapter on the Ritual and Moral Laws of the Egyptians, leave us little to desire as a key to the dogmas and practices of the Mohammedan religion.

The first great doctrine of this faith is, the unity of God. “*There is no deity but God.* He is God; one God. God is the Eternal. He begetteth not, nor is He begotten; and there is none equal to Him.”

But in the origin of Islamism, this doctrine was not “the mere dry assertion of a school formula;” but “the announcement of a Living Being, acting, speaking, ruling.” It was a faith to be propagated; the recognition of a supreme, an all-controlling will, to be carried out by man in executive acts for the honour of God. This gave to Mohammedanism a power like the whirlwind in an age of universal formalism, deadness, and degeneracy. Such a belief in God, as an absolute, imperative will, when not modified by love, is ever the chief element and impulse of fanaticism. But when the visible antagonism to this will

was overcome, when the idols of the heathen, and the images and pictures of the Christians were demolished, and the victorious crescent waved from the Caaba of Mecca to the Alhambra of Granada, and especially when “the hammer of the Mayor of Paris, and the heroes in the Asturian mountains,” held in check the followers of the Prophet, and the cross of the crusaders grappled with the crescent for the mastery of the Holy City, Mohammedanism, no longer propagating, conquering, destroying, sank into a drear and dogged fatalism.

“In the Christian nations which were permitted to fall under the armies of Islam, almost as much as in those which were avowedly Pagan, the sense of a Divine Almighty Will, to which all human wills were to be bowed, had evaporated amidst the worship of images, amidst moral corruptions, philosophical theories, religious controversies. Notions about God more or less occupied them; but God himself was not in all their thoughts.”¹ Hence the fiery power of the doctrine of one living, present God. But “because the Mohammedan recognizes a mere will governing all things, and that will not a loving will, he is converted, in the course of his history, from a noble witness of a Personal Being, into the worshipper of a dead necessity.” The old fire of the system has died out, and a dead formalism alone remains.

Mohammed incorporated with his system the leading facts both of Judaism and of Christianity. He held that God has revealed himself to man through a series of prophets and apostles, of whom he [Mohammed] is the last and the greatest. The six acknowledged prophets of God are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, each of whom superseded his predecessor in the extent and the authority of his revelation. Hence the Koran supplants the Old and New Testaments.

In addition to their mechanical faith in one God, and in Mohammed as his prophet, the followers of Islam believe, with a most superstitious fear, in the existence of good and evil genii. They believe also in “the immortality of the

¹ Maurice,

soul, the general resurrection and judgment, in future rewards and punishments in Paradise and hell," and in a sort of purgatory for the faithful who may fall into sin.

The sensual pictures of Paradise, given in the Koran, are understood by the more devout and learned Muslims to be figurative; but they are generally taken in a gross, literal sense. These pictures are such as the following:—

"It is the doctrine of the Koran, that no person will be admitted into Paradise by his own merit, but that admission will be granted to the believers merely by the mercy of God on account of their faith; yet that the felicity of each person will be proportioned to his good works. The very meanest in Paradise is promised eighty thousand servants, seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise, besides the wives he had in this world, if he desire to have the latter, and the good will doubtless desire the good, and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent; and will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats, and served in dishes of gold, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as grateful as the first. Wine, also, though forbidden in this life, will yet be freely allowed to be drunk in the next, and without danger, since the wine of Paradise will not inebriate."¹

The first great duty of the Muslim is that of *prayer*. The devout Mohammedan performs this duty five times a day; namely, at sunset, at nightfall, at daybreak, at noon, and at about the middle of the afternoon. These seasons must never be anticipated. The Mosques are commonly open throughout the day for prayers, and the Imams, or prayer leaders, are in attendance at the stated hours of prayer, to lead the devotions of such as are there assembled. During the Ramazan, or Mohammedan Lent, the mosques are open by night also.

The Muslim repeats his prayers at the appointed hour wherever he may chance to be, or however employed. We have seen this illustrated in the orange-merchant at Alex-

¹ Lane, 1, 92.

andria, in the *reis* and the steersman of our Nile boat, and in the carpet-merchants of the bazaar in Cairo. But prayer, wherever performed, is strictly an individual act; there is no such thing as family prayer. Women seldom go to the mosques, and they seldom pray at home. On Friday — the Mohammedan Sabbath — a congregation assemble in the mosque, and go through the prayers in unison. The Imam then adds an exposition of the Koran.

The hour of prayer is always announced from the minaret of the mosque by the muezzin, who chants in a shrill, plaintive tone the following words, repeating each sentence several times in succession, "God is most Great," "There is no deity but God," "Mohammed is God's Apostle." "Come to prayer," "Come to security." "God is most great." "There is no Deity but God."

As the mosque is used chiefly for prayer, it will help the reader to comprehend the Mohammedan ritual, to give a general description of this peculiarly oriental structure. I was greatly disappointed in the mosques of Cairo. Few of them exhibit any architectural beauty, though some are good specimens of the Saracenic style. Most of them have a shabby look, and are in a neglected state. There is no taste, or perception of the beautiful, in the present race of Egypt; only now and then some Mohammed Ali springs up, and by sheer force of will makes advances upon his times.

The minute and accurate sketch of the interior of a mosque, given by Mr. Lane, is so much better than any which I could draw, that I take the liberty of substituting it for my own description.

"Some of the mosques of Cairo are so large as to occupy spaces three or four hundred feet square. They are mostly built of stone, the alternate courses of which are generally coloured externally red and white. Most commonly a large mosque consists of porticos surrounding a square, open court, in the centre of which is a tank or a fountain for ablution. One side of the building faces the direction of Mecca, and the portico on this side being the principal place of prayer, is more spacious than those on the three other sides

of the court; it generally has two or more rows of columns, forming so many aisles parallel with the exterior wall. In some cases, this portico, like the other three, is open to the court; in other cases it is separated from the court by partitions of wood, connecting the front row of columns. In the centre of its exterior wall is the "mehrab," or niche, which marks the direction of Mecca, and to the right of this is the "mimbar," or pulpit. Opposite the mehrab in the forepart of the portico, or in its central part, there is generally a platform, called *dikkeh*, surrounded by a parapet, and supported by small columns ; and by it, or before it, are one or two seats, having a kind of desk to bear a volume of the Koran, from which a chapter is read to the congregation. The walls are generally quite plain, being simply whitewashed ; but in some mosques, the lower part of the wall of the place of prayer is lined with coloured marble, and the other part ornamented with various devices executed in stucco, but mostly with texts of the Koran, which form long friezes, having a pleasing effect, and never with the representation of any thing that has life. The pavement is covered with matting, and the rich and poor pray side by side; the man of rank or wealth enjoying no peculiar distinction or comfort, unless, which is sometimes the case, he have a prayer carpet brought by his servant, and spread for him."

A particular corner in the great mosque was pointed out to us as that in which Abbas Pasha performs his Friday devotions.

The following is the process of washing, preliminary to prayer, as described by Lane, and witnessed daily at the fountains in the mosques.

"The person having tucked up his sleeves a little higher than his elbows, says in a low voice, or inaudibly, I purpose performing the *wudoo*, for prayer.' He then washes his hands three times ; saying, in the same manner as before, 'In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful ! Praise be to God who hath sent down water for purification, and made El-Islam to be a light and a conductor and a guide to thy gardens, the gardens of delight, and to thy mansion, the mansion of peace.' Then he rinses his mouth three

times, throwing the water into it with the right hand, and, in doing this, he says, 'O God, assist me in the reading of thy book, and in commemorating Thee, and in thanking Thee, and in worshipping Thee well! Next, with his right hand, he throws water up his nostrils, and then blows it out, compressing his nostrils with the thumb and finger of the left hand, and this also is done three times. While doing it he says, 'O God, make me to smell the odours of Paradise, and bless me with its delights; and make me not to smell the smell of the fires of Hell.' He then washes his face three times, throwing up the water with both hands, and saying, 'O God, whiten my face with thy light on the day when thou shalt whiten the faces of thy favourites; and do not blacken my face on the day when thou shalt blacken the faces of thine enemies.' His right hand and arm, as high as the elbow, he next washes three times, and as many times causes the water to run along his arm from the palm of the hand to the elbow, saying, as he does this, 'O God, give me my book in my right hand, and reckon with me with an easy reckoning.' In the same manner he washes the left hand and arm, saying, 'O God, do not give me my book in my left hand, nor behind my back; and do not reckon with me with a difficult reckoning, nor make me to be one of the people of the fire.' He next draws the wetted right hand over the upper part of his head, raising his turban or cap with his left: this he does but once; and he accompanies the action with this supplication, 'O God, cover me with thy mercy, and pour down thy blessing upon me, and shade me under the shadow of thy canopy, on the day when there shall be no shade but its shade.' If he have a beard he then combs it with the wetted fingers of his right hand; holding his hand with the palm forwards, and passing the fingers through his beard from the throat upwards. He then puts the tips of his forefingers into his ears, and twists them round, passing his thumbs at the same time round the back of the ears, from the bottom upwards, and saying, 'O God, make me to be of those who hear what is said, and obey what is best,' or, 'O God, make me to hear good.' Next he wipes his neck with the back of the fingers of both

hands, making the ends of his fingers meet behind his neck, and then drawing them forward, and, in doing so, he says, 'O God, free my neck from the fire, and keep me from the chains, and the collars, and the fetters.' Lastly, he washes his feet, as high as the ankles; he washes the right foot first, saying, at the same time, 'O God, make firm my feet upon the Sirat, on the day when my feet shall slip upon it;' on washing the left foot, he says, 'O God, make my labour to be approved, and my sin forgiven, and my works accepted, merchandise that shall not perish, by thy pardon, O mighty, O very forgiving, by thy mercy, O most merciful of those who show mercy !' After having thus completed the ablution he says, looking towards heaven, 'Thy perfection, O God! I extol with thy praise: I testify that there is no deity but thee alone; Thou hast no companion; I implore thy forgiveness, and turn to thee with repentance.' Then looking towards the earth, he adds, 'I testify that there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is his servant, and his apostle.' Having uttered these words, he should recite once, twice, or three times, the *Soorat el-Kadr*, or ninety-seventh chapter of the Koran."

This entire purification is performed in a much shorter time than is occupied in reading the account of it; and a ceremony altogether beautiful in its conception, and touchingly appropriate in its religious sentiments, is marred by its mechanical execution. The same is true of the attitudes of prayer. These are assumed with a mechanical uniformity quite foreign to a true devotion. The prayer consists mainly of repetitions of the name of *Allah*, the enumeration of his attributes with ascriptions and ejaculations, according to a prescribed formula. Each attitude has its appropriate utterance, and a mistake here vitiates the whole performance, and obliges the suppliant to go back and begin at the beginning.

The *Ezher*, or "splendid" mosque, some nine hundred years old, is worth visiting, as the College of Cairo. It is a very spacious building, and abounds in cool and shady colonnades, all along which, seated on mats or cushions, or on

the naked floor, are pupils studying the Koran, and reading or writing under the direction of the priests, while, at the same time, dealers in petty wares, and loungers of all sorts, find in these sacred premises an undisturbed retreat. As in the smaller schools connected with other mosques, lessons are here recited in unison, and the effort seems to be to memorize the Koran, with a swaying motion of the body. This is the height of present Mohammedan literature. However, the literary and scientific schools, founded by Mabammed Ali, are beginning to acquaint the people, so far as their prejudices will allow, with the literature of European nations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOAHMEDAN INFIDEELS—PROSPECTS OF EVANGELIZATION— TOLERATION.

Much that I have seen and heard in Egypt goes to satisfy me that Mohammedanism, as a practical and vital system is losing its hold upon the masses of the people; that it has become a traditionary thing, and that the minds of many are in the transition state of unbelief, which will prepare them to receive a more substantial faith. Of the instrumentalities to be used in the evangelization of Egypt, I shall speak more at length in a subsequent chapter on the Copts. But in immediate connection with the view of Mohammedanism just presented, it will be interesting to study the phases of the common mind toward that system.

Many of the common people are evidently indifferent to the established religion of the country. They seldom visit a mosque, or go through the prescribed forms of prayer. Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, is very much like the *Sunday* of continental Europe: the more devout close their shops for an hour or two and go to the mosques, but the rest of the day is given to business or pleasure. Among the crew of our boat, there were some who never performed their devotions; one even mimicked the devotional attitudes of others; and their wit consisted chiefly in transposing sentences from the Koran, in punning upon its sacred words, and in imitating its style when conversing upon trifling subjects, like the low wit of some American newspapers in producing new chapters from the books of *Chronicles* and *Kings*, as a satire upon President Jackson and his cabinet. When two boats pass each other on the river, a favourite amusement of the crews is to bandy all manner of curses from Mohammed in mere jokes, and to vie with each other in travestying sentences from the Koran. This profane

sport, as we should regard it, they will continue as long as the boats are within hearing of each other. It shows how feeble is the hold of their religion upon the affections and the reverence of this class of the people. Yet many of them are very devout, and I have often been impressed with the seriousness and the earnestness of some of our crew in their devotions. These they perform at stated hours upon the open deck, as abstractedly as if they were secluded in the closet; but I am satisfied, that even with such persons religion is often a mere matter of education and of form.

Once when giving the more sober and religious portion of the crew some information about America, I ventured to test their regard for Mohammed by saying, that in America *Allah* (God) was known, but Mohammed was *ma feesh* (nothing). I did not say that Mohammed was nobody—for I would not thus shock their prejudices at first—but that Mohammed was nothing in America. Instead of being offended, they were amused. Then pointing upward, I said, *Allah, see kool ematrah; Allah teib,* (God is everywhere; God is good;) and pointing to the east, *Mohammed—Mecca, ma feesh,* (Mohammed is at Mecca, and is nothing). They understood my rude Arabic and my gestures, and responded with a hearty laugh. They then repeated “*Allah*,” and waited for me to say “*teib*,” “*Mohammed*”—to which I responded, “*ma feesh*;” at which they laughed again, as if it were a capital joke. I afterwards heard them repeating this among themselves. They never intimated by word or look to me, or to each other, that the name of Mohammed was too sacred to be trifled with. To understand the significance of this little incident, we have only to reflect with what feelings we should hear from the lips of a stranger, that in his country Christ was nothing, or there was no Christ, and that while God was everywhere, Christ was in his sepulchre at Jerusalem, without agency or influence in the affairs of the world.

Let it cease to be a capital offence for a Mussulman to renounce his faith, and there are multitudes of the common people in Egypt, who would be deterred by no *religious* con-

viction from hearing the Gospel, and accepting Christ and his salvation. And even now, when Mohammedanism, as a power, is dependent for its very existence upon the selfish protection and the mutual jealousies of Christian powers, I cannot see that it presents a more formidable front to missionary labour than did a Pharisaic Judaism, and an established and unrelenting idolatry in the time of the Apostles, when, nevertheless, Paul, tarrying at Ephesus, said, "*A great door, and effectual is opened to me, and there are many adversaries.*" But the time for *direct* missionary effort among Musselmen is not yet. Indeed, I incline to the opinion, that Mohammedanism, like Romanism, must be overturned, as a *system*, and as a *civil power*, before its votaries can be gained to the Gospel. It is important, however, to discriminate between a system and its votaries—between those who work the machinery of superstition, and those who are held down by its enormous pressure. If the Beast and the False Prophet really symbolize Popery and Mohammedanism, on which interpreters are not agreed, it does not follow because these are to be cast alive into the lake of fire, that all their nominal adherents are to be destroyed with them; and, therefore, while the providence of God is preparing the overthrow of these tremendous systems of error, the people of God should be preparing to take possession of the nations after their fall. For this purpose we should have in training throughout the East a company of native missionaries—oriental in their habits and manner, and qualified, as no foreigners could be, for the work of evangelizing the whole eastern world. Such missionaries will be the Armenians of Turkey, and the Nestorians of Persia—revived and purified as these have been, under a new dispensation of the Gospel—and such, too, may be the Copts of Egypt, when brought back to the simple faith of the New Testament.

Christ confined his labours to the Jews, not only in fulfilment of the Divine purpose toward them as the chosen people, but also because, notwithstanding their unbelief and hardness of heart, they were of all nations the best prepared to receive his Gospel, and the best fitted to convey it

to others. They had become a nation of traffickers, and in every principal city they had established a synagogue for the worship of the true God. Their Scriptures, already translated into the universal Greek tongue, their schools and their synagogues, were so many points of contact, by which the electrifying influence of the Gospel could be imparted to the nations. Humanly speaking, it was with a wise economy that the public ministry of Christ was confined to Judea and the Jews. Acting upon the same principle, the American Board have commenced their missionary operations in the East, among the nominally Christian communities, which still retain some traces of the Gospel, and which in their business connection form a natural channel of communication with the Mohammedan and Pagan world. The result, thus far, has justified the wisdom of this course in Turkey and in Persia. Why, then, may it not be adopted in Egypt also, with the same promise?

Whatever might be the attitude of the Coptic *ecclesiastics* toward any movement for the regeneration of their church, the people of that communion in towns and villages remote from the capital, are prepared to welcome judicious and kindly missionary labours. In the capital, the influence of the Patriarch, and of the higher clergy, would be more powerfully felt; but even there the Rev. Mr. Leider, the excellent missionary of the Church of England, has been able to accomplish something, incidentally, for the enlightenment of the Copts, while maintaining an English service for the benefit of travellers and of foreign residents. We have seen that the Bible has lately been circulated to advantage at some points on the Upper Nile. Besides the Copts, who are very numerous, there are in Cairo two thousand Armenians, eight or nine thousand Franks and Greeks, and four or five thousand Roman Catholic Copts, Greeks and Armenians. In Alexandria, there are members of the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic communions, as well as Copts; at Rosetta, on the seaboard, there is a Latin convent; and at Damietta, the most easterly part of Egypt, about one half the population are of the Greek Church.

The existence of so many bodies of professed Christians in Egypt, shows at once the toleration of the government, and the advantages of this land as a field of missionary effort. Egypt belongs to Turkey, and in all matters of faith, is obedient to the decisions of the *Musti* of Constantinople. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the same enlightened and liberal policy which permits the labours of American missionaries at Beirut, at Smyrna, at Constantinople, at Brousa, at Aintab, and other points in the Turkish empire, and that guarantees to Protestant converts from the old recognized churches the enjoyment of full religious liberty, would grant protection to missionaries labouring in Egypt, and would allow them in like manner to garner the results of those labours. At all events the experiment should be made.

The late government of Mohammed Ali practised religious toleration; and there is no reason to believe, that his successor and grandson will depart from his example. An instance of this is mentioned by the Scotch missionary deputation who visited Egypt several years ago. In their journal they say, "At Rosetta we visited a rice-mill which is in the course of erection, and found that the principal workmen in it were four Americans, employed by the Pasha. They were very happy to meet with us, and invited us to their lodging. One of them begged us to leave any English books which we could spare, as they had read over all their store. They said they kept the Sabbath; for when engaging with the Pasha, he allowed them this privilege, that they might take either their own Sunday, or the Mohammedan Friday, for rest." Here was a respect for conscience shown by the viceroy towards persons in his own employment. So, too, under the present Pasha, Coptic Christians are employed in common with Turkish and Arab Mussulmen in the sugar factories belonging to the government, and I presume that the religious scruples of the Copts are respected on the Sabbath, though the factories are in operation then as on other days.

The prejudices of Moslems against Christians are traditionally strong. They grow in part out of their religion,

and are sometimes carried to a ridiculous extreme. Thus, whereas Moslem culprits are *beheaded* without the gates of Cairo, "Christians and Jews, whose blood is thought to desile the sword, are *hanged* in the Frank quarter of the city." I wished to buy a copy of the Koran in the Turkish bazaar, but my guide told me I must go to the Frank quarter, for a Mussulman would not dare to sell a copy to an unbeliever. Thus the Koran and the sword of the executioner are alike desiled by contact with a Christian. Yet the Koran itself has some precepts of toleration; as where it says, "We have prescribed to each people their sacred rights. Let them observe them, and not wrangle with thee concerning this matter. If they dispute with thee, say, God knoweth your actions; God will judge between you."

Moslem prejudices against Christians have been greatly mitigated within a few years, by the increase of travel in Egypt, and by the foreign policy of Mohammed Ali. English residents of Cairo, who were once hooted at as infidels, now transact business upon the most public streets, with Moslems as their servants. Native Christians often hold business places in government institutions superior to Musulmen; and Mr. Wilkinson says of Old Cairo, that, "Besides the Coptic community, is a Greek convent, within the precincts of this ancient fortress, and numerous Moslems have opened shops in its narrow streets, living in perfect harmony with their religious adversaries."

Mohammed Ali not only formed his army and his fleet upon the European model, and erected arsenals, hospitals, military and naval establishments, and manufactories under European superintendence, but he also established, at Cairo, schools for free education in general knowledge, and in medical and other sciences. To these, the people and the Moslem teachers made great opposition. "They objected to their children being taught what they had not themselves learned, or what was not connected with their religion, and Frank languages and sciences appeared to be an abomination to the Egyptians." Mothers would even cut off the forefinger of a child's right hand, to prevent its being taught to write! But under the influence of experience, and of

pecuniary rewards, these prejudices are dying out, and the schools are prospering.

In confirmation of what I have said of the willingness of Mussulmen, in the smaller villages, to listen to missionary teaching, I would mention one or two incidents reported by the Scottish deputation, whose track through Egypt lay along the seaboard from Alexandria to El Arish. They speak of the Sheik of Balteen as having promised to receive Arabic tracts, if they would send them. At Gernatter they were entertained by the master of the post-house—an Arab in the service of the Pasha—and they expounded the Scriptures to him and to several Arabs in attendance. These all listened with the utmost attention, putting in a note of approbation, again and again, such as “good, good,” “very just.”

In view of these facts it cannot be questioned that Egypt is in a measure open to missionary labour, and that it offers a most inviting field. It is a field, too, which should be immediately occupied. Adverse influences are already at work, and there is danger that infidelity and Romanism will divide the spoil of Mohammedanism and Coptic Christianity. There is a large proportion of foreigners, chiefly Italians, in Alexandria, and the city already exhibits many of the vices of a seaport town. As I have before said, Italians are to be found in all the principal towns in Upper Egypt, wearing the national costume, and keeping shops in the bazaars. These are either nominal Catholics, or downright unbelievers; and their influence in either case as reputed Christians—for such all Franks are taken to be—must be prejudicial to the interests of Christianity. Indeed, I have heard of Arabs quoting the opinion of Frenchmen that there is no God, and making the dissolute character of some foreigners an argument against the Christian religion. The travel upon the Nile has so much increased, and travellers are brought into such constant intercourse with sailors and with villagers, that the impress of the so-called Christian nations will soon be deeply marked upon the face of Egypt, for good or for evil. A large proportion of travellers on the Nile are citizens of the United States, and some of these, I

fear, do no credit to Republican or Christian institutions. I met with one whose only memories of the Nile appeared to be a boast of the number of tame pigeons he had killed, and a curse upon the wild ducks that had eluded his shot. Some even make their boast of positive vice. Is it not time that the missionary was here to teach the people to discriminate between the false and the true?

It is pleasant to find it recorded by the Scottish mission, before quoted, that while their dragoman denounced some "Christians" whom he had served, he remarked "that he had met with good Christians, mentioning, with great affection and respect, Professor Robinson, from America, with whom he had travelled" to Mount Sinai and through Palestine. Christians from other lands are criticized in Egypt, and Christianity is judged by their deportment. With no better illustrations of Christianity than the formalism of the Copts, the irreligion of the Italians, and the irregularities of some English and American travellers now furnish, it would not be strange if inquiring minds among the Mohammedans, doubting the truth or the sufficiency of their own religious system, should be utterly repelled from the Gospel. Moreover Roman Catholic emissaries are busy in Egypt. I have referred to their influence at Negadeh. Is it not time that the sincere friends of Christ were at work in a land which, next to Palestine, was the land of the Bible?

What biblical associations draw us toward Egypt! And how powerfully must these associations one day spring up for the evangelizing of the people! Here Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph sojourned, and found favour with the princes of the land. Here Moses was born and nourished, and here the Lord wrought by his hand such marvels for the deliverance of Israel. Here was the land of bondage, and here the theatre of the Exodus. Here was instituted the Passover, the type of that great sacrifice which we now commemorate in the breaking of bread. Here Solomon sought the daughter of a king to grace his golden palace at Jerusalem. Here Jeremiah—the faithful prophet—was led into captivity. Here Joseph and Mary found a refuge with the infant Jesus, from the malice of the barbarous Herod—the

same land where, in the time of Moses, an edict went forth to exterminate the chosen seed by destroying the infant sons of the Israelites, being made to preserve that seed from a like edict in Judea.

And not only is this land full of the history and the prophecies of the Scriptures, and a perpetual witness for their truth, but here where all customs are stereotyped, where the dresses and the utensils of the people are the same to-day as were sculptured upon tombs and monuments upwards of three thousand years ago, one is continually reminded of the fidelity of the Bible in its minutest references, and assured that it must have been written by persons residing in the midst of oriental scenes. Of this one sees much more in Palestine. But even here one is continually reminded of the Scriptures, in the manners and customs of the people. The landmarks, the dove-cots, the sheepfold, the manger, the mill-stones, the "booths for cattle," the "lodge in a garden of cucumbers," the well surrounded by women, the mourning women, the lepers, the washing of feet and the girding of loins, the dwelling among tombs, the writer's inkhorn and the graving upon the hands—these and many other biblical allusions that convey to us no very definite idea, are here perfectly obvious and natural. The Old Testament here becomes instinct with a new life. We feel its truthfulness; we see its meaning; and we see also, what adaptation and what power it must have in all these eastern lands when they shall be fully opened to the circulation of the Bible.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT—PERSECUTIONS AND TRIUMPHS—DESTRUCTION OF IDOLATRY.

EGYPT was once a Christian country. Not that its inhabitants were ever thoroughly christianized; but in the reign of Constantine the Great, the Christian religion was established in Egypt, as it was throughout the Roman Empire, and it continued to be the established religion of the country when, after the division of the Roman Empire, Egypt remained an appendage of the eastern or lower empire, under Theodosius and his successors, until the Arab invasion in the beginning of the seventh century.

The Gospel was introduced into Egypt in the time of the apostles. Among the multitude who witnessed the miraculous manifestation of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and who heard in their native tongues the wonderful works of God, were “dwellers in Egypt,” who had come up from Alexandria and other parts of Egypt, to the great yearly festival at Jerusalem. The city of Alexandria, at that time the great depot of the commerce of Arabia, of Ethiopia, and of the Indies, and inferior only to the Roman capital—was a favourite residence of the Jews, who had already become the brokers, or the money-changers, of the commercial world. At the commencement of the Christian era there were residing in Alexandria a hundred thousand Jews, or one third of the free population of the city, and one sixth of the whole population. So late as the seventh century, when Amer took the city, he reported it to contain “forty thousand tributary Jews.” Alexandria was a seat of learning as well as of commerce, and in addition to its renowned school of Philosophy, it boasted under the Ptolemies a library of seven hundred thousand manuscript volumes, which contained “a

copy of every known work," and the original manuscript of many of the most distinguished authors. Here Jewish rabbis vied with Grecian sages in the study of letters; and here, under the direction of the viceroy, some three centuries before Christ, were assembled the seventy Jewish doctors who translated the Hebrew Scriptures into the Greek language, then the language of universal literature and of polite society, and who thus prepared the way for the rapid diffusion of the Gospel of Christ. "Grecian and Jewish culture at Alexandria furnished points of contact and union for Christianity."¹ No doubt the Jews of Egypt, who had joined themselves to the Apostles at the Pentecost, on returning to Alexandria reported what they had seen and heard, and preached Christ in the synagogues of that city; and no doubt many who heard the Word of the Lord at their mouth, also believed. The royal treasurer of Ethiopia, whose religious faith had brought him more than a thousand miles in his chariot to worship at Jerusalem, would hardly have returned through Egypt without reporting in the synagogues his interview with Philip, and his personal discovery of Christ, in the writings of the Prophet Esaias. Even in the first century, *Ethiopia* stretched out her arms to God.

Alexandria gave birth to Apollos, that "eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures," who—though after his enlightenment at Ephesus he laboured chiefly in Achaia—no doubt furthered the gospel in his native city. Indeed it would seem that he himself had there learned of Christ in part, before his visit to Ephesus, and had begun to preach Him as the Messiah, while as yet he knew only the baptism of John. Doubtless the spread of Christianity among the Jews of Egypt was accelerated by the fulfilment, as it were, before their eyes, of that which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, *Out of Egypt have I called my Son.* It is said, too, that Mark made Egypt the theatre of his labours.

The number of Christians in Egypt in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, is attested by the memorials both

¹ Neander.

of their sufferings and of their prosperity, that are yet scattered throughout the land. Egypt then appertained to the Roman empire; and the fortunes of Christianity there varied with its fortunes throughout the empire, from the era of its persecution to that of its inauguration. The Macedonian dynasty, established upon the conquest of Egypt by Alexander in the fourth century before Christ, was superseded by the invasion of Antiochus in the second century, and the more decisive Roman conquest under Julius Cæsar in the first century before Christ. The Roman emperors regarded Egypt as one of the most important provinces of the empire, and while they enriched their capital with its spoils, and transported obelisks and columns from the Nile to adorn the Tiber, they also erected new temples and monuments in Egypt, and added the names of the Cæsars to the names of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies in the sculptured cartouches of her kings. The Emperor Adrian twice visited this part of his dominions, and Diocletian came in person to subdue the revolted city of Alexandria, and commemorated the event by the pillar which is almost the only surviving monument of the ancient city. In short, whatever affected Rome affected Egypt, fifteen hundred miles distant. In particular, the persecutions of the later emperors against the Christians, were felt with rigour from Alexandria to the confines of Ethiopia. All along the Upper Nile, in the grottos that line its mountains, and that were excavated for burial-places by the old Egyptians, are traces of Coptic inscriptions and of rude monuments, showing that these were places of refuge for the early Christians when, like the saints of the Old Testament, "they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Others "were tortured, not accepting deliverance;" and the graves of Christian martyrs are said to have been found at Esne, near the ruins of a temple of the Cæsars. The name of Diocletian in some of the refuges of the persecuted followers of Christ, points to the third century as a period of special suffering. "A persecution of the Christians in Thebais, under the emperor Septimius Severus, proves that Christianity had already

made progress in Upper Egypt, as early as the last times of the second century. Probably in the first half of the third century, this province had a version of the New Testament in its own ancient dialect.”¹

It was in Egypt, too, and its adjacent deserts, that the early Christian anchorites, moved by a quietism that would unhumanize the gospel, and would subvert the family and the social state, or infected with the mystic notion that evil inheres in matter, and is to be vanquished by removing from all temptations of the flesh, copied the ascetism of the remoter East, and gave themselves up to pulse and penance among the rocks. Upon the Arabian side, within twenty miles of the Red Sea, St. Anthony had his cave, where now a convent bears his name; and several monasteries in similar localities still attest the strange and sad perversion of the Saviour’s teachings respecting secret prayer and separation from the world. Christ prayed not that his disciples might be taken out of the world, but that they might be kept from the evil that is in the world; he did not teach them to flee from the world, but to overcome the world by a living, active faith. These monuments of monkery are a melancholy illustration of the early corruption of Christianity, through the old heathen philosophy and customs that surrounded it. No doubt, many of the anchorites were moved by a sincere desire to make high attainments in personal holiness, and to benefit the world by prayer, when perhaps persecution had denied them every other method. But I must confess that my charity for their misdirected pietism, and my sympathy for their privations, voluntary or imposed, have greatly lessened since I have seen that almost everywhere their retreats in the mountains and the desert, overlooked the choicest plains of the Nile, and were within easy reach of its fatness; and since I have found that coarse bread, with lentils and onions, makes a most palatable and digestible dish, upon which every Egyptian thrives.

But while these hermit cells and monasteries mark the early decline of Christianity in its vital power, they also indicate in their history and their associations the progress of

¹ Neander.

Christianity as a recognized religion. In the fourth century almost every principal town in Egypt had its adjacent convent as well as its central church; for the century that was ushered in with Constantine, and was closed with Theodosius, —both styled “the Great,”—saw Christianity enthroned in the seat of universal empire, and enshrined in the temples of forsaken gods. Egypt, which had shared the persecutions of Diocletian, now felt the protection of Constantine over her churches, her bishops, and her sacred schools. From Septimius Severus to Constantine, the Alexandrian school exerted upon Christianity the mystic and ascetic influence of its philosophy. The names of *Origen*, of *Clemens Alexandrinus*, and of *Dionysius*, are permanently associated with the theology of that era.

Athanasius, whose name is known in connection with his creed throughout the Holy Church Universal, was bishop of that same Alexandria which gave birth to Apollos, and whose Catechetical School had already furnished Clemens and Origen with that generous culture, and that dialectic skill, which, conjoined with an earnest piety, have made them eminent among the Christian Fathers. At Alexandria was waged the great controversy of the fourth century, against the Arian heresy, which was terminated by the adoption of the Nicene creed as a symbol for all Christendom. Indeed, this city became noted, under its Christian primates, for “speculative doctrines and religious controversy,” as under the Ptolemies it had been noted for the “wisdom of the Egyptians.” “The extensive commerce of Alexandria, and its proximity to Palestine, gave an easy entrance to the new religion. It was at first embraced by great numbers of the Theraputea or Essenians of the lake Mareotis, a Jewish sect which had abated much of its reverence for the Mosaic ceremonies. The austere life of the Essenians, their fasts and excommunications, the community of goods, the love of celibacy, their zeal for martyrdom, and the warmth though not the purity of their faith, already offered a very lively image of the primitive discipline. It was in the school of Alexandria that the Christian theology appears to have assumed a regular and scientific form; and when Hadrian

visited Egypt, he found a church composed of Jews and of Greeks, sufficiently important to attract the notice of that inquisitive prince. But the progress of Christianity was for a long time confined within the limits of a single city, which was itself a foreign colony, and, till the close of the second century, the predecessors of Demetrius were the only prelates of the Egyptian church. Three bishops were consecrated by the hands of Demetrius, and the number was increased to twenty by his successor, Heraclas. The body of the natives, a people distinguished by a sullen inflexibility of temper, entertained the new doctrine with coldness and reluctance, and even in the time of Origen it was rare to meet with an Egyptian who had surmounted his early prejudices in favour of the sacred animals of his country. As soon indeed as Christianity ascended the throne, the zeal of those barbarians obeyed the prevailing impulsion, the cities of Egypt were filled with bishops, and the deserts of Thebais swarmed with hermits.¹

“Christianity,” says Bunsen, “endowed Alexandria with intellectual life and activity, constituted her the seat of the most learned and practical school of Christian doctrine, and by that means the metropolis of East African Christianity.”

In this same century, various Episcopal sees were established in Egypt, or, if previously established, were brought more into prominence. There was such a see at Athribis, an ancient city of the Pharaohs, on the Damietta branch of the Nile, forty miles north of the present capital. There was probably another in the vicinity of the *Zoan* of the Scriptures, at a place known by the distinctive name of the town “*of the Christians*;” another at Narach on the Upper Nile, near the present Manfaloot,—one of several places which claim to have been the refuge of Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus; another, probably, at Girgeh, a town of Christian name and origin; one certainly at the ancient Antaopolis, seventy miles north; and another at Thebes, which was then converted into a Christian city.

These Episcopal sees, together with the intervening convents in the neighbourhood of all the principal towns, must

¹ Gibbon i, 577.

have given to Egypt as much the aspect of a Christian country as Italy now wears. And, unfortunately, it was too much the same aspect; for that superstitions had already crept in, is apparent from the frescoes of apostles, saints, and martyrs, which are found upon the walls of early Christian churches in Egypt, and of the temples which the Christians appropriated to their use—just as these are everywhere in the Roman Catholic churches of Europe. Indeed, there is reason to believe that, at a very early period, the symbols and the myths of Paganism were grafted upon the Christian religion. A striking illustration of this is mentioned by the distinguished Egyptian antiquarian, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as having been found at Old Cairo, or the Egyptian Babylon. In an upper chamber of a tower of the old Roman fortress in that city, “is an early Christian record, sculptured in wood, of the time of Diocletian, curious as well from its style as from the state of its preservation. The upper part, or frieze, has a Greek inscription, and below it, at the centre of the architrave, is a representation of the Deity, sitting on a globe, supported by two winged eagles, on either side of which is a procession of six figures, evidently the twelve apostles. The central group readily calls to mind the winged globe of the ancient Egyptians, and its position over a doorway accords with the ordinary place of that well-known emblem. Indeed, this is not the only instance of the adoption of old devices by the early Egyptian Christians; the *tau*, or sign of life, was commonly used to head their inscriptions instead of the cross; and it is not improbable that the disc or globe of the gods gave rise to the glory over the heads of saints, who were frequently painted on a coat of stucco, that alone separated them from the deities, to whose temples they succeeded.”

Lepsius informs us, that “in the niche of an ancient cellar he found St. Peter, in the ancient Byzantine style, holding the key, and raising his finger, but beneath the half-decayed Christian casing, the cow’s horns of the goddess Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, peeped forth from behind the glory; to her, originally, was given the incense and sacrifice

of the king who is standing by her side, which now are offered to the venerable apostle."

In the great oasis of the Lybian desert, once extensively inhabited by Christians, who still have a convent within its borders, the same author found upon the tombs of the early Christians, instead of the cross, the Egyptian symbol of life, which resembles the letter T surmounted by the letter O—(thus, ☉)—a beautiful emblem, but far less expressive than the vine, the dove, the anchor, the palm, or the simple monogram of Christ, found upon the contemporaneous tombs in the catacombs of Rome. In some of the catacombs before referred to, in the mountains on the shores of the Nile, are figures of saints painted on the walls, and niches cut into them, the work of the Christians who took refuge in them during the persecutions of the second and third centuries. And I have described at Thebes a large fresco of the fourth century, recently discovered upon the walls of an old Egyptian temple, which, in addition to the usual figures of the apostles, represents St. George—the patron saint of Egypt—mounted upon a horse, and contending with the dragon, the same subject which is rudely sculptured upon the *Domkirche* in which Erasmus preached at Basle, and which has been placed at the head of the saints' calendar in England. Such a picture in such a place, while it shows the affinity of the Christianity of that age with the Paganism to which it had succeeded, shows also how completely it had supplanted Paganism in its relations to the state. The old idolatry and the old royalty were closely interlinked. The priest and the king went hand in hand. The king built the temple, and the priests engaged its divinities to honour and to uphold the king. Imagine, then, the utter subversion of the old idolatry in its outward relations, when the temples built at such cost and with such magnificence by the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, for the worship of Amun, of Isis, of Osiris, and the other divinities of their mythology, were occupied as Christian churches, their walls being first defaced, or covered with the emblems of the new religion. But at Thebes, besides the painting just mentioned, are rude crosses and figures of Christ and the

apostles depicted upon another temple; and in the very heart of the great temple of Medeenet Habou the remains of a church built there when this was the see of a Greek bishop, just as at the reformation in Scotland, Presbyterian conventicles were built within the demolished walls of the old abbeys of the monks. Other smaller temples, built upon the mountains to the west of Thebes, were converted into convents, and in this neighbourhood have been found the remains of a Greek inscription, which is the copy of "a letter from Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria, to the orthodox monks."

At *Coptos*, a city lying to the north of Thebes, and which succeeded it as the mart of Indian commerce, the materials of the old pagan temples were taken to build a Christian church, of which there are still some remains. The same was the case at Erment, to the south of Thebes, where are the ruins of a large church. At Philæ, which was the holy place of Egypt, are also evidences that the early Christians converted the temples into churches, "concealing with a coat of clay or mortar the objects of worship of their pagan predecessors," while throughout Nubia it is equally apparent that the edifices of Egyptian gods were transformed into the shrines of Christian saints.

But the supremacy of the Christian religion in Egypt at this era, is most strikingly evidenced by the edicts of the Emperor Theodosius for the destruction of the temple of Serapis at Alexandria, and for the abolition of his worship, as he had also abolished the Eleusinian mysteries at Athens. Serapis was the deity worshipped by the pagan Greeks and Romans of Alexandria. He was probably but a new form of the great Egyptian Osiris. The extent to which he was worshipped may be inferred from the statement of the Emperor Adrian, who visited Egypt in A. D. 122, and again in A. D. 130. He says of the citizens of Alexandria, "They have one god (Serapis), whom the Christians, Jews, and Gentiles worship. Those who call themselves followers of Christ pay their devotions to Serapis; every chief of a Jewish synagogue, every Samaritan, each Christian priest, the mathematicians, soothsayers, and physicians in the gym-

nasia, all acknowledged Serapis. The Patriarch himself, whenever he goes into Egypt, is obliged by some to worship Serapis, by others Christ."¹

As respects the Christians, probably this statement of a heathen, though a tolerant emperor, is exaggerated and not very discriminating. Some nominal Christians may have acknowledged Serapis as the great divinity of Alexandria, just as some in the early church at Corinth leaned to their old idolatry; but that the Christians generally worshipped Serapis is hardly consistent with their zeal in later years for the destruction of his temple. This event is thus eloquently described by the historian Gibbon. "The pious indignation of Theophilus, the then Governor of Alexandria, was directed against the debasing rites with which this deity was worshipped, and the insults which he offered to an ancient chapel of Bacchus convinced the pagans that he meditated a more important and dangerous enterprise. In the tumultuous capital of Egypt, the slightest provocation was sufficient to inflame a civil war. The votaries of Serapis, whose strength and numbers were much inferior to those of their antagonists, rose in arms at the instigation of the philosopher Olympius, who exhorted them to die in defence of the altars of the gods. These pagan fanatics fortified themselves in the temple, or rather fortress, of Serapis, repelled the besiegers by daring sallies and a resolute defence; and, by the inhuman cruelties which they exercised on their Christian prisoners, obtained the last consolation of despair. The efforts of the prudent magistrate were usefully exerted for the establishment of a truce, till the answer of Theodosius should determine the fate of Serapis. The two parties assembled without arms in the principal square, and the imperial rescript was publicly read. But when a sentence of destruction against the idols of Alexandria was pronounced, the Christians set up a shout of joy and exultation, whilst the unfortunate pagans, whose fury had given way to consternation, retired with hasty and silent steps, and eluded by their flight or obscurity the resentment of their enemies. Theophilus

¹ Quoted by Wilkinson.

proceeded to demolish the temple of Serapis, without any other difficulties than those which he found in the weight and solidity of the materials; but these obstacles proved so insuperable that he was obliged to leave the foundations, and to content himself with reducing the edifice itself to a heap of rubbish, a part of which was soon after cleared away, to make room for a church erected in honour of the Christian martyrs. The colossal statue of Serapis was involved in the ruin of his temple and religion. A great number of plates of different metals, artificially joined together, composed the majestic figure of the deity, who touched on either side the walls of the sanctuary. The huge idol was overthrown and broken to pieces, and the parts of Serapis were ignominiously dragged through the streets of Alexandria."

Such was the final inauguration of Christianity in Egypt over the prostrate idolatry of more than two thousand years. But the emperor, who demolished superstition in one form, fostered it in another, as in his mission to John the hermit, of Wolf-town. The liberty and the diversity of worship always allowed to the cities and nomes of the Nile valley, favoured the dissemination there of a new religion, backed by imperial authority.

Down to the time of the Arab conquest, Christianity retained its nominal hold upon Egypt, and the churches and convents of the Copts were numerous and flourishing. Then followed persecution and a religious war of extermination on the part of the Mohammedan conqueror.

After the Arab came the Turk, as the nominal conqueror and ruler of Egypt—though it was not till the eighteen century that the Osmanli finally came into the occupation of the country which they had held in fealty for centuries,—and thus without changing her religion, Egypt changed her foreign master for at least the fifth time since the decree went forth that "*there shall be no more a prince or native dynasty of the land of Egypt.*" (Ezek. xxx, 13.)

The only impression made upon Egypt by the crusaders in the middle ages, was the capture and the sacking of a

few towns in the Delta, while it was from Egypt that Saladin went forth, who retook Jerusalem from the crusaders, A. D. 1187. From that time till the final Turkish invasion, the Mohammedan kings of Egypt held almost uninterrupted possession of the Holy Land,—sometimes extending their dominion eastward to the borders of the Euphrates. The mosque of Omar occupies the site of the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and in the land of Egypt, from which Solomon drew so largely his supplies, the mosque supplants alike the pagan temple and the Christian church.

This review of the religious history of Egypt impresses the mind with the fact of a retributive Providence in the government of nations. The Bible is full of this doctrine, and history is pregnant with its illustration. Take Ezekiel for a text, and Egypt for a comment. No doubt natural causes can be traced that contributed to this destruction. But in the height of its prosperity, Ezekiel predicted for Egypt a ruin as remote from all human calculation as is now the desolation of London or of New York. And the reason given is the pride and self-sufficiency, the idolatry and unrighteousness of Egypt,—her departure from the Lord. Egypt knew the true God; in the time of Abraham, in the time of Joseph, in the time of Moses, when these men of God were near the person of the monarch. But Egypt rejected the Lord, and the Lord rejected her. "*Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.*" This is a great lesson for America to ponder. If the people of the United States grow proud of their political and commercial strength, and put their trust in these, and especially if for the sake of these they sacrifice or neglect any principle of national justice, or any claim of equity or of humanity, the God who smote Egypt and Persia and Greece and Rome will assuredly smite them also. "*These things happened to them for examples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.*"

This lesson is the more impressive from the fact that in Egypt Christianity attained to influence and dominion, transformed the temples of the old idolatry into sanctuaries

for the worship of the true God, and had in her hands the moulding of the nations; but proved false to her trust, baptized the divinities and the superstitions of Heathenism and adopted them as her own, became degenerate and corrupt, ministered to the ambition of the few at the cost of the degradation of the many, revived a priest that Christ had superseded by fulfilling all its offices in himself, and at length required to be swept away by the fiery deluge of the Mohammedan invasion.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOPE FOR EGYPT—THE COPTS, THEIR HISTORY AND RITUAL —A PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

CHRISTIANITY, though decayed and withered in the land of Egypt, is not yet extinct. It is an interesting and a most significant fact, that, notwithstanding the persecutions they have endured from pagan emperors and from Mohammedan kings, nearly all the original stock of the country that remain at this day are nominal Christians. These are known as *Copts*, and they claim to have preserved intact the blood of the ancient Egyptians, through all the changes of their country;—a claim not without reason, since neither the Persians, the Greeks, nor the Romans supplanted the original inhabitants of the country, and since religious prejudices have been a barrier to the intermarriage of Mohammedans and Christians.

Latham classifies the ancient Egyptians as *Atlantidæ*: “hair fine, and either waved or curly; skull with an upright frontal, and a moderately depressed nasal profile; colour darker than that of the Greek, lighter than that of the Nubian; perhaps brown with tinges of yellow and red.” “*Copts*: hair black and crisp or curled: cheek-bones projecting; lips thick; nose somewhat depressed; nostrils wide; complexion varied from a yellowish to a dark brown; eyes oblique; frame tall and fleshy; physiognomy heavy and expressive.”

The Arab tradition is, that Copt was a son of Mizraim—the second son of Ham, who built Egypt—and that, having wrested from his brothers their share of the patrimony, he gave his name to the whole country. The Arabs now call a Copt *Gupt*, from *Coptos*, *gupta*, meaning inclosed, guarded, fortified, which is also the signification of Mizraim, a fortress. From Copt and Cophti, Egypt and Egyptians are easily

derived. Though speaking the Arabic, the Copts also retain their original language, which has marked affinities with the Hebrew, and with the whole Shemitic family. Thus the *Zoan* of the Scriptures, called *Tanis* by the Greeks, and *San* or *Zan* by the Arabs, is called *Gani* by the Copts; the *Ham* or *Khem* of the Hebrew Scriptures, is *Chem* in the Coptic; the ancient *Syene* of the Scriptures, now the *Assuan* of the Arabs, is, in the Coptic, *Souan*. A version of the Scriptures was very early made in this language, manuscript copies of which may be seen in the Coptic convents and churches.

In the city of Cairo there are about sixty thousand Copts, in a population of two hundred thousand; and from what I have seen of them in the towns and villages of the Upper Nile, I should think that there are as many more scattered through the country, equal in all to one fifteenth part of the whole population. A large proportion of the villagers at Thebes, on both sides of the Nile, are Copts. The religious condition of so numerous a body of professed Christians, is of itself a matter of interest, apart from their relation to the Mohammedan population around them, and to the future evangelization of their own country.

Both in their ecclesiastical organization, in their doctrinal belief, and in their church usages and mode of worship, the Copts have departed less from the New Testament than have the Roman Catholics. The government of the Coptic Church is Episcopal. Its head is a *patriarch*, who is elected from among the fathers of one of the principal monasteries, and who now resides at Cairo. In this respect, the Coptic Church corresponds with the Greek, Armenian, Nestorian, and other oriental churches, which have never acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. The Abyssinian branch of the Coptic Church is under the superintendance of a *mutran*, who is now the only dignitary of that name, and who, at his death, is succeeded by another from Cairo, appointed by the patriarch, and sent *in chains* to his see, in token of his dependence upon the head of the church.

Besides this patriarch and the *mutran*, I cannot learn with certainty how many others now exercise episcopal

functions in the Coptic Church. There is a Coptic bishop at Osioot, and others in other chief towns, perhaps twelve in all.

Next in rank to a bishop, is the superior of a monastery, called a *Commos*. "Each community of monks is governed by a superior; some of the monks are priests, with the title of father, and the rest lay brethren." The monks are not permitted to marry, nor is a female permitted to enter the walls of a monastery even as a visitor. A widower, however, if he is determined to abide in that condition, may be received as a member of the community. Priests, not under monastic vows, are allowed in the Coptic, as in the Greek and the Armenian churches, to marry *once*; and in the convents, where the priests are not monks, but seculars, the inmates are of both sexes. Of course the convents are open to lady visitors.

It is said that the number of monasteries and convents in Egypt and its deserts formerly amounted to three hundred and sixty-six, some of which had numerous inmates, and, in connection with their founders or their superiors, enjoyed a world-wide reputation for learning and for sanctity. Gibbon mentions fifty in the Natron Valley alone, on the confines of the Lybian Desert, to the north or west of the Delta, in one of which "the ambitious Cyril passed some years, under the restraints of a monastic life." Now there are but four monasteries in that valley, which contain, in all, only about seventy-five inmates; there is a fifth at Gebel Koskran, in Upper Egypt; and there are two in the Eastern Desert, near the Red Sea, which are all the monasteries proper remaining in the country. The same historian informs us, that "the Desert of Nitria was peopled by five thousand monks;" and that in the fourth century, "Valens gave these deserters of society the alternative of renouncing their temporal possessions, or of discharging the public duties of men and citizens."

The "monastery of St. Anthony," in the Eastern Desert, about eighteen miles from the Red Sea, has a historical reputation from the name of its founder; and since the patriarch of the whole Coptic Church is now elected from

among its fathers, it may be considered "the principal monastery in Egypt." This probably presents the best specimen of a Coptic community, and with its respectable library, its well kept and fruitful garden, and its grand scenery of the mountains, the desert, and the sea, the most inviting picture of monastic life.

The convents of Egypt have also greatly decreased in number and in importance. Of these there are three at Cairo, and two at Old Cairo, near by ; one at Alexandria, which pretends to possess the head and body of Mark the Evangelist, notwithstanding their alleged removal to Venice; and some twenty or more on the Upper Nile, together with some half a dozen in the Fyoom and the Oasis of the Lybian Desert, once the abode of thousands of Christians. In some of these convents, ignorance and superstition have usurped the place of whatever of learning and of piety they may once have possessed.

Travellers who have visited others, speak of their communities as being simple-hearted and well-disposed, though often ignorant and superstitious. The convents and their precincts abound in rude pictures of the apostles and saints, with crosses and other emblems. St. George is their tutelary saint, who is represented on a white horse, contending with a green dragon. At the Copt convent at Birbeh, on the Upper Nile, this saint sometimes represents a Moslem sheik destroying the infidels,—a device of the priests to save their church from outrage in times of Moslem persecution.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson describes the monks of the Natron Valley, who, till a recent period, elected the patriarch of the Coptic Church, as "ignorant even of the history of their church," and "little interested about the ruined abodes of their predecessors." At the "White Monastery," near Ekhmim, a large building of hewn stone, dating from the time of the Empress Helena, he found the usual representations of St. George, one of which a little worldly wisdom has there also transformed into a Moslem sheik.

But enough of the convents and monasteries of the Copts. These native Christians appear to better advantage in their

towns and villages. The monasteries and convents were built for seclusion ; and frequent persecutions have converted them into virtual fortresses, whose inmates live in fear of predatory Arabs, and in suspicion of strangers. But in the villages, the Coptic people are open and free, and with all their superstitions, give marked evidences of their superiority to their Moslem neighbours. Some villages on the Upper Nile are inhabited almost exclusively by Copts, while in others they form a considerable part of the population. Near Cairo is a Coptic village, known as "the Convents;" a town once built by them opposite Mineh is now deserted ; but there are many Copts in Mineh itself,—a place of extensive sugar factories; further to the south, the villages of *Byadeeh* and *el Korsayr* are inhabited by Copts, and much of the intervening district, on both sides of the river, is cultivated by them. And here I can fully indorse the remark of Mr. Wilkinson, that "in examining the fields, particularly about *Byadeeh*, one is forcibly struck with the superiority of the Copt over the Moslem fellah, (peasant,) all that relates to irrigation being much better managed there than in any other parts of the country." In walking through the villages of this district, one is struck also with the superior style of the houses, the better arrangement of the streets, the general aspect of comfort, and the marked civility of the people. Still further south, the large town of Manfaloot, once a bishop's see, numbers some two hundred Copts, with priests and a church; and Osiout, the capital of Upper Egypt, is still the residence of a bishop. The dark turban of the Copt is seen frequently in its streets, and sometimes graces such perfect features, such soulful eyes, and a complexion so rich and beautiful, as to realize the poetic ideal of the human face divine. Girgeh, the former capital of Upper Egypt, was founded by the Copts, and was named from their patron saint, George. This town had formerly "the largest and most opulent monastery" in all Egypt, "inhabited by upwards of two hundred monks, who possessed much land in the neighbourhood. They supplied food to all travellers; and so great was the amount of their revenues, that they annually sent a large sum to the

Patriarch of Cairo, to be distributed among the poor of their own persuasion." These monks were swept away by the plague, after which their property was seized, and now but about thirty occupy the reduced establishment. Many Copts are here met in the streets, but a considerable number have been perverted to the Roman Catholic Church, of whose operations in Egypt I have already spoken. At Negadch, near Thebes, are twenty-five hundred Copts, with two churches and a convent.

In all the towns and villages where they are found, the Copts appear well dressed, intelligent, industrious, and in all respects superior to the great body of the population. Indeed, I do not remember to have seen a beggar among them. Many of them can read and write, and their children are generally taught in both the Coptic and the Arabic languages. The children write with ink upon plates of sheet tin, and I have seen some very pretty specimens of their penmanship, the lines running, as in all oriental languages, from right to left. The fact that the profession of Scribes is almost universally in the hands of the Copts, shows their superior education; though Mr. Stephens styles this an "inferior, if not degrading profession." I am surprised that an American should place a respectable clerk, who can read and write, below a conceited official who can do neither. To me the fact that the Copts are so generally employed by the Moslems to keep their accounts, and to do whatever writing they may need, is very far from stamping them as "a race of degraded beggars, lifeless and soulless," "living as slaves in the land where their fathers reigned as masters."

At a large sugar factory belonging to the Pasha, at Minich, I noticed that all the secretaries, or bookkeepers, as we should call them, were Copts, while most of the other employees were Mohammedans. The Copts were evidently put at the head of the establishment, because they were the only persons competent for such a post. Each scribe wore in his girdle a long narrow brass box, or shaft, terminating at one end in an inkstand, and filled with sharpened reeds. This no doubt answers to the "writer's inkhorn," which

Ezekiel mentions as carried by the side or upon the loins ; and is certainly a more honourable badge than the short sword and the horse pistol of the Jannissary, worn in like manner in the girdle.

At another factory belonging to the government, I saw a Coptic scribe seated on the ground, with a number of Mohammedan workmen about him, whose names he was calling, in order to pay them their wages ; and at other places I have seen a Copt wearing an inkhorn, summoned when a little writing was to be done,—for in Egypt the writer hangs out his sign from his girdle. The instruction of the children of Mohammedans is usually confined to learning by rote a few precepts from the Koran, and hence there are not many of these who can use the pen. The fact of the employment of Copts as scribes has been favourably noticed by other travellers. The “Mission of Inquiry from the Church of Scotland,” which passed through Egypt some ten years since, on their way to Palestine, allude to it in their Journal in the following terms. At El Arish, they say, “the governor was interrogating a native Christian who stood by. This man was a Christian Copt. He told us in broken Italian that he was rejoiced to meet us, because, being almost the only Christian in the place, he is much despised. He wore a writer’s inkhorn by his side, which intimates that the person is so far superior to the generality, that he can at least read and write. At our request, the Copt took out his reeds and wrote very elegantly. On one of his arms he showed us the figure of Christ on the cross, and the Virgin Mary, punctured, apparently, either with *henna*, or gunpowder.” I have frequently had Copts show me the same sign.

Many of the Copts, like the Armenians in Turkey, are wealthy merchants. It is the testimony of Polybius, who visited Egypt in the second century before Christ, that the native Egyptians were “a keen and civilized race ;” and two thousand years of oppression under foreign masters have not wholly effaced these traits. The Copts are still “keen and civilized,” in comparison with Egyptians who have sprung from an Arab or a Turkish stock. A few

examples will illustrate their present commercial position. In Egypt the same system of customs exists as in France; not only are duties levied upon foreign imports on entering the country, but an additional tax is levied upon goods brought into the principal cities. There is a tariff between Alexandria and Cairo, as well as between Alexandria and the rest of the world. The duties for Cairo are collected at its port of Boulak, and "the whole are farmed by some wealthy Copt or Armenian merchant." The ability to assume such a responsibility argues much wealth among these Christian merchants. The Copts occupy a separate quarter in Cairo, and have some valuable shops in the bazaar; some of their houses are said to be fitted up in a very comfortable manner. At Menzaleh, whose lake affords the principal fisheries of Egypt, the whole business is farmed from the government by some wealthy "Christian speculators," and every morning "a Turkish overseer and a Christian scribe" repair to the spot where the boats discharge their cargoes, to take an account of each and to pay the fishermen. Here, again, no small capital is needed, but it seems the native Christians have both the capital and the enterprise for such a business. In short, where business tact, and enterprise are required, and where business thrift is evidenced, the difference between the Copts and their Moslem neighbours is as striking as between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. The Copts are even now the best race on the soil of Egypt.

I cannot doubt that they have been so long preserved a separate people, as tenacious as the Jews of their language and their religion, because of some special design of Providence for the revival of Christianity through them in Egypt and in Ethiopia, and the evangelization of the vast interior of Africa. And I deem it of the utmost importance that a MISSION should be sent to Egypt by Christians in the United States, to visit the Copts wherever they can be found, to gather facts respecting their condition, to acquaint them with the condition of the American churches, to revive in their minds the primitive truths of the Gospel and the spirit of the primitive Christians, to introduce among them

religious books and tracts, and to encourage family religion and Christian education, and thus to prepare the way for such a permanent work among these Copts as has been established among the Armenians and the Nestorians, and has been there so signally blessed of God. Such a mission should consist of at least two persons, well versed in church history and institutions, as well as in the Scriptures, affable and discreet, shrewd and discriminating, single-hearted and simple-hearted in their devotion to Christ and His cause. One of them certainly should be able to speak Arabic fluently, and one of them should have a knowledge of medicine, and especially of the treatment of dysentery and ophthalmia—the prevailing diseases of Egypt.

The practice of medicine in Egypt, out of Alexandria and Cairo, is almost entirely in the hands of barbers and derwishes—a set of religious enthusiasts; but the impression is becoming general among the people, that the *Franks* have a knowledge of all diseases, and are skilful in the treatment of them. We have been repeatedly applied to for medical advice, both by our crew and by villagers, and though our prescriptions have never ranged beyond Dally's Pain Extractor for wounds and bruises, and a little camphor or red pepper well disguised in hot water and sugar, for colds and inward pains, they have always worked like a charm! One man, with whose chronic dyspepsia we would not meddle, offered sheep, goats, oxen, any thing for a cure. A judicious physician would pave the way for a missionary teacher; but at first he should not attempt the cure of doubtful cases, for a death under his hands would only exasperate a people so ignorant of science, so strong in their prejudices, and so full of superstitions.

That my earnestness is not a zeal without knowledge, will appear from the following incident. As I was walking one day on the bank of the Upper Nile, I met a well-dressed, intelligent looking man, whom I took to be a Copt, who answered my *salamat* ("salutations") with more than the usual cordiality of the natives, and immediately tendered me his pipe. I asked him if he was a Copt Christian, to which he answered in the affirmative, at the same time

showing me the cross punctured into his arm. As there were several Mussulmen around, he walked on towards our boat, some half a mile in advance. When we were out of their hearing, I said to him "*Mohammed ma feesh*" (Mohammed nothing, or No Mohammed). He repeated the name Mohammed and spit at it in token of his contempt. I then made the cross with my fingers, uttered the name of Christ and pointed to the heart, to which he fully responded. I never so longed for the gift of tongues, as while walking by the side of a professed Christian, who was accompanying me from mere good-will, without being able to speak a word of our common Lord. When we reached the boat I learned from him, through an interpreter, that there were several Copts in the neighbourhood; that they had the Bible and schools for their children, and that they would *welcome* among them a missionary from America. A similar welcome at Negadeh, I have already described.

On Easter Sunday I attended service at sunrise in the Coptic church at Cairo. I cannot describe to others what was in a great measure unintelligible to myself, but will give a brief outline of the service, which lasted for more than two hours. The church is a plain building about ninety feet by sixty. It is divided by screens of wood into several compartments. First, near the door at the front of the building, is a section appropriated to the women, who are entirely screened from view, and can only look upon the service through a close lattice-work. Next is a room about forty by sixty, with a low screen running cross-wise through the centre, and a high screen on its inner boundary; here is another apartment thirty by sixty, containing the reading-desk, etc., and beyond this are screened rooms containing the altar, the priests' vestments, and the tombs of deceased priests. Thus there are two principal apartments or sections for males, and one for females. The screens may be partly opened by means of doors.

When I entered, I was beckoned forward to a vacant spot near the reading-desk, where I sat down upon the floor with the rest, until a chair was brought to me. This section was carpeted; the others were covered with mats; several hundred persons were present, all seated on the floor. Two of the officiating priests sat on the floor by my side.

The service was wholly liturgical and ceremonial. A priest would chant awhile from a book, and a chorus of boys would respond, and then the whole congregation would join, while a pair of cymbals rudely beat the time. Again, a little boy would chant, and the congregation would join in the chorus. The Scriptures were read in the lessons for the day. After this, the priest entered the sanctum and stood before the altar, where the censer, which had already been used to sprinkle his books and his vestments, was swung until the whole space was filled with incense. Before him on the altar was a vase, from which he removed several cloths, holding them up in pairs to be sprinkled with incense, and then muttered a low chant, to which the boys responded. At length the vase was uncovered, and disclosed a picture of Christ, at sight of which the congregation, who had risen during the chanting, crossed themselves and bowed their heads. Finally, to my surprise and horror, the priest lifted up the consecrated elements, just as I saw the Pope do at Rome on Christmas day, and marched with them through the church, while here, as in St. Peter's, the people uncovered their heads and bowed to the ground. Then the cymbals struck up, the brethren embraced each other, and a procession of collectors with candles and baskets, and of *beggars*, passed through the congregation. Several times the subalterns bowed before the priest, and kissed the ground and received his benediction. The little boys who assisted in the service did the same, and I was amused to see one little fellow, about five years old, watch his chance, and go through the ceremony. The congregation was utterly void of seriousness. A boy made a mistake in reading, and the priest began the wrong lesson for the day; both were corrected by several voices, and this caused a *titter*, in which the priests joined. I saw a priest at the desk, in the midst of the service, getting a piastre changed into coppers against the approach of the beggars' procession. The whole service was *formalism*, without even the element of superstition found in Roman Catholic churches to give it an air of devotion. Throughout, there was loud talking and confusion.

The church has rude pictures of Christ, the Apostles, the Virgin Mary, and St. George and the Dragon. Before some of these are altars and shrines.

I was grieved to find the Copts so much further gone in formalism than I had supposed. Their worship differs from that of the Romanists, in giving more prominence to the Scriptures, and in allowing the people to participate in the chants. But the priest is evidently honoured as a holy character, he officiates with his back to the people, reverence is paid to the pictures, and the host is adored.

This will show the folly of attempting to resuscitate such a church upon its present foundation, or by an agency that symbolizes with it. There must be reformation, not ecclesiastical "fraternization," but thorough *evangelization*, which must issue in the separation of the false from the true. Rev. Mr. Leider has done good among the Copts; but his theological school is abandoned, and the young men whom he had instructed, refuse on conscientious grounds to enter the priesthood of their corrupted church. His school for boys is abandoned for want of means and helpers, though Mrs. Leider continues that for girls, which embraces both Copts and Mohammedans. The way is open, therefore, for new agencies, without infringing upon other men's labours or undervaluing their work. A firman from the Sultan should be procured before entering the field.

Shall not this land, where Abraham sojourned, and where Jacob died, where Joseph was exalted, and where Moses was born and nurtured,—this land that gave a refuge to the infant Jesus from the wrath of Herod, and that in after years was itself baptized with the blood of the saints,—shall not this land hail the day when "the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people?"

I am happy to state that Rev. Dr. Paulding, the esteemed missionary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, now at Damascus, contemplates an early removal to Cairo; and also, that the *American Missionary Association* has resolved to establish a mission among the Copts. The recent

advances of the Sultan toward the full religious freedom of his subjects, renders this new field one of special interest and promise.

O Lord ! thine ancient churches spare,
Which still thy name, though fallen, bear;
Where once thy bold apostles stood,
And sealed thy truth with martyr's blood.

Where now the Turk in darkness reigns,
To curse with blight Earth's fairest plains—
There let again thy Gospel shine,
With beams all bright and power divine.

Where Jesus rose and left the grave,
There let the Cross its banner wave;
While Syria sees her churches rise,
And hymns to Christ ascend the skies.

Let Nubia's desert hear once more
The Saviour's voice, His love implore;
EGYPT Thy sacred Word unroll,
And find that grace which saves the soul.

CHAPTER XI.

HELIOPOLIS, THE CITY OF JOSEPH—THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX—EGYPT A SEPULCHRE.

To the classical and the biblical scholar, the most interesting remains of old Egypt are those of Heliopolis, about nine miles north-east of Cairo. This city is referred to in the Scriptures under the three names of *On*, *Aven*, and *Bethshemesh*—the latter corresponding with the Greek *Heliopolis*, and the Egyptian *Ei-Re*, meaning the “House of the Sun.” Here was a “fountain of the sun,” in connection with which a splendid temple was built, with the usual adornments of propyla and avenues of sphinxes. Heliopolis was a city of small dimensions, but its celebrity arose from the fact that it was the university-city, the Oxford of ancient Egypt, where, in connection with the temple, were schools of philosophy and science, under the care of the priests.

Its interest to the Biblical student lies in the fact, that it can be certainly identified with the Old Testament narrative of Joseph. When Pharaoh exalted Joseph, “he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, *priest* [or *prince, governor,*] of *On*.” Gen. xli, 45. It is certain, therefore, that Joseph often visited this city, and probably that he had a residence here, as well as at the capital on the other side of the river. And I have noticed in this connection, a striking corroboration of the Bible narrative, in the remaining ruins of Heliopolis. That narrative mentions a city of *On* in the time of Joseph, and that the Pharaoh who honoured Joseph gave him his wife from the first family of that city. Now, it is generally agreed by antiquarians, that the name of the monarch who was contemporary with

Joseph was Osirtasen I., and upon the ruins of the temple of the Sun at On, the cartouche of Osirtasen I., with his name in hieroglyphics, has been discovered, and other evidences that the temple of the Sun was founded by that Pharaoh. Here is proof, then, graven in granite, that the city of On did exist in the time of the Pharaoh who honoured Joseph, and that the monarch had such relations toward that city and its temple, as might naturally lead him to bestow upon a favourite the daughter of its priest, or governor.

It is most probable that at Heliopolis—the Egyptian university—Moses became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Tradition points to the island of Rhoda, as the place where the infant Moses was exposed. This is opposite old Cairo, the Egyptian Babylon. But there is nothing in history, or in the locality, to justify this reference. It is, however, most probable, that Heliopolis was the place of his education. The obelisks at Alexandria, called Cleopatra's Needles, were removed from Heliopolis, and they contain the cartouches of the Pharaohs who were contemporary with Moses.

To the classical scholar, the special interest of Heliopolis lies in the fact, that Plato spent thirteen years in this city, under the tuition of the priests. Is it not possible that some knowledge of the true God, lingering from the time of Joseph and Moses, was here communicated to him, and subsequently wrought into his philosophy? Greeks here went to school to Egypt.

The only remains of Heliopolis, now visible, are an obelisk some seventy feet high, and in tolerable preservation, though the mud-wasps have obscured many of its hieroglyphics with their nests; and besides this, the remains of a few sphinxes and columns scattered over the plain. The Nile has deposited at least ten feet of soil upon the ruins of the ancient city, and has receded nearly a mile from its old channel.

Jeremiah predicted that a conqueror from the east—the king of Babylon—should “break the images of Bethshe-mesh, that is in the land of Egypt,” and should “burn with

fire the houses of the gods." And history records that Cambyses, the Persian, was the destroyer of Heliopolis or Bethshemesh; the house or temple of the sun.

In the neighbourhood of Heliopolis is a beautiful garden, whose main attraction is a large sycamore tree, which is said to have sheltered the holy family when they fled into Egypt. The tree has certainly renewed its youth, and its wide spread branches afford a grateful shelter, both to the contemplative and to the hungry visitor.

It was fortunate that a visit to the PYRAMIDS was reserved for the *finale* to our tour of Egypt. We had gazed for hours upon these wondrous masses, in sailing up and down the river, and we had studied their proportions, and their relative position from the citadel of Cairo, but it was not till the day of discharging our boat upon our return from upper Egypt, that we found an opportunity to visit them.

The road to the pyramids from Ghizeh, opposite old Cairo, is extremely beautiful, lying through groves of palms, and over cultivated plains, with the grand monuments of four thousand years bounding the horizon. As we rode in the freshness of the morning, the booming of cannon from the citadel announced a military inspection at Ghizeh by the Pasha, and reminded us that the land of the Pharaohs is in the keeping of a deputy of the Sultan of Turkey. It seemed as though we had come to the burial-place of Egypt, and these heavy solemn reverberations between the Mokuttam and the pyramids, were funeral honours to the mighty dead.

A ride of two hours brought us in sight of the SPHINX, and being in advance of the party, I had leisure to inspect it alone. Of all the monuments of Egypt, this is the most mysterious, and the most impressive. On the verge of the desert, whose sands are heaped around it, in advance of the three pyramids that stand as an immovable phalanx to guard it from destruction, this colossal figure,—the human head upon the body of an animal, emblematic of "the union of intellect and physical force,"—measuring more than sixty feet from the ground to the crown of the head, more

than a hundred feet around the forehead, and nearly a hundred and fifty feet in length, all cut from the solid rock, looks out in unfathomable silence over the empty plain, where once stood Memphis in the pride of the earlier Pharaohs, and where Cambyses battered down that pride with the recklessness of a barbarian invader. Once an altar stood before it, and a dromos of crouching lions and other figures formed a fit approach to the gigantic symbol of Egypt *deified*. Now the sand drifts in perpetually to hide all but the head, whose sublime repose neither the war-club of the Persian, nor the fury of the sirocco, has ever disturbed.

“The site of the *pyramids* is on the very edge of the desert, on a rising ground faced by numerous excavated tombs, about a hundred and twenty-seven feet above the present level of the Nile. The great pyramid, that of Cheops, is the most northern of the series. The second lies to the south-west of it, on a somewhat higher ground, and the third is in the same direction, on ground still a little higher. At the south corner of the first are three of the smaller pyramids, one of which is ascribed by Herodotus to the daughter of Cheops; and to the south-west corner of the third, are other three similar fabrics. There is the site of a temple to the east of the second pyramid. Ranges of tombs run parallel north and south. Near the margin of the rock, overlooking the valley of the Nile, stands the sphinx, on a line with the southern edge of the second pyramid.” The pyramids are in the heart of a great necropolis, of which these are the most stupendous monuments;—“too great a morsel for time to devour.”

Instead of useful works, like nature great,
Enormous cruel wonders crushed the land,
And round a tyrant’s tomb, who none deserved,
For one vile carcase perished countless lives.

The advent of our party called me from the sphinx to the pyramid of Cheops. Pictures and descriptions have made this so familiar, that all details of its magnitude are superfluous. And, indeed, no idea of the great pyramid

can be given by the statement, that it covers an area of nearly five hundred and fifty thousand square feet, measures seven hundred and fifty feet upon each of its four sides at the base, and is four hundred and sixty feet in height, or that it would fill the whole length of Washington Square in New York, and exceeds its breadth by one half, and would rise nearly two hundred feet higher than the spire of Trinity Church. The mass of the masonry is what impresses you. Eighty-five million cubic feet of solid masonry gives you no very definite idea of the mass of stone here piled together, with such mathematical precision, that astronomical calculations could be based upon its angles and shadows. No, you must see the mass itself, not now smooth and polished, as when originally completed, but stripped of its outer casing, and showing tier on tier of huge stones squared and fitted at mathematical angles, and now forming a series of rude steps each from two to four feet high, by which, if strong nerved, you may clamber unaided to the top, or up which you may be dragged by two Arabs pulling by your arms, while a third applies the *vis a tergo*. I chose the latter method as the safest for the nerves of my friends below, to say nothing of my own, and reached the summit in about twelve minutes.

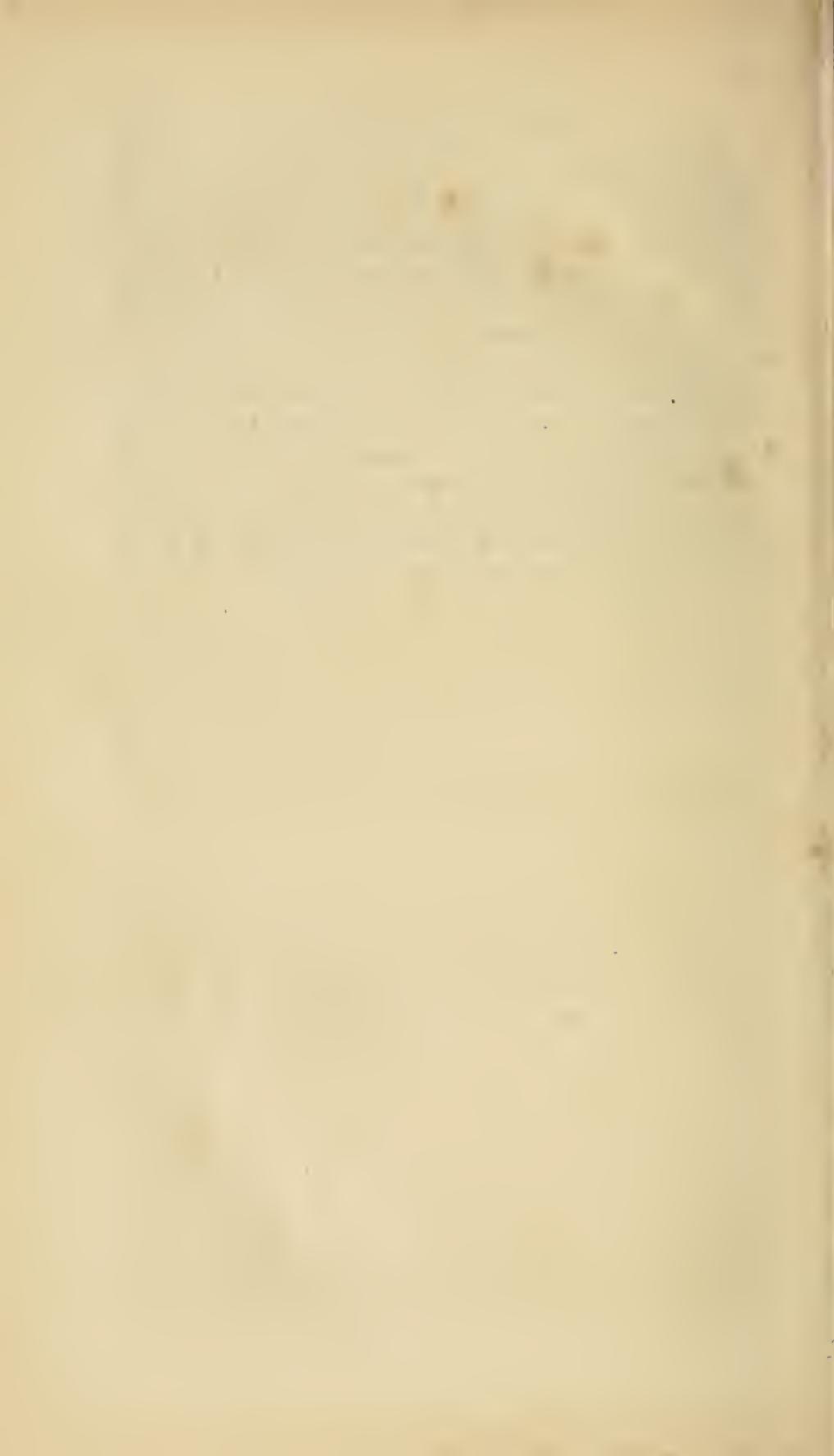
To guard against annoyance from my guides, I stipulated that no demand should be made for *backsheish* till they had landed me safe at the bottom again, when they should be amply remunerated. But before we were one third of the way up, one who spoke in broken English, began the clamor: "Master no sick; master no tired; master give very good *backsheish*; master give pound *backsheish*"; and on reaching an open space, called the half-way house, they refused to carry me to the top without instant payment of *backsheish*. I told them I had no money, and in proof handed them my purse, which I had taken the precaution to empty. With much disappointment and grumbling, they resumed the ascent, but on reaching the top, renewed their clamor, to the great discomfort of a meditative mood.

The top of the great pyramid is now a platform about thirty feet square. The view from this elevation is unpar-

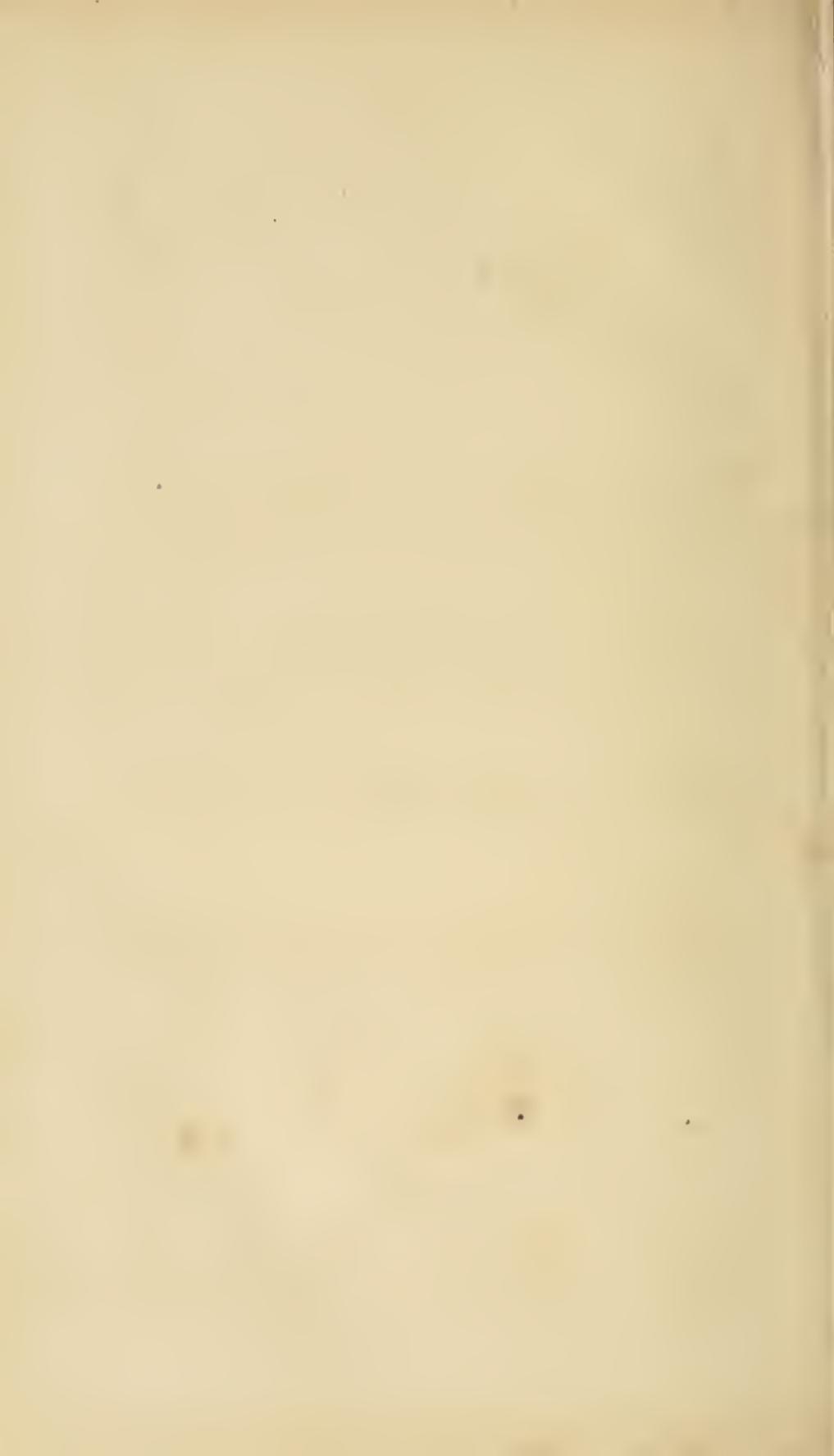
alleled in the world. Before you is Cairo, with its lofty minarets and its overhanging citadel,—the mountains of Mokuttam skirting its rear; the green valley of the Nile is spread out for miles northward and southward; at your feet are the mounds of sand that cover the ancient *Memphis*; southward is the whole range of pyramids to Sakkara; behind you are fragments of other pyramids, the Lybian mountains and the wide waste of the Great Desert. But the present view is lost in the associations of the Past. You are standing upon a monument that is known to have stood within a score of four thousand years; that was as old as are our associations of Plymouth Rock, when Abraham came into Egypt, and journeyed to Memphis to enjoy the favour of the king. He looked with wondering eyes upon this selfsame monument, and heard the *then* dim tradition of the tyrant who, having built it for his own sepulchre by the sweat and blood of half a million of his subjects, was compelled to beg of his friends to bury him privately in some secret place, lest after his death, his body should be dragged by the people from the hated tomb.

Here, too, was the site of a city whose foundation dates within the first century after the flood, and which stood for nearly three thousand years; a city of twenty miles in circumference, that divided with Thebes the honours of the capital, and at length became the head of all Egypt. But no trace of Memphis, the *Noph* of Scripture, can now be found, excepting two or three mutilated statues, whose fragments adorn the British Museum, and some rude outline of its form in now shapeless masses of stone. A hundred years ago, the position of Memphis was entirely unknown. Sir Gardner Wilkinson expresses his surprise that “so few remains of this vast city can be found,” and says, “that the only traces of its name in the country are preserved by very doubtful tradition, and the manuscripts of the Copts.” That so great a city, the capital of so mighty an empire, should have passed from the memory of men, may well be a marvel to the mere antiquarian; but the reader of prophecy will remember that Jeremiah foretold expressly, that “*Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant.*” (xlvi, 19).

The first view of the pyramids impressed me with their grandeur as the monuments of kings,—the parting view filled me with awe of their solemn majesty as monuments of departed empires. The kings that built them prepared a tombstone for Egypt against her burial. Since I first saw them from the Delta, I had traversed for five hundred miles the valley of the Upper Nile, and had found it filled with buried cities: I had seen Thebes a ruin, and now saw the utter desolation of Noph and On. The whole Nile valley is a sepulchre, where Egypt is buried, and these are the monuments that mark the entrance to the tomb. Descending, I stood again in the solemn presence of the sphinx; and that huge mysterious head looked out, motionless, fathomless, while the shadows of the ages deepened, till the grave of Egypt was shrouded in eternal night.



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX

8

THE following is the religious chant referred to on page 38, whose notes form the recitative of the Nile song.

B.

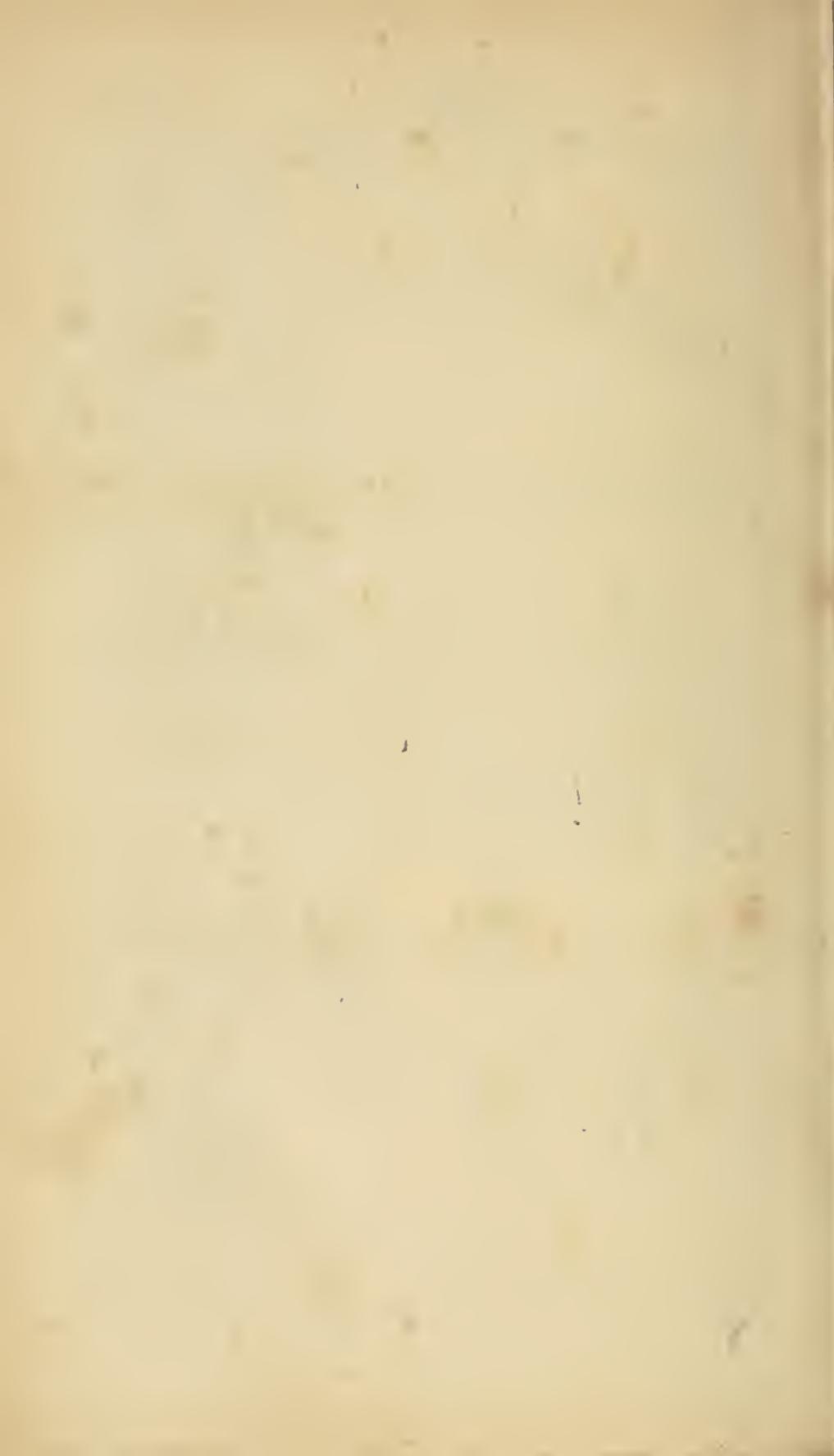
THE following is Mr. Poole's Table of the kings whose chronological places he considers certain, from the first dynasty to the nineteenth dynasty inclusive. The dynasties and kings are arranged in their proper relative places, according to the authority of the monuments. The term "Unknown," signifies that the hieroglyphics belonging to the place are not fully deciphered. A blank signifies that the parallel reign is as yet conjectural.

THINIES.		MEMPHITES.		ELEPHANTINITES.	
1st Dynasty.		3rd Dynasty.		5th Dynasty.	
Menes	Era, B. c. 2717	Necherophes,		Usserkef	
Athothis		B. c. 2650		or Usercheres,	
Kenkenes		Tosorthros		B. c. 2440	
Uenephes		Tyrcis		Shafra or Sephres	
Uosphaidos		Mesochrus			
Miebidos		Shufu or Soyphis			
Senempses		Tosertasis			
Bineches		Aches			
Unknown		Sephuris			
2nd Dynasty.		Kerperches		Nufarkara	
		4th Dynasty.		or Nephcheres	
Boethos,	B. c. 2477	Shura	B. c. 2440	or Serenra	
		Soris	Shufu, Numshufu		
Chaechos			Suphis I. and II.		
Binithris			A date in their		
Tlas			reign, B. c. 2352		
				Menkaura	
Sethenes				or Mencheres	
Menkara					
or Chaires					

TURKITES.	MEAPHITES.	ELEPHANTINITES.	
2nd Dynasty.	4th Dynasty.	5th Dynasty.	
Nufekara or Nephcheres.		Unknown	
Nufekara or Nubee		Unknown	
Tetkara-Ma	Ratoises	Unknown	
Nufekara or Khentub	Bicheris	Unknown	
Merchnor	Sebercheres	Unknown	
Snufreka or Sesochris	Thamphthis	Unknown	
Kaenra or Cheneres			
		HERACLEOPOLITES.	Diospolites.
		9th Dynasty.	11th Dynasty.
			Unknown
			B. c. 2200
		Nantef I. or Achthoes, B. c. 2200	Unknown
			Unknown
		Nantef II.	Unknown
	6th Dynasty.		
Nufekara or Rerer	Tuta or Orthes, B. c. 2200	Unknown	
	Unknown	Unknown	
	Papa or Phiops	Unknown	
Nufreka		Unknown	Unknown
Nufrekaensb or Papa		Unknown	Unknown
Snufreka Annu		Unknown	Unknown
Unknown		Unknown	Unknown
		Menthesuphis Nitokris	Nantef IV.
			Munthotp II.

MEMPHITES.		HERACLEOPOLITES.		XOITES.		SHEPHERDS.	
6th Dynasty.	9th Dynasty.	Diopspolites.	13th Dynasty.	14th Dynasty.	15th Dynasty.	16th Dynasty.	17th Dynasty.
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Sebak-hotp	Sebak-hotp	Sebak-hotp	Sebak-hotp	Sebak-hotp	Sebak-hotp
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown	Unknown
		Temf	Temf	Temf	Temf	Temf	Temf
<i>7th Dynasty.</i>		<i>10th Dynasty.</i>		<i>8th Dynasty.</i>		<i>9th Dynasty.</i>	
	B.C. 1800		B.C. 1750		B.C. 1800		B.C. 1680

18th DYNASTY, Diospolites, Ahmes, 1525 b.c.; Amenoph I., Thothmes I., and Skhee, b.c., 1472; Thothmes II., and Queen Anennunt, b.c., 1450; Thothmes III., Amenoph II., Thothmes IV., Amenoph III., Horemheb; also, contemporaneously, Amenmes, Amenoph IV., Bekhenatenra, Hakara, Amentuaukh, Atenra, Atenra-senses, and one unknown, Rameses I. NINETEENTH DYNASTY, Sethee I., b.c., 1340, commencement of Sothic Cycle, b.c., 1322, Rameses II., Mepitah, Armenmeses, Menptah, Siptah. End of Nineteenth Dynasty, b.c., 1220.



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